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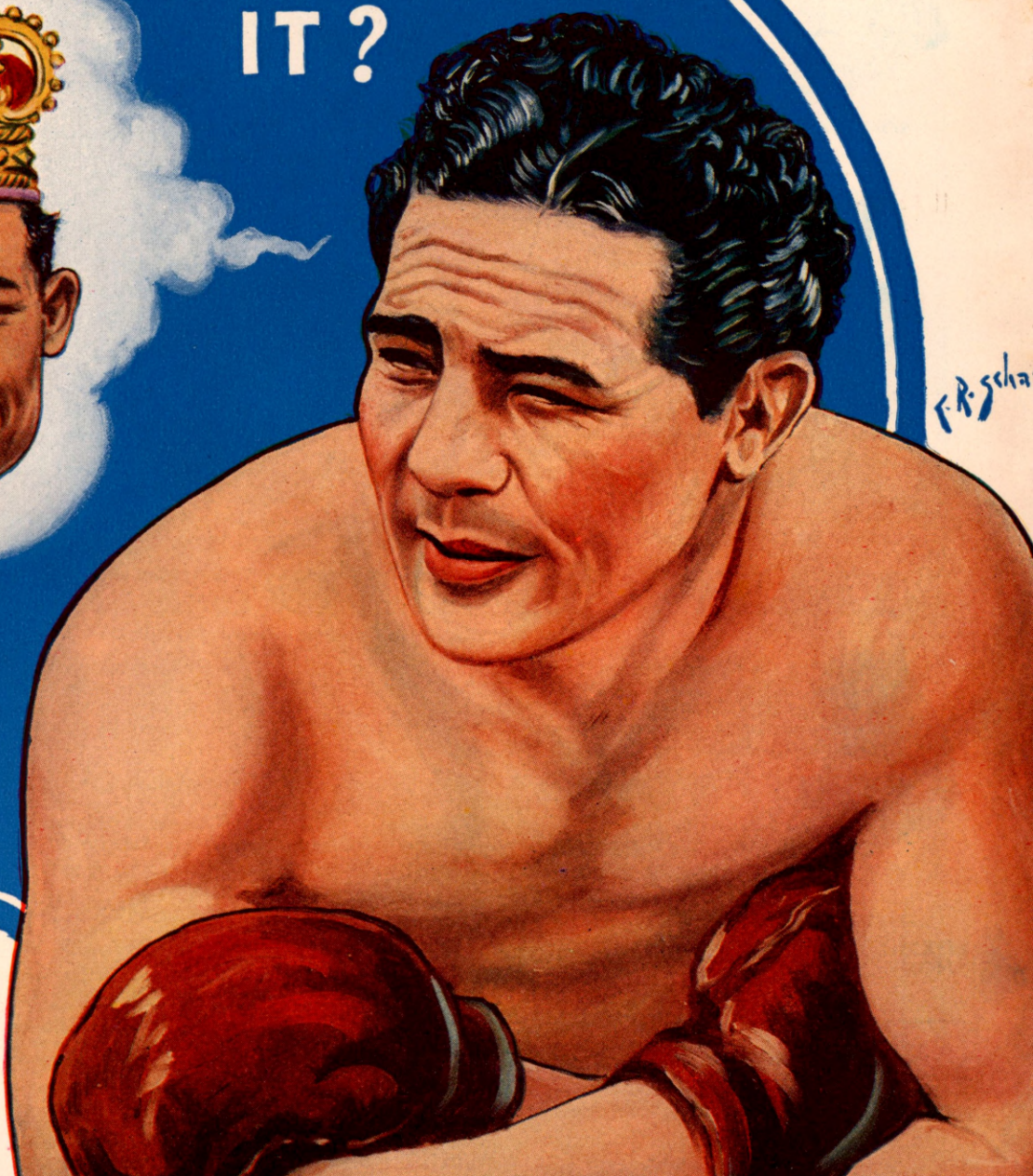

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ALMOST twenty years ago THE RING MAGAZINE had its birth and during that time, it has developed into the staunchest supporter of boxing in the world. Its eyes have swept the universe in search of news, photographs and the unearthing of worth-while talent that made it possible for boxing to have its international contests.

For many years youngsters have been discovered by our correspondents or by The Ring Editor, who through the efforts of this publication received world wide recognition that eventually enabled them to obtain matches that brought them into popular favor. Some reached the heights and became world champions. Among those were Paul Berlenbach, Battling Siki, Tiger Flowers, Max Schmeling and Billy Conn.

THE RING has carried on its task regardless of world conditions. It has spent a fortune to bring to its readers each month that which could not be obtained through the daily papers. Its army of readers have been legion.

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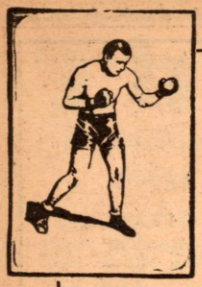

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

New York Boxing in Club Membership days. A digest by the veteran, George T. Pardy, that will give you the inside "dope" on how the sport was conducted prior to the legalization of pugilism by the State.

The Indoor season is with us again. Eddie Borden, whose travels bring him in close contact with the boxing situation in all parts of the country, will tell of the prospects for the fall and winter in America. As an aid to promoters, he will list thirty outstanding indoor bouts. Promoters, managers and matchmakers will find this review of particular interest.

Smart Seconds. Did you ever give a thought to the important part they play in every bout? Bob Edgren, Jr., takes you into the fighter's corner and shows how quick-thinking handlers have often won important contests that seemed hopelessly lost.

Who are the newcomers in boxing? What boys are making the grade? You'll find these answered in the next issue of THE RING.

Then there is Daniel M. Daniel with his comment on current news; Hype Igoe, who revives memories of old; Nat Fleischer, with his sidelights that come straight from the shoulder; Ted Carroll, with his bright cartoons and timely gossip.

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Draft Becomes Vital in Heavyweight Plans

Uncertainty as to Future Stands Out at All Angles as Mike Jacobs Formulates Schemes for Louis and Challengers

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

Pat Comiskey, who looms as best prospect for heavyweight shot next summer.

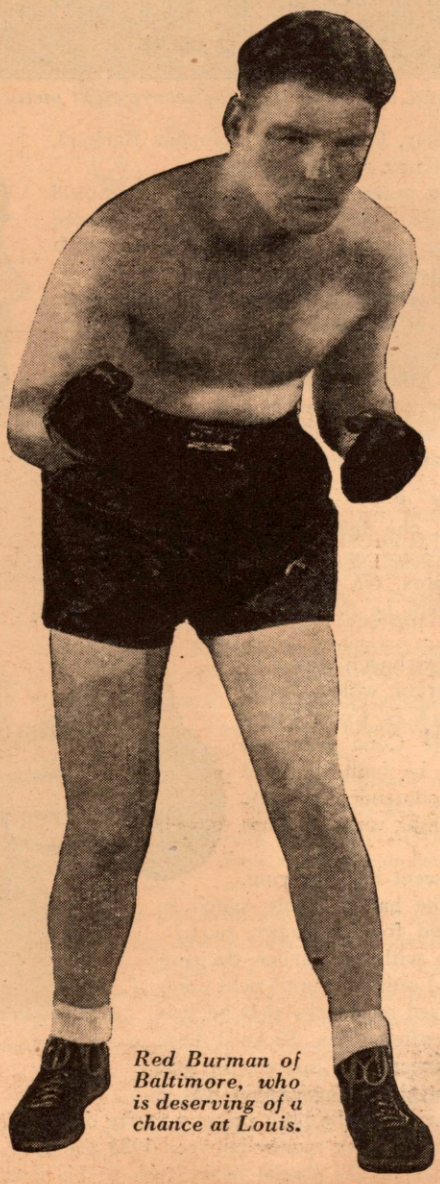
WHEN Max Baer tackled Tony Galento, the general understanding was that Max, the winner, would be matched with Joe Louis. As you know, Baer knocked out Galento in such convincing fashion as to create the general impression that Two-Ton's career had come to a close. That impression still exists. There isn't an expert worth his salt who does not believe that for Galento to go on fighting would jeopardize Tony's life.

Apparently Baer's showing did not impress Mike Jacobs, the grand pooh-bah, for Mike says he has no intention just now of sending Max against the heavyweight champion. Having seen Max dispose of Tony, the writer feels just about the way Mike does. Baer did what he set out to do, and he whipped Galento most decisively and convincingly. But it so happened that whipping Galento, or what was left of him, that night in Jersey City, did not shape up as a feat.

In short, Baer could do nothing with Louis when Max was younger and fresher and stronger. The Louis whom Baer would meet now is a wiser Joe. And the Baer who would tackle Joe now is just as easy to hit as he ever was. Give Louis a target, give him a man without any intricacies of style, and the Negro will become a terrible fighting machine. Baer could not withstand the Louis attack for three rounds.

There is a vast difference of opinion between Baer's manager, Ancil Hoffman, and Uncle Mike regarding the value of Baer as an attraction in a return engagement with the Brown Bomber. Baer was offered 17½ per cent and turned it down. He and his mentor feel he is worth 25 per cent but are willing to accept the bout, which is certain to be a slaughter match, if guaranteed $50,000. That's big money at any time, but especially so now with the boxing game at low ebb and the war scare keeping American dollars hidden for future emergencies.

* * *



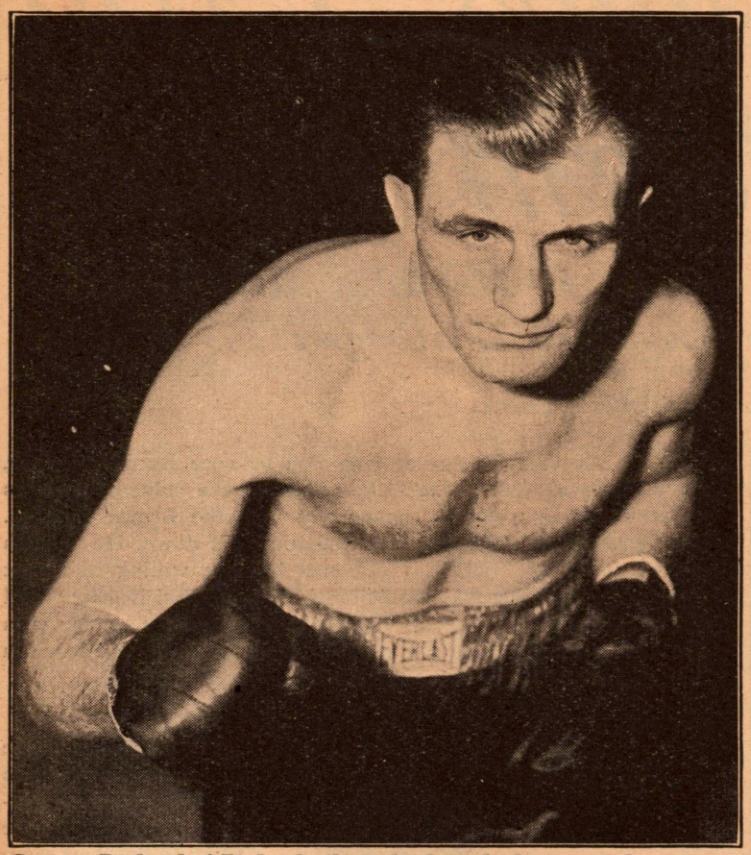
Red Burman of Baltimore, who is deserving of a chance at Louis.

THERE are those among the experts who think that the dispute between Uncle Mike and the Baer camp is nothing but ballyhoo—an attempt to arouse some interest in a fight that the public doesn't want, yet which figures to outdraw a Conn-Louis or a Pastor-Louis fight if staged in Chicago, Los Angeles or San Francisco, and all indications point to that being the correct version.

If Jacobs were wise, he would forget the Baer-Louis fight or a Conn-Louis battle at this stage, and keep Joe on the sidelines until next summer.

During the interim, the youngsters in the game could be developed to a point where active competition would arouse a new interest in the heavyweight division and perhaps from among those competing there would be found someone who could give Louis a real battle.

Let's have some fights among the boys who are striving for a shot at the crown—Pat Comiskey, Red Burman, Billy Conn, Junior Munsell, Buddy Baer,



Gunnar Barlund of Finland, who is back in the heavyweight picture.

Lee Savold, Buddy Walker, Roscoe Toles, Gunnar Barlund, Henry Wacker, Buddy Knox and Bill Poland.

The wisest thing for a promoter like Jacobs to do would be to arrange eliminations with the above-named dozen heavyweights rather than to keep feeding the public with the same faces against Joe Louis.

In any event, Jacobs has put Max Baer temporarily back into a pigeon hole, and it is doubtful if Max is ready to press the issue. It seems best to let Max rest for the time being, and see what the younger fighters can do about this job of pushing Joe Louis into retirement and the enjoyment of a fortune which is piling up comfortably, and with pleasant regularity.

* * *

AS we go to press, the fight between Billy Conn and Bob Pastor in New York has been postponed for indoors. On these two Mike had concentrated, on Conn he had pinned his faith.

How is Billy from Pittsburgh going to come through the program which Uncle Miguel has set for him? Is Conn going to be heavy enough? Is Conn going to punch hard enough? Is he built to stand the regimen which a contender for the heavyweight championship must impose on himself?

As Conn and Pastor went into the ring, Jacobs announced that he had a Louis match in mind for the winner. And for September, too!

This was at variance with an earlier decision by Uncle Mique to keep Louis idle until next summer. It had been impressed on Jacobs that he was letting Louis fight too often. Tex Rickard kept Jack Dempsey's appearances well spaced, so that a battle for the heavyweight championship was a rarity which readily commanded the high prices a rarity deserved. Particularly in those years of easy money between 1923 and 1929.

The writer believes that Jacobs should have stuck to his first resolve, and told Louis to go off and keep in shape until June, 1941. Making Joe fight for chicken feed against chicken feed opposition like that afforded by Johnny Paychek last winter is bad business for everybody except the third-rate opponent.

Conn is not ready for Louis. Pastor already has been beaten by Joe twice, to a decision and by knockout. Conn has something to learn about fighting a heavy puncher with the implacable psychology of a Louis.

* * *

HOWEVER, behind all the plans of Mike Jacobs, we see careful consideration of many factors which the public and the press have ignored.

As we issue this edition of THE RING Magazine, the Congress of the United States has before it a bill to institute a military draft. The young men of our nation are to be mobilized for defense against possible invasion of this hemisphere by the forces of Naziism.

Once this draft is effective, it is reasonable to believe that it would affect our boxers as it would affect a million or more other young men.

Examination of the draft bill does not lead us to believe that it would be the desire of the military authorities to disrupt American life and American amusements and pastimes. There would be no move to strike at boxing any more than there would be a desire to draft all the major league ball players in the draft age limits.

After all, we are not in an active war and the War Department is not eager to break up the continuity of American life.

But this proposition is one to be considered very carefully, and we see in the current setup a demonstration of Mike Jacobs' very detailed analysis of the heavyweight boxing situation. Joe Louis was born in May, 1914. That makes him a bit more than 26 years of age. It puts him right into the thick of the draft.

We do not believe that the draft officials would step in and throw the heavyweight champion into a barracks along with a lot of other buck privates. Not that this would be unjust to Louis or to boxing. In a military situation, the champion is no better than the tyro, and Louis would have no basis — or desire — to look for extraordinary favors.

He is twenty-six. While married, Joe has enough money put away to take care of his wife, the child due this fall, and his mother for the rest of their lives.

Lee Savold, Mid-Westerner, who figures in heavyweight elimination.

* * *

BOB PASTOR and Billy Conn also are inside the draft limits, though Bob is a family man and would be exempt. Max Baer is too old to come within the selection as it has been outlined in the present bill. Put two and two together, and you have a simple answer to the plans as outlined by Mike Jacobs. He faces no immediate

(Continued on page 42)

Dempsey Criticism Unfair

Those Who Find Fault with Jack for Returning to Ring, Take Pot Shots at Man Who Has Done More for Boxing Than Any Other Fighter in Fifty Years—Manassa Mauler Proves in His Fights with Wrestlers That He Has Lost None of the Glamour That Has Made Him Famous as World's Best Attraction — Red Cross Carnival Urged

By THE PUBLISHER

The fighting face of Jack Dempsey as he looked when in his prime.

THE Dempsey "comeback" ballyhoo has aroused such widespread interest in sections of the country where the erstwhile Manassa Mauler had never been seen in action that promoters are vieing with each other for a chance to book the former world heavyweight king. Whether Dempsey continues to fight mediocre opponents or worthwhile talent makes little difference to the average fight fans. All they seem to care about is that they are going to see Dempsey don the gloves in actual ring combat.

As one who has watched Dempsey perform in most of his minor and major battles, I couldn't conceive Jack going back into the ring for a real scrap at the age of forty-five, but since watching him take on big, husky wrestlers and making mince pie out of them, I have come to the conclusion that a bout for the Red Cross between Dempsey and one of the youngsters who has come up into a commanding position among the heavyweights during the past year would be a worthwhile venture, both financially and from a fighting point of view. I daresay that Dempsey would emerge the victor via the knockout route over many of those who are considered by experts to be among the second string heavyweights.

The old-time man-mauler has been severely criticized in some quarters for returning to the ring, but he also has an army of defenders. No one seems to take issue with Bobby Jones for making a comeback. Polo players who have been out of competition for years have often come back in the role of active participants in tournaments, yet nothing but high praise has been showered on them. No fault is found by the public.

Why pick on boxing? If Dempsey feels like donning the gloves and taking on a few men he is confident he can whip without subjecting himself to injury, why find fault with him? His recent appearance in Atlanta, as I pointed out previously, was not only a tonic to boxing in the South, but even made the "oldsters" who watched him in action feel young again, to think that a man of forty-five could engage in a tough fight no matter how poor the contest itself might have been.

There is no end to the Dempsey influence and it should be used at this stage to advantage by the Red Cross for needed funds. Those who are taking pot shots at Dempsey are unfair in their attitude. He has done more for boxing than any fighter in the last fifty years.

Dempsey has been challenged by many retired fighters, among them Mickey Walker and Jack Sharkey, but Dempsey has turned a deaf ear to each. The suggestion has been made that the Red Cross promote a huge boxing carnival with a high class card topped by a four-round bout between Dempsey and one of the former champions, Sharkey, Willard or Braddock. Why not? The Red Cross, which aids humanity the world over, is very much in need of funds. A Dempsey-Tunney exhibition on such a card would bring in huge funds, but Gene has no desire to reenter the ring.

(Continued on page 43)

The ECCENTRIC

IF old Judge Bean should come back to Langtry in the flesh, he would not know the clean modern city as the same town to which he gave vent to the eccentricities that won him wide renown and placed Langtry on the map. There were two factors in the rapid rise of Langtry to a place in the fistic spotlight—the picturesque Judge Roy Bean, the self-constituted "Law West of the Pecos" and the famous fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher which took place just across the border on the Rio Grande. That historic contest on February 21, 1896, outlawed by state and government, ended in a one-round knockout with Maher the victim, but the thrills that preceded and followed the fight, made it one of the most talked of in the history of American pugilism.

Much that was pure fiction has been written about Judge Roy Bean, but when all this has been sifted out, enough remains to stamp the Judge one of the most picturesque characters the great Southwest has ever produced. Though not as closely associated with boxing as were United States Marshals Wyatt, Earp and Bat Masterson, famed Westerners noted for the speed with which they could pull a trigger, Judge Roy Bean's part in the Langtry fight in which he protected the interests of Dan Stuart, fight promoter and movie magnate, brought his name into the headlines of the American press and put his business and the town of Langtry on the map. Overnight, Langtry and Judge Bean became famous with the eccentric Judge the center of attraction.

* * *

ROY BEAN was a Kentuckian by birth. When only a boy fifteen he ran away from home, embarked on a Mississippi River steamboat and sailed for New Orleans. The Crescent City at the time was a sort of rough-and-tumble spot that appealed to the adventurous Roy and he decided to take his chances there. Many social outcasts, deserters from foreign vessels and Northern criminals had found a temporary haven in the city near the Gulf of Mexico, but that was all the more reason why Roy was eager to get there. He loved adventure and here was his opportunity to meet with some. It was a place where even he-men had to be real good to come out on top.

Roy Bean, despite his proficiency in the use of arms and his burly frame and two dynamite-laden fists, found New Orleans too much for him and he didn't stay long. He quit to go to "a freer port" as he put it. He went to what he called, "God's Country," the State of Texas, a wild free land.

San Antonio was his first stopping place. There he conducted a dairy for a time, but that life was too slow for him. He liked to roam and pick a quarrel, then fight it out to his heart's content, so when the report of the California gold rush reached him, he organized a group of Texans and led the way to the Golden West.

While in California, Bean fell in with a Mexican who was preparing to elope. The Mexican, during a drinking spree, confided in Roy how, despite the objections of the lady, he would kidnap her and force her into a marriage. Bean decided that this elopement was not of the girl's wish, so in true wild west fashion, he waited until dark, sneaked into the house of the girl and stole her himself.

* * *

FIVE days he kept the girl locked up for her own safety, while the Mexican went wild with rage trying to locate her and the culprit who had kidnaped his love. When Bean thought the time opportune, he returned the girl to her parents, but instead of easing the situation, he became more involved. To his surprise, he learned that the man whom he had betrayed was a Mexican army officer and when the officer learned of Bean's betrayal, he challenged Bean to a duel.

Seconds were chosen, a field was selected, the time arranged and only the matter of weapons was left for decision on the morrow. Bean, a steady, quick shot with deadly aim, chose pistols, while the officer, a marvel with the lances, insisted on that weapon. A coin was tossed and Bean's choice, pistols, won. The combatants shook hands, the seconds took their places, the referee issued instructions and the men walked twenty paces to await the command to shoot. At the given word, Bean swung around and before his adversary had a chance to get set, he had been shot through the heart and killed.

But now Bean's troubles began to multiply. Friends of the Mexican seized him and turned him over to the Mexican military authorities. He was tried and sentenced to be hung for murder. That sentence, according to the authorities, was "carried out," but apparently they left the scene too soon, for Roy's friends cut the rope and revived him, according to the story told by Dick Freeman, for many years his deputy marshal in Langtry. It took several weeks of nursing before Roy could get back to San Antonio.

The truth about the hanging was never vouched for. The late Jack Curley, who was a friend of the Judge, tried to press him for particulars, but all he could ever get from Roy was a shrug of the shoulders, a pat on the back and a hearty laugh.

Certain it was, however, that there was a livid scar around Roy's neck and he carried his head in a peculiar manner, as one suffering from a stiff neck and this led to the belief that the hanging story was true.

* * *

DURING the Civil War, Roy Bean was a Confederate blockade runner. At the close of the conflict, he began carrying freight by wagon train from San Antonio to Fort Stockton. When they started to build a railroad west from San Antonio, Roy Bean decided it was time to quit his business and enter a new, more lucrative field, that of a saloon keeper. He fitted out a tent saloon and kept moving along with the railroad gang from camp to camp as the official dispenser of booze.

When the Pecos was reached, a permanent camp was established at the mouth of the river where it empties into the Rio Grande, a spot close to the scene of the Maher-Fitzsimmons battle ground. That town became the Vinaegeroon of the border history. Vinaegeroon is the Mexican name of a venomous insect.

It was at Vinaegeroon that Bean acquired the title of Judge, he being appointed Justice of the Peace. Here it was that he handed down his famous decision affecting the Chinese.

An American had shot and killed a Chinaman, who balked at paying a gambling debt. The murderer, a white man, was brought to trial before Judge Roy Bean. There were no jury trials then. Bean's judgment was all that counted.

Roy greeted the murderer by first name, smiled at the crowd in the court room and started proceedings against the defendant. He rapped for order, then addressed the defendant:

"Alan Morrison, you are here on trial for your life. There is only one question before the court and on the answer to that question the decision of your guilt or innocence will be decided. Now git up. Seat yerself in that chair," he continued, "and tell us in yer own way why you killed that Chinese."

* * *

WHEN the story was told, Judge Bean, before announcing his decision, offered some sound advice to those in the courtroom.

"For the benefit of all of you who heard what Alan Morrison jes said, let me tell you all that this is no place for any welchers. If you gamble and you lose, make sure that you pay up," and with that, he opened a large law book that was on his table, turned its pages several times, closed the book without as much as making an attempt to read a passage, and announced:

"Gents, I have jest looked carefully through my Blackstone and through the Statutes of the State of Texas, and I find that there is no law against killing a Chinaman. I therefore declare the prisoner not guilty. He is acquitted."

With a wink and a slap on the back, he sent the murderer out of the courtroom, back to his gambling den, a free man.

Another case that brought the Judge a great deal of notoriety was that involving a drunk. The drunk was killed when he fell

JUDGE BEAN—

The Law West of the Pecos

By NAT FLEISCHER

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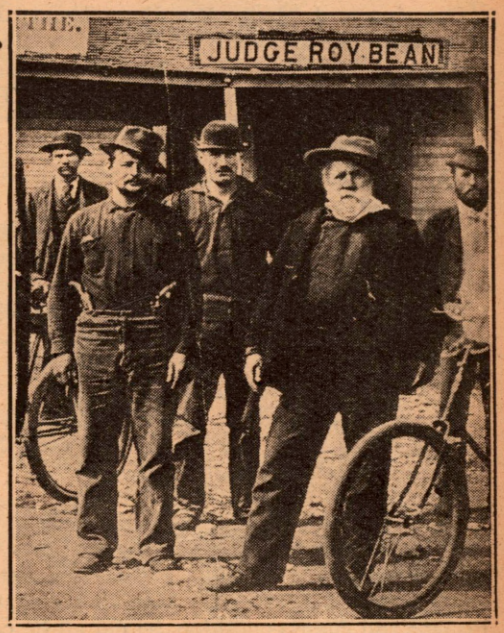


Judge Bean of Langtry, Texas, and his deputy marshals. The Judge is second from the right.

off a small bridge. The Judge, who was also tax collector, federal marshal and saloon keeper, was called upon as the legal head of the community to inspect the body and give his verdict. He looked at the victim, searched his pockets and found a revolver and $40 in bills.

"As Coroner," he remarked, "I find that this man died as a result of an accident brought on by intoxication. As a judge, I find that this man was carrying concealed weapons against the statutes and against the peace and dignity of the State of Texas and the town of Langtry. I therefore fine him $25 and costs." The costs amounted to the extra fifteen dollars.

With these remarks, he pocketed the $40 belonging to the victim, signed the burial permit and handed over the gun to his deputy, Dick Freeman, as his fee for attending the inquest.

* * *

THERE was humor in the acts of Judge Roy Bean, but many of his acts were also those of courage as was his arrest of Curley Bill, the bad man from the Southwest, one of the most notorious outlaws in the section. Bill was six feet tall, weighed 195 pounds and no deadlier shot with rifle or Colt ever roamed the ranges. Though a state warrant was out for his arrest, Curley Bill didn't hesitate to go to Tombstone for some fun. Even Wyatt Earp, then chief of police of that hell-fire town, didn't care to bother Curley Bill, but Judge Bean did go after him and took him into custody. Yet Earp had the reputation of a man who feared neither God nor devil.

Tombstone was a red hot burg at the time. They tell a story of a drunken cowboy boarding a train at an Arizona station. The conductor came along. The cow puncher had no ticket, but he had plenty of money. In response to the conductor's query as to where he wanted to go, he pulled out a handful of greenbacks.

"I'm bound for hell, and there's where I'm goin' to go," he responded.

The conductor was equal to the occasion:

"One dollar, please," he retorted. "Get off at Tombstone."

That man was Curley Bill.

Curley Bill, whose real name was William Graham, and one of his tough pals took it into their heads to attend church service in Tombstone one fine Sunday. When they came into the sacred edifice, the rest of the congregation simply melted away. No one was left except the two outlaws.

The minister hesitated, but Curley told him to go ahead. The man in the pulpit delivered his sermon. Then Curley insisted that he should sing a couple of hymns. This request was complied with, and the bandit handed him fifty dollars, declaring that the entertainment was worth the price.

On the following morning, Judge Roy Bean entered a barber shop. There was Curley sitting in a chair, getting shaved. Roy Bean trained his gun on him and took him into custody. "You're wanted on several charges," he announced, in addition to what you did yesterday. Then he held court in his own quaint way, fined Curley twenty-five dollars for disturbing the peace, twenty-five for being a fugitive from justice and lodged him in the jail.

Bill only laughed at the proceedings and paid. But he declared that there would be no more church going for him. It was too expensive.

From Vinaegaroon, Bean moved to Langtry, where he set himself up in a business and held court. Here he established his "Jersey Lilly" saloon and constituted himself "Law West of the Pecos." At that time, he was the only law between the Pecos and El Paso. Every culprit brought to account over that long stretch was hailed before Judge Roy Bean.

There wasn't a man in that sector who wasn't a victim of Judge Bean's shrewdness and business acumen if he had any dealings with the dispenser of "justice." An amusing case showing Judge Bean's willingness to do "what was right" as well as to reap what he considered was his just dues, came about in this manner:

Two Mexican couples went to him to be married. The first couple was told to come forward and of them the Judge asked:

"Juan, you want to marry this woman?"

"Si, senor," replied Juan.

"Maria, you want to marry this man, Juan?"

"Si, senor!" she replied.

"All right, folks, according to the power in me vested by the State of Texas, I pronounce you man and wife. Five dollars apiece, please."

They paid and walked aside for their friends to take their place. Judge Bean repeated the ceremony with Vittoria and Marguerita and collected ten more dollars.

A few days later, they all came back.

"Please, Judge, we all make mistake. Marguerita, she wants me, and Maria, she wants Juan. You make change, senor?"

Each man desired the other man's wife and of course it could be done if the price were paid.

"Vittorio, the law and the church are strict on divorce, but for ten dollars each, I'll see that it can be done and then, if you want to remarry, it will cost you each five dollars more. Can you pay it? It's the only way. Savve?"

The men nodded. Judge Bean called each of the women to his desk first and asked each if the change were agreeable. They nodded assent. Then he said:

"According to the law vested in me by the State of Texas, I find that you folks are not suitable for each other and I hereby divorce you." Then followed a remarriage, not omitting the collection of the usual fee of five dollars each. It was a lucrative love affair so far as Judge Bean was concerned.

* * *

THE signs on the Judge's log cabin where he held court and sold drinks were unique. They were so arranged as to catch the eye of the passengers on passing trains. As the train stopped for water at Langtry, it allowed the passengers an opportunity to pay a brief visit to Bean's bar, and many a thirsty pilgrim quenched his thirst there. When the Judge held court and the arrival of a train was announced, he would call for an adjournment so that all hands could go to the bar and keep the visitors

company. Then when the train was on its way again, he would rap for order at the bar, ask all hands to go back to court, and the hearing would proceed.

One sign read, "Judge Roy Bean, Notary Public."

Another, "Justice of the Pecos."

A third, "Law West of the Pecos."

Still another, "The Jersey Lilly Saloon." This was named after the famous Lillian Langtry, who had toured the section and who had made a hit with Judge Roy Bean.

The Judge was often called to account on that last sign. The beer he sold was always warm. He refused to have any ice and when the customers would complain about it, he would reply:

"Who ever heard of ice in the summer time. You can get ice only in the winters up north."

A few yards behind that portion of the log cabin where court was held, stood another building and on this were the following signs:

"Roy Bean's Opera House."

"Town Hall and Seat of Justice," and below it,

"Judge Roy Bean, Justice of the Peace, Notary Public, marries couples, collects taxes, etc."

* * *

THE old Judge who was sixty-six years old when the famous fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Peter Maher took place on February 23, 1896, was keen to see that match and despite Federal and State opposition, he did all he could to aid the principals. According to the late Jack Curley, it cost quite a sum to see that "justice" was done and that the eyes of the law were kept shut until the match could be pulled off at the mouth of the Rio Grande on so-called neutral territory.

Bean's part in the fight was a big one. By his aid he enabled the contest to come off as per schedule.

The train that carried the fighters, trainers, officials and about 200 sports, arrived at Langtry about four o'clock in the afternoon. The excursionists from various parts of the country found themselves confronted by a motley gathering as they alighted from the train. There were 20 Texas Rangers representing the State with General Mabrey in command, also several marshals and soldiers to see that the fight didn't take place.

But the minions of the law failed to take into consideration the eccentric Judge Bean, who besides being an ardent fight fan, already had been seen by a representative of the promoter, Dan Stuart, and also had fully considered the profits that his bar at the "Jersey Lilly" would take in from the thirsty gathering, both before and after the affair.

He interceded and had his way. The guards decided not to molest the excursionists or principals provided they would not pitch tent on American soil and as Dan Stuart, with the aid of Judge Bean, had already selected a site about 500 yards across the river on Mexican ground, all ended serenely.

* * *

BEAN'S drinking emporium did a thriving business while the plans were being formulated for getting all hands to the battle ground. Even the pickpockets, of whom there were quite a few, especially Mexicans, did a thriving business judging by the complaints lodged with Judge Bean by the visitors, who, when ready to pay their bill, found they had been robbed at the station. Judge Bean had his deputies gather in several of the suspicious characters and for the benefit of the visitors, entertained with open court.

He rapped for order, told all at the bar to cease drinking while court was in session, asked the culprits how much money they had in their possession, and as each counted the bills, he fined him the full amount and permitted the culprits to retain only the change. The entire proceedings didn't take more than ten minutes and then the drinking continued with Judge Bean, this time, calling all for a treat on the house.

Governors, State Legislators, even the United States Congress and the President of the United States, had arrayed themselves against him, but Dan Stuart outmaneuvered all. Despite all the opposition, the sturdy Texan promoter carried out his arrangements to a successful culmination, thanks to the aid he received from Judge Bean.

When word was received by Stuart from the Judge to move, the visitors speedily found that although they had been on the road for sixteen hours and had journeyed four hundred miles, the hardest part of the entertainment was yet to come. Following Stuart's guides and those of Judge Bean in a straggling procession, they went across the prairie for a distance of 500 yards and commenced a precipitous descent of a seldom used wagon road that went in a circuitous way down to the Rio Grande.

* * *

OVER rocks and boulders, now slipping on their backs, now clutching at a bramble to save themselves from a fall and a broken ankle, and now stubbing their toes against huge cobblestones or in cavities in the rocks, the sports toiled in double and single file until the bank of the river was reached.

Then there was another tramp of about 500 more yards through sand and mud, full ankle deep, to the point where the seventy-five foot pontoon bridge had been stretched across the Rio Grande, which, swollen by recent rains, had been changed from a sluggish stream to a roaring torrent.

Once across, the sports were on the bottom of the Mexican side, and the circus canvas enclosure that encircled the ring, was seen in the distance. A few more minutes brought the perspiring and sore-footed pedestrians to the entrance, where Bat Masterson, famed U. S. Marshal and friend of Stuart, his guns handy, and Joe Vendig, treasurer for Stuart, examined the pasteboards and passed the holders of the tickets. The prospective gate crashers took one look at Masterson's stern face and the handy guns which hung at his side, and walked off. No "One-Eyed" Connollys did any tricks that day.

* * *

A MORE ideal spot for the fight could hardly have been selected. To the west, sloping down to the very foot of the enclosure, was a mountain about 500 feet high, rugged and almost perpendicular. Across the river, on the Texas side, was its counterpart, and fringed along its stern summit, commanding a full view of the ring, were about 300 Mexicans and cowboys, who had come to see the fun without paying an admission fee.

Between the mountains and within a stone's throw of the ring, the river rushed with a dull roar. Heavy laden clouds overhead and occasional drops of rain completed the picture.

Because of the weather conditions, the kinetoscope was unable to film the fight as originally arranged. Thousands of dollars were lost by the backers of the camera venture as a result.

The circus canvas with which the battle ground was enclosed, was 200 feet in circumference, and sixteen feet in height, and had been brought down from El Paso. The ring was built of white pine, covered with a white duck and had an elevation of four feet.

Over in the corner to the west, were the two diminutive tents for the convenience of the principals in making their final preparations. A dozen men were put to work to drive the ring stakes and to set the ropes.

Fitzsimmons and Maher, accompanied by their attendants, made their appearance almost together, only a few yards apart and both fighters reached the enclosure in a profuse state of perspiration. They were taken to their respective tents and given rubdowns. Then they sat well wrapped in blankets, with seconds surrounding them, awaiting the call.

Into the ring walked Referee George Siler, who announced all was now ready for the fight. Joe Vendig announced that 182 persons had paid admission, while the rest of the visiting contingent that had made the trip by train, seeing how easy it was to see the fight without paying for the privilege, by looking into the ring from the "natural" ringside, decided to remain outside and took vantage points on the mountain side. They figured that the view from the hills was far more preferable to paying $20 to enter.

Fitzsimmons had as his seconds, four handlers—his brother-in-law, Martin Julian, Jack Everhardt, fighter, Jack Stelzener and Jack McCoy, and Burt Sneed acted as his timekeeper.

Maher had in his corner Jim Hall, Australian fighter, Buck Connolly, Peter Byrnes, Jack Quinn and Peter Lowrey, with Parson Davies acting as his timekeeper.

Referee Siler produced the five-ounce gloves and these were fitted on the hands of the rivals in sight of all.

* * *

A SHORT delay took place during which Julian argued about the stake money with Tom O'Rourke, who contrary to the articles of agreement and instructions of the referee, failed to bring the money to the ringside. O'Rourke tried to put a check for $20,000 into the hands of the referee, but Julian was opposed to that. He insisted on the cash and this riled O'Rourke, who insisted that because of the danger attached, and the possibility of a raid and theft of the money, he had it deposited in El Paso and would draw a check on the amount. The dispute ended when Referee Siler accepted the word of O'Rourke that the money was safe in El Paso and the deck was cleared for action.

Quickly the gong was sounded by Timekeeper Lou Housman and the long awaited international battle to decide Jim Corbett's challenger and next opponent in a world heavyweight championship fight, was on.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS shuffled to the center of the ring, feinted, ducked and watched for an opening. Maher swung a right to Fitz's jaw and brought the claret. It was first blood for Peter.

Maher struck Fitz with his right as they broke from a clinch, and Referee Siler grabbed Peter by the arm and threatened to disqualify him if repeated.

"You'll obey the rules of clean fighting or I'll disqualify you," he shouted.

Fitz landed a short right to the body, then led with his right to draw Maher out, but fell short with the punch. A mix-up followed in which Maher drove right and left to the sides of Fitz's head.

They clinched. Fitz broke ground and Maher connected with a left to the head. Then came the knockout. Fitz side-stepped, swung his right and Maher landed on the floor. He vainly tried to rise but Referee Siler counted him out.

The fight had lasted only one minute and thirty-five seconds. The Mexicans and cowboys who squatted like vultures on the bluff, let loose a wild roar of cheering. They made a dash down the mountain side to get a

(Continued on page 45)

Troupers of the Ring

By TED CARROLL

IN days gone by, a boxer was not considered a genuine top-notcher until he had barnstormed his way across the country meeting all the local prides that could be dug up to face him. Unlike our present day pugilists, most of whom confine their operations to certain localities, the old-timers trouped the country, gaining experience and a reputation in many different rings, against all kinds of opposition.

Even after establishing themselves as first raters and champions, great fighters of the past continued to ply their trade in many widely separated towns. To illustrate this let us take a look at the activity of the great Harry Greb, one of the ring's busiest barnstormers, during the six months in 1926 preceding his untimely passing.

In the period from January to August, 1926, the Pittsburgh Windmill, though past his peak, appeared in the following cities consecutively: Toronto, Can.; Omaha, Neb.; Los Angeles, Hollywood, Oakland, Cal.; Phoenix, Ariz.; New York City, Buffalo, N. Y., and Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This itinerary shows how fighters of the past spread their talent around, and helped keep boxing interest alive throughout the country. In contrast to this system most of our modern fighters shy away from these extended countrywide tours, giving as their reasons home town decisions, "short" payoffs, or one reason or another. A conspicuous exception to this general rule is the newly crowned New York State middleweight king, Ken Overlin.

In more ways than one a throwback to the maulers of the past, the ex-sailor displayed his pugilistic wares wherever a ring could be found for many years, before finally gaining recognition as one of the smartest and cleverest boxers in the business. To Overlin is due a world of credit for his willingness to take on any kind of opponent, he has never drawn the line on colored boys, knockout artists, southpaws, "clowns," bigger men or home town heroes.

Not only this, but the ex-gob's demands are always in line with what small town promoters can afford, and because of this, the happy-go-lucky Overlin has been a godsend to boxing men all over the country. In 1939, for instance, the following cities saw Ken do his stuff: Chicago, Houston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Long Branch, St. Louis, Atlanta and Miami.

Thus far this year, the wandering Kenneth has performed in Raleigh, N. C., Cumberland, Md., Chicopee Falls, Portland, Me., Memphis, New York City, Syracuse, Richmond, Va., Long Island City, Atlanta, Ga., and Scranton. With the possible exception of Henry Armstrong, Ken has been the busiest of our top-notch fighters, and rightly deserves the title of the ring's greatest trouper. He holds the record for fighters for flying to scenes of his activities.

* * *

LIKE Overlin, many a fighter of the big time circuit, has been hailed as such in the hinterlands long before the big boxing centers put the stamp of approval on him. Such a one is Billy Soose, the pride of Farrell, Pa., who hit the headlines when he copped a decision over this same Overlin last month.

The former Penn State College boy had been confining his appearances to such thriving metropolises as Scranton, Youngtown and Williamsport, where the local yokels had been singing his praises for some time. That the small town fight fans had something there, was proven by Soose in his set-to with the New York state middleweight king.

Among the big fellows the barnstorming champion seems to be the good looking Dayton, Ohio, youngster, Buddy Knox. Co-manager Dewey Fragetta loudly clarions to all who will listen that Knox is the world's busiest heavyweight, a claim that seems to have some foundation. Believing that actions speak louder than words, Dewey depends upon fights and plenty of them to keep Knox on the sport pages.

Purses are secondary with the Dayton fighter. He likes to keep on the move and he gets his wish. Although the year is far from over, Knox has already shown eleven times in seven cities, and the end is not yet. In 1939 Buddy went to the post sixteen times in nine different spots.

* * *

ALTHOUGH his name is always thought of in connection with Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and million dollar gates, none other than Jack Dempsey did more than his share of trouping up, down and across the country in his early days. Even when ranked as the number one contender for the heavyweight crown, Jack was no stranger to overnight jumps.

In the first week of July, 1918, for instance, the old Manassa Mauler appeared in three different cities in the space of six days, Joplin, Mo., Tulsa, Okla., and Atlanta, Ga. Incidentally, Dempsey scored a one-round knockout in each bout, which should be some sort of a record.

In Jack's barnstorming days, our old professor of fistiana, Billy McCarney functioned as a kind of beater for the Dempsey-Kearns safari. It was Bill's job to dig up opposition for the up-and-coming Dempsey.

Dropping down a few notches among the lighter lads of today, we find Cocoa Kid, New Haven's welterweight star, a standby in many of the lesser cities up and down the Eastern seaboard. Although a favorite in Baltimore, Cocoa's sharp, shifty boxing has become familiar to fans in New Bedford, Washington, New Orleans, Newark, Lancaster, Pa., Boston, Holyoke, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Fall River, besides his native New Haven, Conn.

Chalky Wright is another who isn't particular where he displays his talents. Chalky, who finds it difficult to get the big city boys in there with him, is looked upon as the last word in pugilistic prowess in far off Liverpool, England, and innumerable towns throughout America.

* * *

HOWEVER, there are few boxers among the lads of today who compare with the wandering troupers of the past. In the 300 or more fights in which he engaged, far-roaming Battling Levinsky missed few towns in the country, from the smallest whistle stop to the greatest metropolis. The same thing was true of Dumb Dan Morgan's other bread-winner, scientific Jack Britton, who in twenty-five years of boxing, showed time and time again in nearly every boxing ring in America. Britton fought Ted Ked Lewis alone twenty-two times, in cities from coast to coast.

In the past fifteen years, no fighter has covered as much territory as has Maxie Rosenbloom. Before Hollywood claimed him, the one-time harlequin of Harlem thought nothing of boxing two times a week.

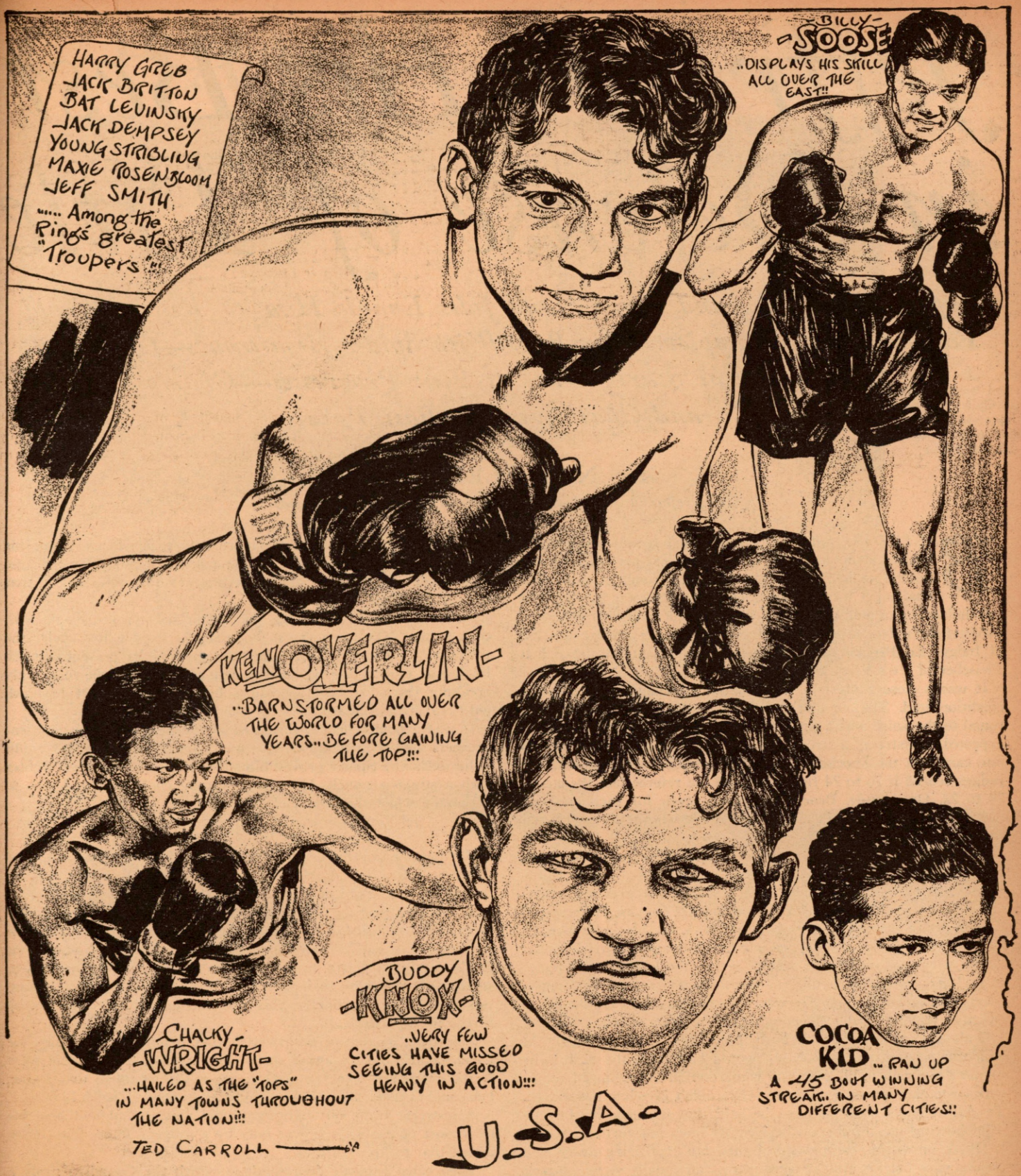
In 1929 the restless Rosenbloom swept right across the continent, appearing in the following cities, one after another: Rochester, Wilkes-Barre, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Syracuse, Cincinnati, Chicago, Portland, Ore., Hoquiam, Wash., Spokane, Brooklyn, N. Y., Bayonne, N. J., Franklin, N. H., and Pittsburgh. It should be mentioned that in all these towns, Maxie boxed the toughest opponent available, no questions asked.

* * *

YOUNG WILLIE STRIBLING was another who roamed far and wide. Stribling came by his trouping instincts naturally as he came from a line of old-time vaudevillians and circus folk. Willie's activities were so widespread he became known as the "King of the Canebrakes."

Unlike Rosenbloom though, lots of Stribling's opposition was of doubtful quality. In many cases the town bully occupied the other corner to the talented Southerner, and when opponents ran low, there was always the Stribling chauffeur, one Red Fitzsimmons, to fill the breach.

One of the strange things about the hinterland heroes was the inability of some of them to do their best in the boxing capital of New York. Stribling was conspicuous for this failing, a world-



beater on the road, he seemed to tighten up whenever he hit the big time, and was never impressive in New York.

Jeff Smith was another who never licked the New York jinx. The old Bayonne Globe Trotter, who gained the name because he was no stranger to even the farthest corners of the globe, trouped the boxing highways and byways for decades but never showed at his best in the big city. A wizard anywhere else, and there were few places he missed in his long and honorable career in the ring, Jeff, like Stribling, never gained a title because he invariably reserved his most disappointing performances for his New York appearances.

THE late Tiger Flowers traveled far and wide in his fighting days. Flowers came along at a time when the lot of colored fighters was difficult and mixed bouts were generally frowned upon, but his sportsmanship and clean fighting endeared him to the public. He rendered his race a great service by breaking down the barriers in many cities all over the United States during his heyday, even as Cocoa Kid was to do some years later, in Baltimore and Washington. In both these cities, Cocoa was the first fighter to engage in a mixed bout. He opened the way for his dark brethren to do likewise.

Dave Shade was another who *(Continued on page 43)*

Jeffra at His Best in Defense of Title

Superior Condition and Right Hand Jolts Enable Him to Retain World Featherweight Championship in Bout With Spider Armstrong—Canadian, Aggressor at Start, Wilts as Bout Progresses—Champ and Challenger Set Fast Pace

By NAT FLEISCHER

(Who refereed contest at Carlin Park in Baltimore, Maryland)

BALTIMORE fight fans saw Harry Jeffra, world featherweight champion, give one of the best performances of his career in checking Spider Armstrong, his Canadian challenger for the crown, at Carlin Park on July 29. The title-holder, in an uphill battle in which the tide changed frequently, successfully defended his crown, winning the unanimous decision of Judges Ed Brockman and Charley Bauman, and Referee Nat Fleischer of THE RING Magazine.

It was a close contest in which Jeffra's strength and superior condition told. The manner in which he fought from the tenth round to the finish was a revelation to those in Baltimore who had expected Armstrong, a strong, two-fisted hitter, to take the champ into camp via the knockout route. On the point score system, the judges scored it 76 to 74 for Jeffra and the referee had the count, 78 to 72. On rounds, Brockman scored seven for each and one even; Bauman, seven, six and two, and Fleischer, seven, five and three even.

One knockdown in the twelfth aided Jeffra in the point score. He brought Armstrong to the canvas with a short, snappy right-hand chop to the jaw. Spider was down in the previous round also, but it was the result of a slip on the wet canvas. He received a right to the chin that brought him back on his heels and as he tried to straighten, he stepped into a puddle and fell to his knees.

The wiry challenger, not accustomed to the longer route fights as is Jeffra, tired perceptibly as the fight progressed, yet fought every inch of the ground. He was the aggressor and landed many effective punches, but not enough to offset the damage done by Jeffra's overhand right and body blows. Had Jeffra fought at long range, Armstrong probably would have won the fight. The Spider's best punch, his powerful right, couldn't be whipped across with customary accuracy because Jeffra didn't give him the chance. To Armstrong's credit it must be said that he made by far the best showing any of the featherweights have put forth in recent N. B. A. or world championship fights. He kept firing away at a furious pace but his attacks were met by an equally vicious attack of the defending title-holder.

* * *

THE best round of the entire fight was the third, in which Jeffra rolled up a big margin only to lose the round on a penalty. Three times he struck below the belt line in keeping up a steady two-fisted barrage. Though the blows were unintentionally sent low, he was penalized.

Armstrong started the session with a right to the chin and then kept up a left and right offensive that caused his opponent to see red. Angered at the turn of affairs, Jeffra set out to match blow for blow and he did far more than that. He overcame his rival's advantage and piled up the points, then suddenly began to shoot 'em in from all angles, letting several go so wildly that he lost the round.

As the rounds rolled along, the terrific heat played havoc with each fighter. The pace was so hot that the boys wilted under the strain and of necessity, held when the opportunity presented itself. Each was equally guilty, but the action of the referee in quickly breaking them kept the spectators on edge from start to finish with real fistic fireworks.

It was a bout worth seeing, one of the best featherweight encounters staged in many moons, and winner and loser did credit to himself. The Spider proved himself a two-fisted, fearless fighter with a stinging punch. He was a worthy challenger and was so acclaimed when the bout ended.

* * *

IT wasn't until after a third of the fight had been completed that Jeffra found the range and began to fight his way to the front. His right was worked with a nicety and adding to this, he kept playing a barrage for the body that often caused Armstrong to wince. But every time the Spider was hurt, he not only came out for more, but started an attack of his own that at times caused Jeffra to back-paddle to get his bearings. Then when he thought he had gained an opening, Harry tore in and mixed matters effectively. This was the procedure during many of the hectic rounds.

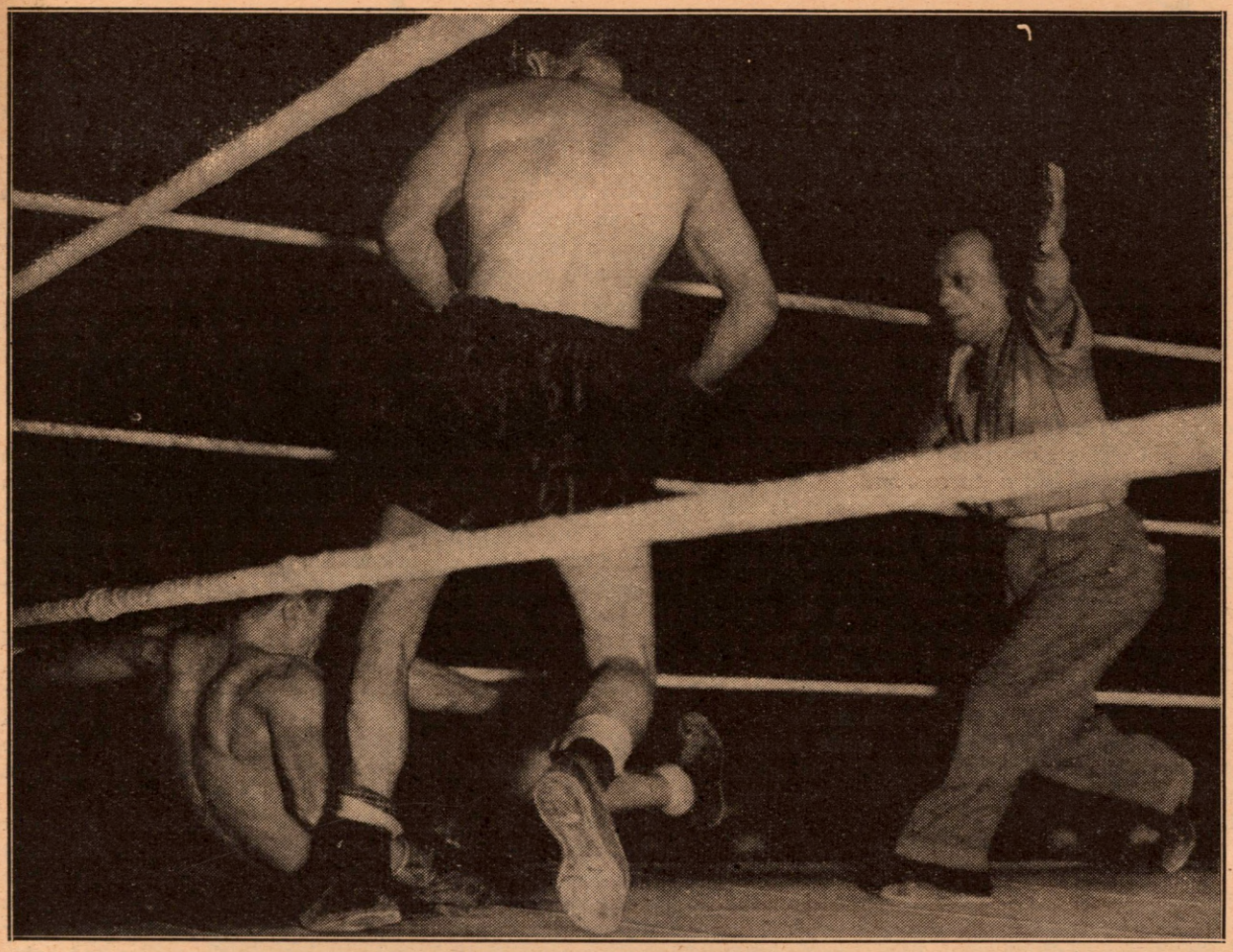
The right-hander in the twelfth that dropped Armstrong for a "no count" took a lot of starch out of him. The session went to the champion by a big margin. He never let up in that frame, but couldn't down his man again in the attempt to finish him.

Armstrong came out fighting in the next round and held his own most of the way. It was only by a gingery finish that Jeffra added that to his credit.

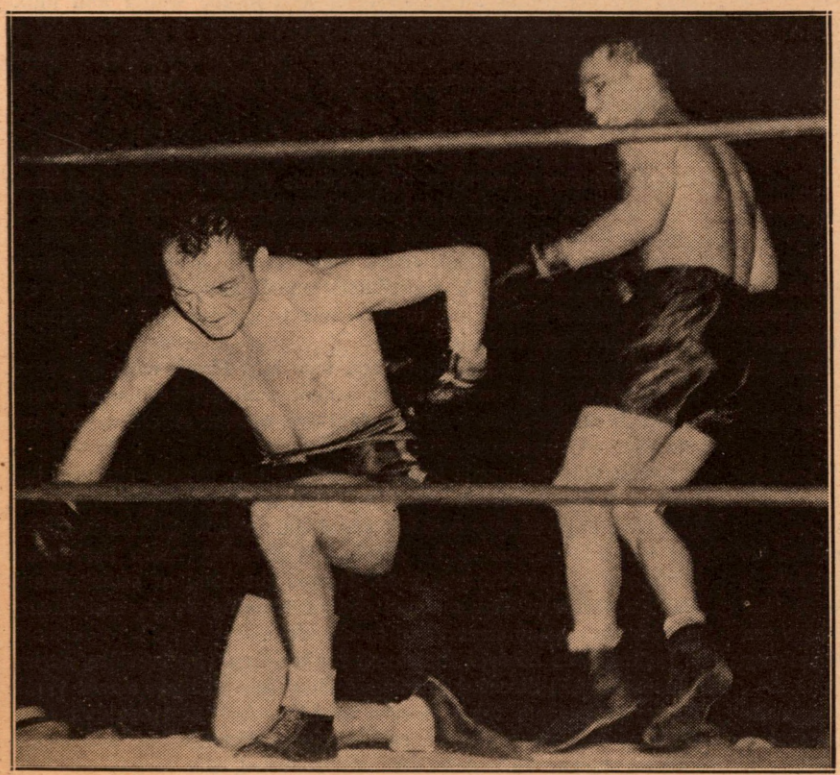
Then came a hectic fourteenth in which the Canadian made a bold attempt to even the tally. He came near doing it by landing vicious punches to the body, but Jeffra was equally on the alert and fought for every inch of ground. Two powerful rights to the heart just before the bell sounded, slowed up the challenger and prevented him from annexing that round. It was recorded by me as even.

The bell for the final round had scarcely sounded when Jeffra began an attack to the face and body that never ended until the gong ended the affair. He ripped open a cut over Spider's left eye from which the claret spurted and covered the body of both fighters and referee. Jeffra swarmed all over his prey and had the fight ended even on points or *(Continued on page 45)*

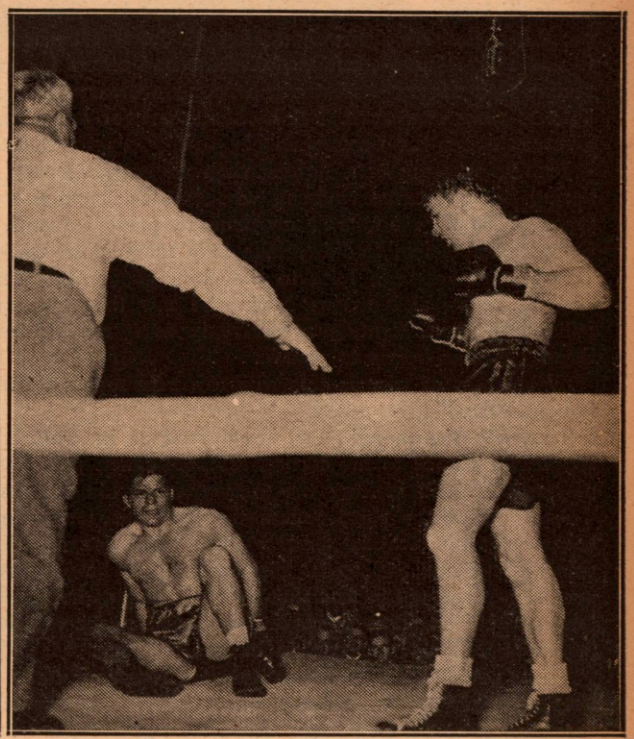
CHAMPS IN ACTION



Harry Jeffra, world featherweight king, drops Spider Armstrong in twelfth round of title bout at Baltimore. Before Referee Nat Fleischer could start the count, Armstrong was on his feet. Jeffra won the unanimous decision in a tough, close battle.



Al Hostak, N. B. A. middleweight king, loses his crown to Tony Zale of Gary, Ind., in Seattle bout. Here we see Al down in 13th round, badly cut around the eyes. Referee Benny Leonard awarded the bout to Zale when Hostak's manager, Eddie Marino, tossed in the towel after Al got to his feet.



Ken Overlin, clever New York State middleweight king, drops Harry Balsamo in fourth round of their fight at Queensboro A. C. in New York for Mrs. Hearst's Milk Fund. Ken, recognized in New York as world champ, won on a knockout in the ninth round.

Body Blows Whip Lew

By "THE RING" EDITOR

TO Henry Armstrong, whether he retires from boxing, his chosen profession, either of his own volition or for other causes, must go the honor of being the greatest fighter, weight for weight, since the days of the famous Joe Walcott, the Man Killer, who as a welterweight, mowed down opponents who had many pounds and inches advantage over him. Homicide Hank lived up to his nom-de-guerre when he battered Lew Jenkins, lightweight king, into submission in six rounds at the Polo Grounds after putting Lew to the canvas six times. The 23,306 persons who paid $111,486.95 to see the rulers of the lightweight and welter classes clash in a handicap match in which neither title was at stake, left the home of the New York Giants satisfied that in Armstrong they saw a human buzz-saw who has no equal today nor has had one since the Barbados Demon was at the height of his glory many years ago. He has gone back a lot, 'tis true, but he still ranks supreme.

Outclassed by a hard hitting, sharp shooting opponent in the first three rounds during which the welter king permitted Jenkins to sap his vitality, Armstrong came out for the fourth session ready for the kill and the manner in which he relentlessly kept after his prey until he caused him to collapse, made the fight fans look on in amazement. Few fighters in the history of boxing since the Marquis of Queensberry rules went into effect half a century ago performed as did Hank against Jenkins, and I predict it will be many years before we see another such as he.

The little Negro gladiator whose flaying arms made Jenkins see a thousand gloves at one time, was a reminder of the great Walcott and Sam Langford. To those he will have to be compared when his last chapter is written.

* * *

WHEN Arthur Donovan, the referee, intervened during the intermission between the sixth and seventh rounds, Jenkins was helpless. He sat on his stool, slumped, head bowed, body wracking with pain from the terrific body bombardment against his frail form, and fear written all over his face. It was too much for him. As lightweight king he thought he had a chance to add to his laurels, but he failed, as had others before him, to realize that Henry Armstrong was no ordinary man so far as fighters were concerned. Yet he has asked for and been granted a return match for September 27.

Jenkins was facing a fighter with an extraordinary attack, a boring in, aggressive ringman who was accustomed to face all types of barrage and still continue to press forward, like the German Blitzkrieg. It didn't take long for Jenkins to lose heart. When after crashing lefts to the chin, staggering Henry with straight rights and jarring hooks, he saw the welter champion still on his feet, fighting as furiously as if the battle had just begun, Jenkins began to wonder:

"What sort of man is this who can take my best wallops and not go down!"

That was the thought one could read as he watched Jenkins repeatedly glance to his corner, his face ashen pale with a look of bewilderment, seeking the answer from his handlers.

As early as the third round, the last that Jenkins gained, it became obvious that he wouldn't last much longer. The fourth was the start of the finish. The lightweight king began to lose ground because of the fear that overtook him as he received those terrible body smashes at close range, and an occasional jarring punch to the jaw that caused Lew to slow up.

When as he sat in his corner between rounds six and seven, he kept muttering, "I want air, I want air," the referee saw that it was time to call a halt. Thus ended the fight between two champions, a contest that was replete with action, one which thrilled the gathering despite the final outcome.

The slender Texan gave a good account of himself, but was simply overmatched. Even champions can be overmatched. Becoming too ambitious has been a grave fault with many title-holders who learned, shortly after, much to their regret, the error of their ways. Lew will find that out again when he meets his conqueror in September.

Under thunderous smashes to the body and jaw, the kind that numb an opponent and make him a target for the final assault, Homicide Hank fought a good battle, but one far below par compared to his bout with Montanez, as he exhausted the Lone Star State representative and wore him down to a state of collapse. Lew's punch while it could be delivered, did plenty of damage to Armstrong, but once Jenkins weakened, the rest was a cinch for the ever-aggressive welter king.

* * *

THE usual confusion that accompanies a battle in which the loser fails to come to scratch for a new round, was in evidence in this fight. Referee Donovan, new rules of the State Boxing Commission notwithstanding, was 100 per cent correct when he ruled that the bout ended in the sixth round. As Jenkins had gone to his corner and the bell for the seventh session had not yet been rung, no seventh round had started.

I thoroughly disagree with those who argue that once a round stops the next round is what must be considered in such decisions. A new round cannot get under way until the bell sounds to start it. The minute's rest belongs to the previous round. A round consists of three minutes of fighting and one of rest. So the Marquis of Queensberry wrote the rules. Thus Jenkins was halted by Armstrong in the sixth round.

The bout, a handicap affair similar to the ones which the great Joe Walcott fought against Joe Gans when they were welterweight and light king respectively, was every bit as interesting as the affair of 1904, but unlike the Walcott-Gans mill that ended in a twenty-round draw, the Polo Grounds bout proved the welter king the master of all he surveys both in the welter and lightweight divisions. When Gans fought Walcott, he scaled 137 to 141 for the Barbados Demon, and when Lew and Hank clashed, the lightweight king weighed 135½ to 139 for Armstrong.

* * *

ARMSTRONG had been buffeted about by the hard hitting Jenkins in the first three rounds to such extent, that those who favored Lew in the betting thought they had a cinch to collect. Lew paid particular attention to the weak left eye of Armstrong, which had been severely injured in past contests. Early in the second round a right-hand smash almost closed the eye and thereafter Henry had to maneuver to get out of range because he couldn't see with it.

In the fifth, Jenkins, desperate, tore into Hank with a savage, dying attack, and clouted his opponent with severe blows several of which caught Henry on the right eye, opened an old wound and caused the claret to flow freely.

Armstrong whipped Jenkins because the Texan slugger just isn't built to take the kind of blows Armstrong flung to his body. His frail body simply couldn't stand the gaff. Red blotches covering his mid-section as he sat in his dressing room bore mute testimony of the damage done. It was the kind of attack Hank and his mentors had mapped out at training camp, and Henry played the tattoo according to schedule.

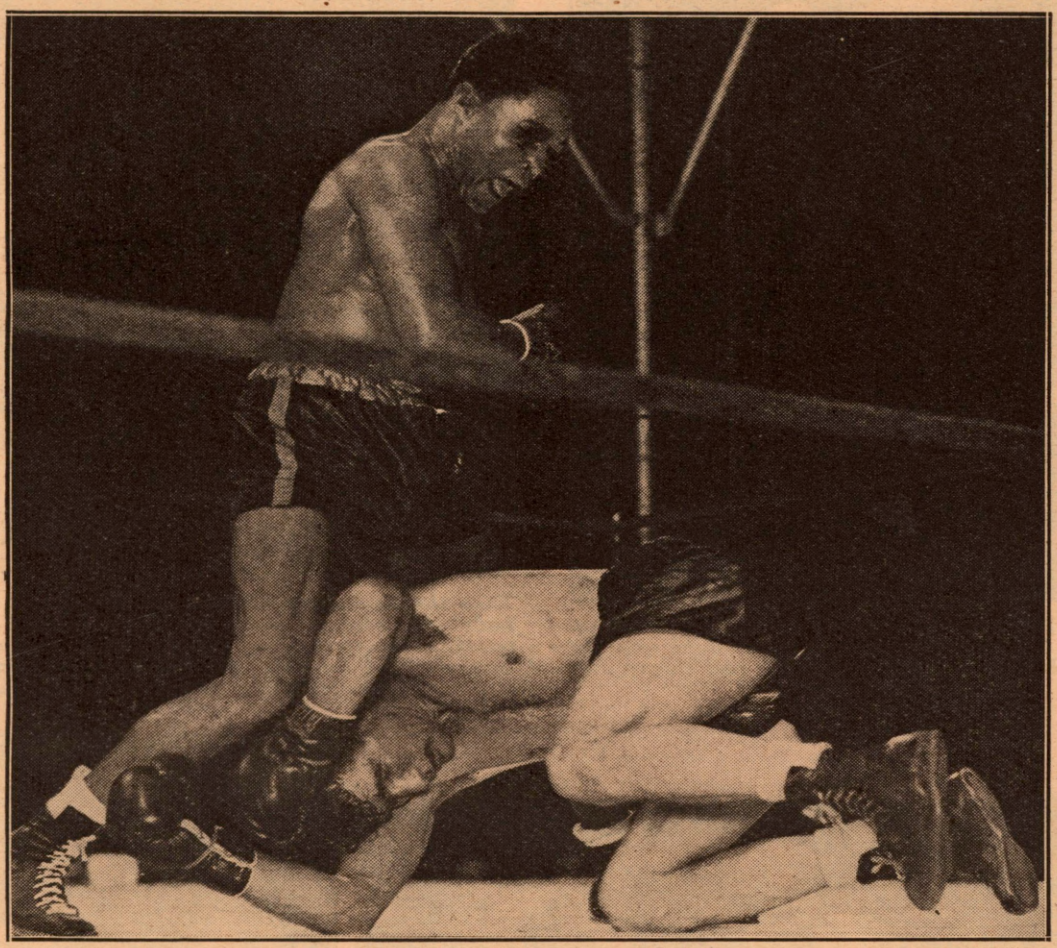
Jenkins was boss of the ranch for the first two sessions during which his well directed punches seldom missed their mark. While Henry's attempts were mostly wild punches that couldn't land, Jenkins kept tossing them ceaselessly at Hank's jaw and as the moving target rushed incessantly forward, the target was met with unerring accuracy. Not even Benny Leonard at his best could have struck that target with any greater accuracy than did Texas Lew.

But the eyes grew a little dimmer after Armstrong had landed

Jenkins' Frailty Causes His Downfall in the Bout With Henry Armstrong—Strong Lead Fades After Welter King Takes Play Away From Lightweight Champion in Fourth Round

a few of his blows to Lew's body. They seemed to take considerable steam out of Jenkins and in the third, which like the first two sessions, he won, his margin was not so big. He missed often, sometimes three punches striking wind and only one landing, but in that respect Henry was no better. He likewise was wild—very wild. Though he kept boring in, swinging, hooking and tossing uppercuts, most of his efforts were futile.

While Henry's misses didn't sap any of his vitality, those of his rival proved costly. He used up so much energy in an attempt to make his punches count, that with each toss his strength weakened and when he came out of his corner for the fourth round, he no longer was able to mix it with his ever-active opponent. His reserve power had been exhausted in that effort to score a knockout in the early rounds. The long-leverage punches that had done damage to other rivals, couldn't land on the boring-in welter king whose body smashes now began to take their toll and to weaken the Texan champ.



A remarkable photo of expression. The International News Speedray Camera caught Armstrong just as he had completed catching Jenkins with a powerful right to the jaw that caused the lightweight king to crumple to the canvas. This bit of ring drama shows Jenkins a helpless mass and his rival full of the killer instinct that makes him so dangerous for other opponents.

* * *

USING the old Dempsey style of bobbing and weaving and often the Jeffries crouch, Armstrong was able to avoid the damage that would have resulted had he adopted the stand-up stance. His plan of battle had been arranged and no matter what Jenkins did, he couldn't make Hank alter it. Henry saw that his man was weakening and then began in earnest to mow him down. His aim was to weaken Lew and then take him and had not Jenkins collapsed at the end of the sixth he would have been knocked out in the seventh.

Coming up for the fourth, Henry sank the leather into Lew's body with such regularity that the lightweight king not only became annoyed but seemed to seek aid from his handlers. By degrees he became bewildered. There could be no mistake about that to those who eyed him closely at the ringside. He was licked then and there. Henry now had Lew's number and no one knew it better than the boy from Texas.

It was in the fourth that Lew went down for the first time. A powerful left hook to the jaw did the trick. The knockdown timer had just reached ten when Lew got up and Referee Donovan correctly gave Jenkins the benefit of the doubt and permitted him to continue. When he got to his feet, he was met with a bombardment of left crashes and to save himself from going down again, Lew jumped into a clinch and held desperately.

Bleeding from the nose, Jenkins stepped aside and before Henry could get over another punch, a hard right caught him on the chin and hurled his head back. But in return Hank landed four lefts to the jaw and a right to the chin and as the round neared its finish, he hammered away at Lew's face and body and cut Jenkins' left eye. It was a great round for Hurricane Hank, the champion who tossed so many cannon shots at Lew's raw frame that it was a sick and disillusioned Texan who walked slowly and confused to his corner.

Five more times after the fourth, Jenkins hit the canvas. He was dropped six times by Hank's blows and went down once without being hit, and remained on the canvas for a count of nine. In the fifth frame he was put down by a right to the body for a count of one, and immediately after, a right to the chin floored him for a nine count.

* * *

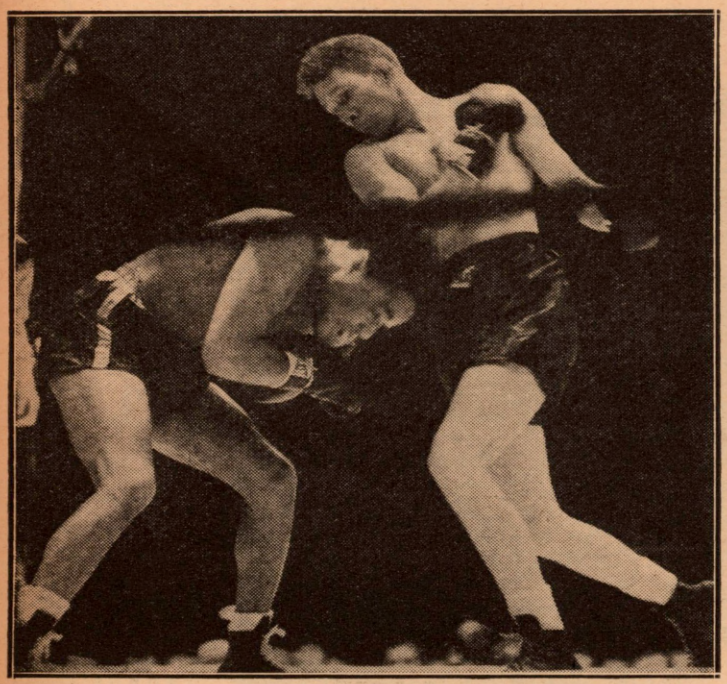
WHEN in the sixth a severe body attack was followed by a right to the jaw that brought Lew to the canvas for two. He hung close to the ropes after rising, with a look of fear in his eyes.

Henry went after him and another barrage brought Jenkins down for nine. He made a final effort to ward off what everyone knew was coming and landed three rights to Armstrong's chin. The blows were weak, however, and as Henry tore in for the kill, Lew dropped without being struck.

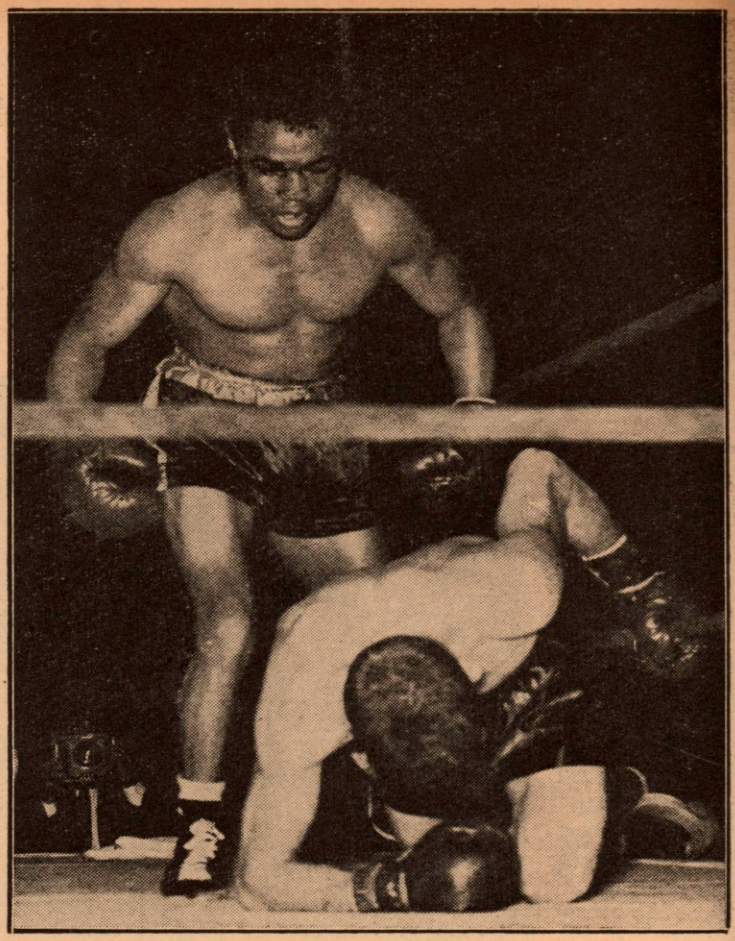
Armstrong waited until Lew got to his feet again and then, in attempting to get over a right hook, he slipped but was up in a jiffy to complete the task with a heavy body barrage that sent Jenkins to his corner a beaten man.

The Texan writhed and moaned while sitting on his stool. Head hung, blood covering his *(Continued on page 45)*

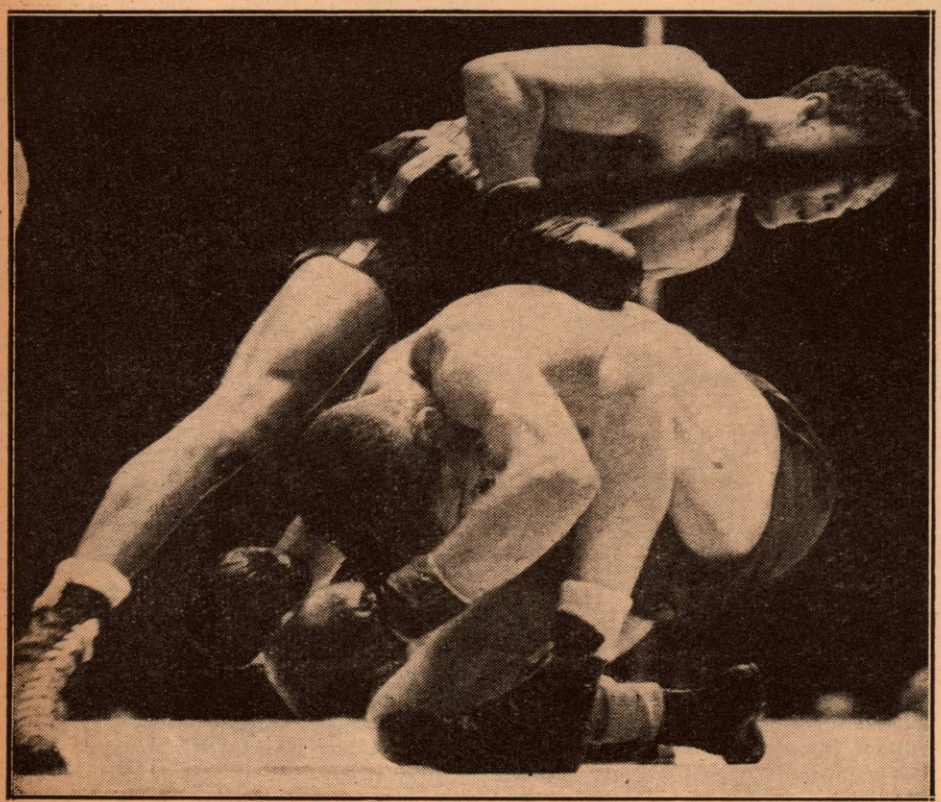
Meets His Waterloo



Jenkins, taking the play away from Henry Armstrong, rolled up a big margin in the first three rounds, each of which he won. He played a tattoo on Hank's face and looked the real champ during those sessions.



Then the tide turned. Henry tore loose and bombarded Lew's body with lefts and rights at close range and followed up with terrific clouts to the chin. Here we see the result of some of this barrage. Hank standing over Lew after dropping him with a left hook. Six times Armstrong turned this trick.



Here again we see Jenkins down from a heavy attack. This was taken a few seconds before Jenkins caved in after the bell had ended the sixth round.

A sad, thoroughly beaten young champion is Lew Jenkins as he prepares to go to his dressing room. Not satisfied that Henry is his master, Sweetwater Lew asked for a return engagement and got it. They will meet again in the Garden on September 27.

ITALIANS MAKE HEADWAY

Come Back With a Bang in Boxing—Many New Faces, Headed By Steve Belloise, Keep Race in Spotlight—the Irish, With Billy Conn and Ken Overlin in the Van, Hit Strides Again—Interest Revived in Both

By RIGHT CROSS

THE rise of Billy Conn and Ken Overlin to championships has aroused a new interest in boxing among the Irish lads. The latest to spring forth as a fistic prospect is Jackie Donovan of Buffalo. But for every Irish boy who has made the grade, there are two or more Italian lads who have reached the heights. Steve Belloise leads the field of newcomers among the Italians. The Italians, almost all American-born, vie with the Jews and the Negroes for first place in the number of their representatives in pugilism. Though no other race has made such great progress in the sport during the past five years as has the Negro, the numbers of Hebrews, Italians and Irish now performing around this country exceeds that of two years ago.

The Italians, particularly, are making excellent strides. Natural born competitors, these people, whose love for sport dates back to the days of the Caesars, possess a fighting instinct in ring warfare that carries with it a do-or-die spirit. The huge stadiums that dot our land from coast to coast are but duplicates of the Roman Coliseum built in A.D. 82, and most of the spectacles staged within them are simply modernized versions of the spectacles which drew thousands from all sections of the Western Empire on holidays.

A high powered racing car dashing wildly around a dusty track instead of a horse-drawn chariot spinning around the turn, is the only difference between the old Roman chariot races and our modern auto races. A blood spattered olive-skinned little man, has hands encased in leather mittens such as was on view at the Polo Grounds a few weeks ago, fighting desperately with nature's weapons to defend ring laurels, instead of a naked gladiator, the cruel cestus on his hands, fighting for his life, is the modern way of boxing.

* * *

THE competitive spirit of those ancient heroes of the old Roman Empire still burns warmly inside each Italian's breast. Probably no race on the face of the earth so enthusiastically supports a champion as does the Italian. Those who were present in the Garden on occasions when Tony Canzoneri and Lou Ambers fought will testify to the accuracy of my statement. No wilder demonstration of affection for Italian heroes has ever been seen in the Eighth Avenue institution than that which greeted these boys, especially Canzoneri, the great little warrior who lost his lightweight crown to the other sterling Italian youth, Lou Ambers. I'll say there is plenty in the hearts of the Italians for their countrymen.

Let us look over the Italian heroes of the prize ring. Men of Italian blood have held many world titles. Fidel La Barba, Midget Wolgast and Frankie Genaro—a trio of splendid little fighting men—ruled over the flyweight class.

In the bantam ranks there was the great Caspar Leon, one of the marvels of the roped arena in the days when America boasted of the finest crop of fighting men this nation has ever had. And Pete Herman, whose name goes down in ring history as one of the immortals, is another stalwart Italian lad who held the bantam crown.

Who will ever forget Johnny Dundee—the Scotch Wop? The name of Dundee will give in the story of boxing long after you and I have passed into the Great Beyond. As holder of the featherweight championship and the junior-lightweight crown, Johnny wound up a career that is unsurpassed in ring history, with a total of upwards of 420 fights over a stretch of eighteen years.

The lightweight division, in which the names of Joe Gans, Benny Leonard and Jack McAuliffe stand out with prominence, boasted of several Italian champions of superior quality. Rocky Kansas, Sammy Mandell, Tony Canzoneri and Lou Ambers are four fighters whose records entitle them to highest recognition.

Entering the welterweight class we have Joe Dundee, whose brother, Vince, added to Italian prestige by winning the American middleweight championship. Johnny Wilson, another American-born Italian, took the middleweight title from Mike O'Dowd.

The light-heavyweight division is the only one in which no son of sunny Italy has been able to cop the highest laurels, but in Carnera, they boasted of a world heavyweight king, the first Italian to reach the top since the Marquis of Queensberry rules went into effect.

History records that the first Italian to gain popularity as a fighter was Tito Alberto Di Carni, who went down to defeat at the hands of Bob Whitaker in 1733. The bout, which took place in London, was witnessed by the King of England and high officials and nobility from all over the land.

* * *

BOXING in Italy began to make its appearance in the crudest form between 1728 and 1732, according to Pierce Egan's stories in "The Anecdotes of Sports." In 1731, Signor Di Carni knocked out three opponents in one ring, one after the other. The Earl of Bath, who was in Venice at the time, writing to Jack Broughton, the inventor of the first boxing rules, remarked, "I saw a wonderfully built Italian today named Tito De Carni perform a great feat here when he knocked out three adversaries, one after the other, in a boxing exhibition. I also saw boxing in various forms in other parts of Italy. A form of sport which combines boxing and wrestling is being fostered in certain hamlets in Italy and the people seem to be making much headway with it."

Thus boxing with the Italians is almost as old a sport as it has been with the English, supposedly the founders of modern fisticuffs. Were I to name the stars who have appeared in this country alone in the roped square, I would probably require several hours. A great Italian boy who undoubtedly was the equal of any of the champions of recent years as a fighting man, yet never held the title, was Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express.

But boxing is not the only sport with which the Italians have come to the front in recent years. Tony Lazzeri, Ed Abbaticchio, Ping Bodie, Babe Pinelli, Joe DiMaggio, Frank Crosetti, Ernie Orsatti, Gus Mancuso, Tony Cuccinello, Joe Palmisano, Oscar Melillo and Ernie Lombardi are diamond stars who have done honor to their fatherland.

Frank Carideo, probably the most famous of the Italian-American football stars, and Joe Savoldi are only two of a vast army of famed sons of Italy whose gridiron feats have stirred the American youth to hero worship.

Look over your list of great American golfers, headed by Gene Sarazen, and you'll find a group that is unsurpassed in the famed St. Andrews game.

Go down the line in automobile racing with Ralph De Palma, in cycling with Georgetti, and Brocco, in swimming, tennis and horse racing, and the names of Italians stand out just as prominently as those of the youth of other nationalities.

The Italians may not be great fighters on the battlefield, but in boxing and other competitive sports they rank high.

Teddy Roosevelt's Gift

ONE man—and one incident—changed the attitude of the police toward boxing.

A knockout isn't a terrible thing; it may not hurt a bit or even leave a headache. But the police used to think it was very dangerous, and they made a rush for the ring when they saw a man getting ready to rock his opponent to sleep.

That's how the New York police happened to storm the ring on November 16, 1896, when Joe Choynski staggered Peter Maher. Of course the fact that Peter was Irish might have had something to do with it. His tormentor, Choynski, was throwing the kind of punches that later knocked out Jack Johnson. The crowd roared as the small western heavyweight pressed in against the Irishman and tried to put over the finisher.

Captain Groh started to climb into the ring to stop the fight. But he halted outside the ropes and looked around in amazement as an authoritative voice barked:

"Keep out of that ring! I'm in charge here tonight!"

The Captain—after one quick look—got down and went back to his seat. It was the new police commissioner talking, a fellow named Teddy Roosevelt.

If Groh had halted the fight at that moment, the referee would have had to award the decision to Choynski—the westerner was that much ahead. But the bout went on. Joe plunged in for the kayo just as Peter Maher brought up a swing from somewhere around Rio de Janeiro.

That swing connected with Joe's chin; down went Choynski—down and out. Maher had been given a chance to go on and had unexpectedly triumphed. Roosevelt had been right; the knockout proved it.

* * *

THE Commissioner was interviewed about the fight. His dramatic interference with the police captain made news.

"It was one of the best contests I ever witnessed," said Roosevelt. "What I like to see is two evenly matched men. There can be no possible harm in such an exhibition. In my opinion it is much better for a man to know how to protect himself with his fists than to be forced to resort to firearms, knives, or clubs.

"I would like to say that I am not at all opposed to scientific boxing, where the opponents are well matched. On the contrary, I believe, as I have said before, that the sport should be encouraged. I am satisfied that Mr. Choynski was not injured. No trained athlete could be injured in so short a contest. Boxing is a manly sport and should be encouraged."

Knowing the attitude of the Commissioner, New York police quit rushing the ring to prevent knockouts, and the police of other cities soon followed the new custom.

Why they made such a fuss over knockouts is a mystery. The blow that sends a man to sleep isn't necessarily full strength and usually isn't the careless, wild kind that beats a man up.

* * *

JOHNNY KILBANE fought for eleven years in scores of bouts before being tagged with a dream punch.

He fought the roughest and wildest sluggers without getting put to sleep; the first fellow to do the job officially, in a fight, was the scientific Benny Leonard. But Kilbane was knocked out before that, by his own manager.

He described it this way:

"Jimmy Dunn, my manager, was one of the greatest boxers in the world. No lightweight or welterweight would have outboxed him in three rounds. After that, of course, he'd tire. But for three rounds he was a wonder.

"We were boxing in Baltimore in an exhibition. All of a sudden everything went black before my eyes and I went down. Jimmy had slipped one through my guard, to the point of my chin—timed right and exactly on the right spot.

"I didn't feel the blow. I didn't know I'd been hit. It must have been a beautiful, clean punch; not a haymaker. I found myself on the floor and struggled up. Everything was black before my eyes. I couldn't see the crowd—the stage—the ring. I couldn't even see Jimmy.

"'Jimmy,' I said, 'where are you?' Then he realized I was practically out and wrestled me around until my head cleared. I was as tough as anyone, but one tap would have finished me. Hurt? No. Not at all. A clean knockout blow doesn't hurt. It doesn't even leave a headache.

"The lights just go out for a few seconds—that's all."

* * *

IT was a miracle of sport that Johnny Kilbane was knocked by his own manager before any fighter had been able to do the trick; yet that wasn't the only freak knockout in his career. He beat George Henry Chaney in a very queer fight.

Chaney was a good, rough, tough fellow. He made some remarks before the bout which had Kilbane muttering to himself. As the opening gong rang, the two advanced to the center of the ring, Chaney with his right foot and right hand out.

Kilbane sparred carefully for a moment against this southpaw attack, waited until Chaney fired a left, and then stepped in with a right cross. He was boxing with his hands half closed. His fist landed a little off the mark, the thumb catching Chaney on the cheek, bursting through the glove, and sliding up to make a cut in the corner of the southpaw's eye.

Kilbane motioned to the referee that his glove had burst, and demanded a new one. They refused to let him have it. "All right," growled Kilbane, "I'll stick my thumb in his eye every time, then."

They immediately changed their minds and got him a new glove. But it was big—an eight-ounce affair.

"So y' think that's going to make it safe for Chaney?" yipped Kilbane. "Watch this."

He sparred 'round and 'round, finally got an opening for his big glove, and let fly. It was the first blow struck with the oversize mitt. Kilbane's hand only had to move about six inches. That was enough. Chaney dropped to the canvas and the referee counted ten. It was a well-cushioned, almost overstuffed knockout.

* * *

A STRANGE kayo happened one night in Edmonton, Alberta. A Canadian named Mickey McGuire knocked out Al Lewis of Seattle twice in the same fight.

In the fourth round Lewis took a stiff punch on the chin and dropped to the canvas.

The referee started counting. He reached "seven—eight—nine—"

There was a slight pause and Lewis sprang to his feet.

"Yer out," said the referee.

"Wot?" said Lewis, turning towards him.

McGuire saw the opening, sprang from his corner and landed a right. It caught Lewis unprepared, looking away. It sent him sprawling.

"Yer OUT," repeated the referee, looking down.

The timekeeper took up the chant of the seconds and the arbiter obligingly counted the Seattle boy out once more. This time there wasn't any argument.

* * *

A CANADIAN figured in another boxing story. You may never have heard of him—Yorkie Bentley. But he had real courage. He was a man of iron nerve.

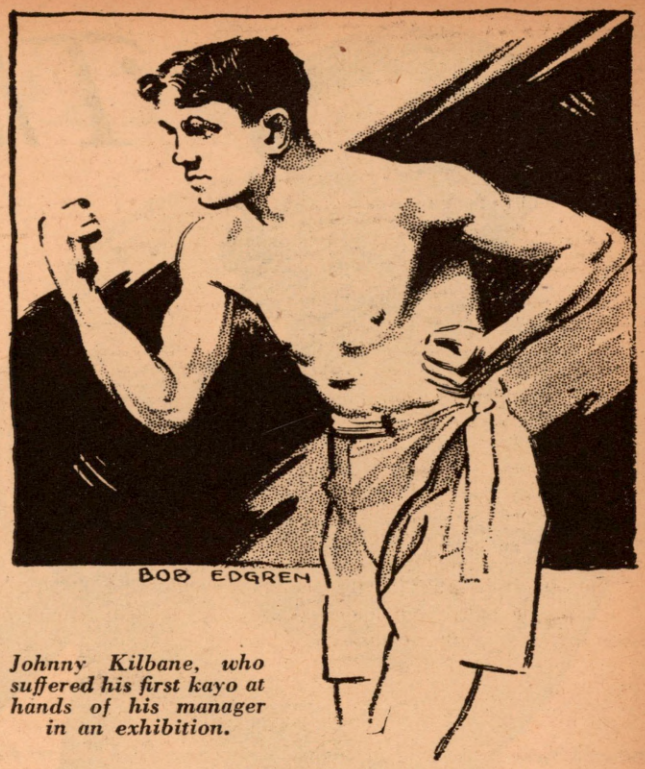
Yorkie was fixing a charge for blasting when the dynamite went off prematurely. The explosion almost tore off his right arm. His body was so badly wounded by flying rock that he lingered between life and death in the hospital. When he got out, doctors said he would never be able to work again and that his right arm was so maimed he would never be able to lift it.

Bentley wasn't the sort of fellow who takes somebody else's say-so. He hunted around for exercise which would build him up. He chose boxing.

to Boxing

Aided Sport by Preventing Police From Interfering With Bouts in Which a Knockout Seemed Imminent

By BOB EDGREN, JR.



Johnny Kilbane, who suffered his first kayo at hands of his manager in an exhibition.

The strength in his arm and body came back. He went to Eddie Wenstob, the Canadian cowboy fighter, and picked up some of the technique of the ring. Wenstob guided him through thirty tough fights. Yorkie won nearly all of them. He then had a chance to go to England shortly before the war. By December, 1938, he had started a successful career among English middleweights. His badly-scarred right arm, which once hung helpless, had been built up until it packed his most powerful punch.

No telling how far he might have gone if Europe had remained quiet; as it happened, England needed her fighting men in uniform. But whether Yorkie Bentley becomes a champion or not, he had a good record after what seemed to be an impossible start.

* * *

THERE'S probably a moral in this. One that could have been used by former middleweight champion Tiger Flowers, who was a very religious man and a deacon in the church. He might have put it into a sermon. For he preached, now and then.

It was the Tiger who fought Jock Malone one time when Jock had a badly swollen ear. Malone took Flowers aside before the fight and said: "See that cauliflower? It's sore enough for me to call off the bout, but I hate to see you git gypped outta the money after a trip across the country, so I'm going to fight. But don't you touch that ear, blank blank you, d'ye understand?"

When the fight began, the Tiger was very careful and didn't even as much as scrape Jock's tender ear for the first three rounds, which was almost miraculous considering the slugging, clinching and mauling that went on.

In the fourth he swung for the head and accidentally landed on the forbidden spot.

Jock gave a yell of rage and started in on Flowers with every cussword he could think of, pausing every now and then to invent one when the fount ran dry. Tiger Flowers' reply to it all was so low and earnest that not even the ringsiders could hear it; they could see his lips move.

Jock's manager, who had seldom seen Flowers talking in the ring, later asked him what he had said. The Tiger's reply was:

"I didn't say anythin' to Mista Malone. I wuz just prayin' for his soul!"

* * *

MENTIONING the Tiger brings us back to our original theme: that knockouts aren't necessarily dangerous. Why, it was Flowers who was knocked out at least eight times (some say eleven) before he won the middleweight championship.

The lights went out for him so many times he got so he could see in the dark.

Fellows with a knockout punch are no respecters of reputations. Any man—even Joe Louis—who gets smacked just right will go down and out. Once hit, the victim just can't do anything about it.

Kid Carter found that out when he was at his peak. At the time he was the greatest light-heavyweight, although the class wasn't invented then. He fought big fellows like Gus Ruhlin and Peter Maher when he could make 158 pounds ringside at a pinch.

Carter was training down on the Jersey coast. He was coming down the hall after breakfast when he was accosted by a grimy stranger. The fellow wore dirty, ragged clothes, and he was covered from hair to shoesoles with coal dust that seemed to be ground into him.

"Know where I can find Kid Carter?" growled the stranger.

"That's me," said the Kid. "What d'ye want?"

"I've been fightin' out on the Coast and I wanta join your camp and box with you. My name's Cyclone Kelly."

"You look like you'd been hit by a cyclone," grinned the Kid. "Can you fight?"

"I can fight well enough to lick you," said the tramp, pulling off his coat.

Carter hastily ordered: "Wait a minute. You'll get your chance. But first, you gotta have a bath, and clean clothes. Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not for two days. But that don't matter. Y'see, I ran out of guys to lick in the West and I came here to get a few fights. I hadda ride the rods all the way," explained the grimy one.

The next day, fed, bathed, and in boxing togs, the stranger looked a little better, but still gaunt. When the Kid saw him in the ring, he grinned: "Feeling stronger today?"

"Strong enough to knock your head off," was the answer. It nettled Carter. He charged in at the call of time and began to slug furiously.

Five minutes later he woke up, Cyclone Kelly standing over him. Kelly had knocked him cold with the first punch.

* * *

EVEN the smart Kid McCoy ran into a one-punch knockout. He took on a former amateur wrestler turned fighter named Jack McCormick. McCoy was sneeringly contemptuous. No big, clumsy ex-wrestler was going to hit him.

But like Paul Berlenbach—who had been an Olympic wrestler—this kid packed a punch. He shut his eyes, bent low, and launched a terrible overhand swing. McCoy was so contemptuous he didn't even look. He never saw the blow at all.

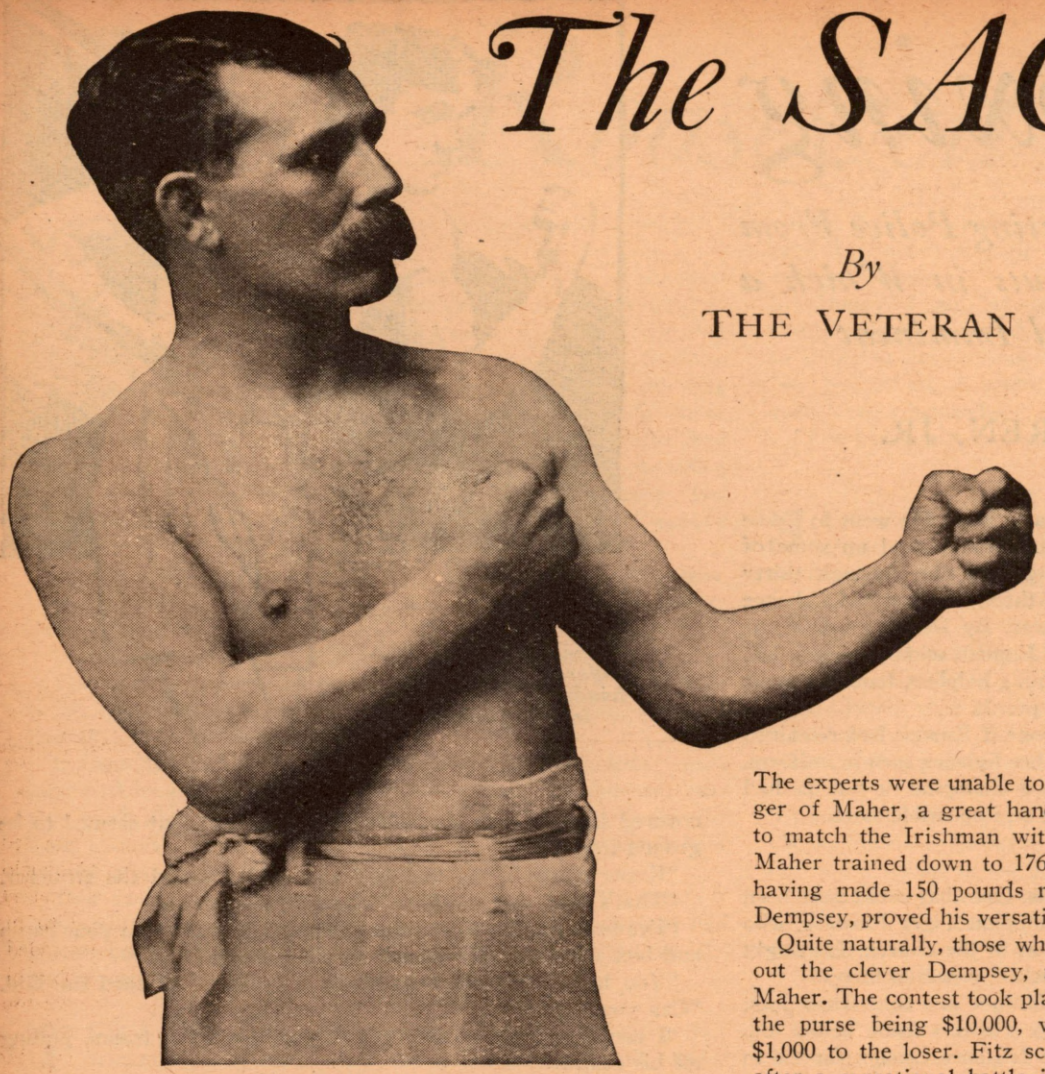
The referee counted ten over him—and it might as well have been fifty.

McCoy got his revenge the following month. He took on McCormick again and cut him to ribbons for eight rounds. He made the punishment long and painful. No knockout.

Many stories have been told about the ruthless Kid. When he wanted to, he could make mince pie out of an opponent against whom he held a grudge. Instead of finishing his man, he would tease him and slash him almost into insensibility. That was McCoy's way of getting even with his man.

The SAGA of

By
THE VETERAN



Peter Maher as he looked at the height of his career. Despite defeats, he retained his popularity among the Irish who idolized him as their champion.

WHEN Peter Maher, the Galway lad with the pulverizing polthogue, who recently died at the age of seventy-one in Baltimore, arrived in America from the Emerald Isle in the early nineties, he created a sensation by the speed and violence with which he bowled over a large assortment of more or less noted heavyweights. True, a majority of the victims of the big Irishman were "less" noted, but the unceremonious manner in which Maher put them down for the full count, brought him to the immediate attention of the promoters and managers.

His death at the home of his son brought back memories of the days when the great Peter carried the banner of the Ould Sod to victory in many thrilling battles. Like Dan Donnelly of old, Peter Maher was a hero among the Irish. With Donnelly, he shared the honor of being the most popular son of Erin the fighting game has ever known.

Maher was born in Galway, Ireland, March 16, 1869, and landed in America in 1891, when he was twenty-two years of age. He stood 5 feet, 11¾ inches tall and in condition weighed 175 pounds although he was erroneously said to scale 190 pounds. He was a black-haired chap, well proportioned but not carrying any superfluous flesh, and he wore a luxuriant black mustache, the ends of which were daintily curled.

While Maher was not an expert boxer, yet he knew how to protect himself, and if he got an opening he shot over either right or left with slumbrous effect. Maher's first opponent in America was Bubbles Davis, a rather well known trial horse, who lasted the limit of four rounds, the decision going to the big Celt.

Then in quick succession Maher stopped Jim Daly, one round; Jack Fallon, two rounds; Jack Smith, one round; Sailor Brown, one round; Gus Lambert, one round. The above quintet was composed of second and third string heavyweights, each of whom had engaged in important bouts.

* * *

MAHER started the year 1892 by stopping Joe Godfrey in one round and Mike Monoghan in one round. Then to the astonishment of all interested in boxing, Maher was matched with Bob Fitzsimmons, who had arrived in America the year previous to the Irish champion, and who had demonstrated that he possessed the deadliest punch of any boxer in the land. Fitz arrived in San Francisco May 10, 1890, and Maher's arrival in New York was October 7, 1891. The experts were unable to understand why Billy Madden, manager of Maher, a great handler of boxers, should have consented to match the Irishman with the foxy, hard hitting Cornishman. Maher trained down to 176 pounds for the battle, and Fitz, after having made 150 pounds ringside for his battle with Nonpariel Dempsey, proved his versatility by entering the ring at 170 pounds.

Quite naturally, those who had seen Fitz wear down and knock out the clever Dempsey, made Fitzsimmons the favorite over Maher. The contest took place at the Olympic Club, New Orleans the purse being $10,000, with $9,000 going to the winner and $1,000 to the loser. Fitz scored a knockout in the twelfth round, after a sensational battle in the course of which the bettors on Fitz were subjected to an attack of heart failure in the ninth round.

Fitz scored the first knockdown and blood in the eighth and apparently had the fight well in hand when the ninth round started. Suddenly Maher landed a terrific shot on the jaw of the Cornishman, and Fitz went down to what seemed a sure knockout. The referee, Prof. John Duffy, was busy tolling off the second, and it seemed that Fitz was the loser when suddenly the bell ended the round, and the Cornishman was dragged to his corner, and revived with customary speed. Fitz fought carefully to the eleventh round, when he caught Maher with a heavy left to the body and a right to the jaw that spelled defeat for the Irish fighter. When the bell sounded, Peter went to his corner and could not answer the bell starting the twelfth round.

Much argumentation followed the fight, it being claimed by the adherents of Maher that the round in which he had Fitz on the floor taking the count, was stopped before the expiration of the allotted three minutes. Fitz's seconds were Jimmy Carroll, Joe Choynski and Alex Greggains, each of whom has denied that anyone had taken any liberties with the gong. The defeat was a serious setback for Maher, although he did not lose heart and went along fighting all comers.

* * *

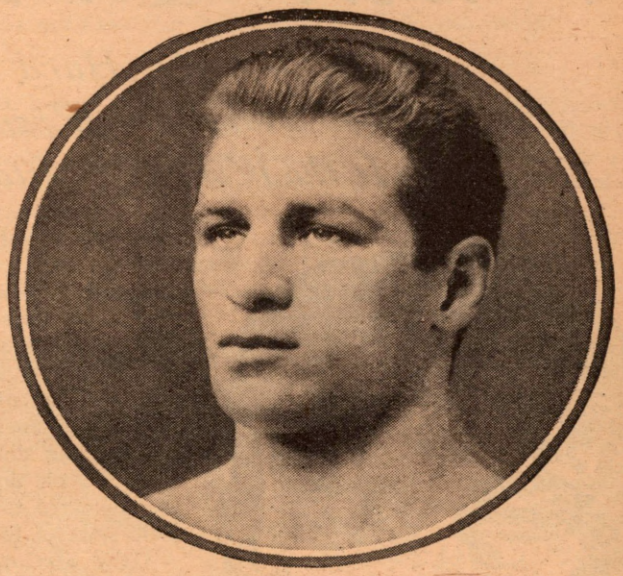
HIS defeat by Fitz was followed by a more decisive beating at the hands of Joe Goddard, the Barrier champion of Australia who, weighing 187 to 175 by Maher, stopped the Irishman in the third round of a bout that was staged in Coney Island A. C. on December 8, 1892. This reverse practically put Maher out of the running for heavyweight honors, but he kept pegging away and met all comers with the greatest gusto.

Three years after his defeat by Goddard at the Coney Island A. C., Maher again entered the ring of that club, his opponent being a big chap named Bob Marshall, whom Maher stowed away in 45 seconds of the opening round.

It was in 1895 that Maher started his celebrated series of bouts with Steve O'Donnell, Maher stopping O'Donnell three times in

PETER MAHER

The Galway Lad With the Pulverizing Punch, One of the Greatest Hitters of All Time—First Legitimate Champion of the Emerald Isle to Make an Appearance in America—His Death Recalls Great Fighting Career



Joe Choynski, who after being stopped by Maher, beat him in six rounds and then knocked Peter out in two.

one round each, once in two rounds, and once going six rounds in a decisionless contest. One of the one-round K.O. bouts took place at the Coney Island A. C. on Christmas afternoon, 1896. There was a foot of snow on the ground and the conditions were as cheerless as could possibly be conceived. At the conclusion of the mill which lasted less than a minute, O'Donnell was asked why he did not do some fighting so long as he was in the ring. "The spalpeen didn't give me a chance to get started," replied O'Donnell, with a wry face.

O'Donnell was a favored boxer in the camp of Jim Corbett, it being said that O'Donnell had outpointed Corbett in gymnasium bouts, and in 1895, Corbett, who had practically made up his mind to retire from the ring, planned a bout in which O'Donnell was to be given an opportunity to pick up the title discarded by Corbett. Apparently the preceding knockouts of O'Donnell did not seem to influence Corbett, who thought O'Donnell would outbox Maher and win the title to be conferred by Corbett.

* * *

THE contest took place at the Empire A. C. Maspeth, L. I., on November 11, 1895, and Corbett, accompanied by his backer, Al Smith, was at the ringside prepared to hand the title to O'Donnell the instant he received the decision. O'Donnell did some rather clever boxing for one minute of the opening round, which seemed to please Corbett. But three seconds later, Maher hung a right on O'Donnell's jaw and the latter went down for the full count. At this point, Corbett changed his mind, and stepping into the ring and over the prostrate form of O'Donnell, Corbett approached Maher, who was standing in his corner, and said to him:

"Peter, you are a great man. I give you the title." Maher's black mustache bristled more than ordinarily as he blurted:

"To hell wid your title. I'll foight ye for it."

Corbett did not accept the challenge but left the ring in an indignant frame of mind. Yet after the mirth growing out of the incident had subsided, Corbett installed Maher as his buffer, and when anyone challenged the champion, Gentleman Jim would request the challenger to "whip Peter Maher first."

That was the proposal that Fitzsimmons received from Corbett when the Cornishman challenged for a title fight. Fitzsimmons, being an obliging sort of chap, accepted, and the fight was staged on Mexican soil, opposite Langtry, Tex., on February 21, 1896. In 1 minute and 35 seconds of the opening round Maher was down for the full count, and Corbett reached the conclusion he would have to beat Fitz himself, if possible.

* * *

ONE of the most impressive victories scored by Maher was his knockout of Joe Choynski in the sixth round of a bout at the Broadway A. C., New York, November 16, 1896. Choynski, who was managed by Parson Davies, was in his best form at the time and was selected by the experts as the probable winner over Maher. Choynski started off very auspiciously, shooting a left to the Maher face, and then ducking or blocking a return. For five rounds Choynski pumped his left into the Galway man's countenance until Peter's features were puffed, red and worried.

Maher continually shot lefts and rights at the elusive Choynski, who skillfully avoided them and returned the fire with interest. At the close of the fifth round, when Choynski returned to his corner, Davies congratulated him on his superior boxing and added:

"Now, Joe, just keep along the same lines. Poke your left in his face and get away, and in a few more rounds you will have him ready for the finishing punch."

Choynski smiled assent and went out for the sixth session. He jabbed Maher with a left until the Celt's head bobbed back and forth like a pendulum, and he was so worried he could hardly try for a punch at his wily opponent.

About the middle of the round, it looked as though Maher was about ready for the final wallop, and so it appeared to Choynski, who ignoring his manager's counsel, stepped in to deliver the settling punch. It was a right-hander aimed at the jaw, but it never reached the mark, for the reason that Maher, sensing the attack had shifted, countered with a smashing left to the jaw, and as Choynski faltered the Irishman uppercut his man on the chin with his right, the blow lifting Choynski off his feet, from which position he crumpled to the floor for the ten count.

"I told you," was all Parson Davies said to his battler when Choynski was helped to his corner. It was Joe's fight all the way except for the K.O. wallop!

Among those who witnessed the bout was Col. Roosevelt, then a Police Commissioner, and there was considerable fear on the part of the club officials that the contest might be interfered with. After the knockout, reporters approached Col. Roosevelt and asked him what he thought of the contest.

"Bully fight!" he ejaculated as he made his way out of the arena. "Great contest. The kind that keeps the blood boiling!"

* * *

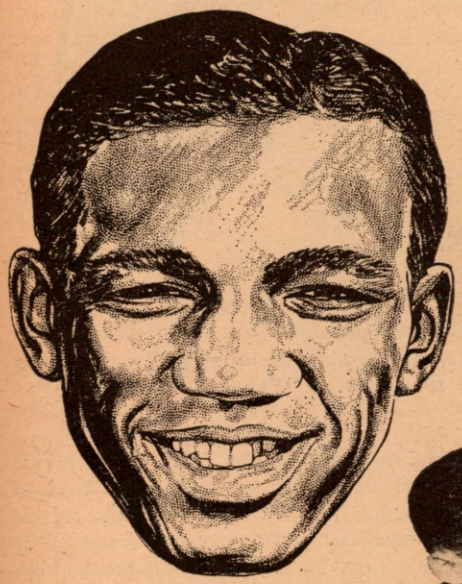
ON January 1, 1900, Peter was a victim of one of the many tricks employed by Kid McCoy. They were matched for a twenty-five-round fight at the Coney Island Athletic Club. It was a bitter cold day and the scene of battle, situated on the ocean front, made it difficult to heat the place. On the particular afternoon the temperature within the arena was down to the freezing point.

The fans shivered through the usual preliminaries, hoping that the main bout would be exciting enough to put their blood back into circulation. Following the *(Continued on page 45)*

What Price Ability?

Chalky Wright, Hard Hitting Featherweight, Proves it is a Handicap When Seeking Championship Bout —Is the World's Outstanding Fighter in His Division

By MEYER ACKERMAN



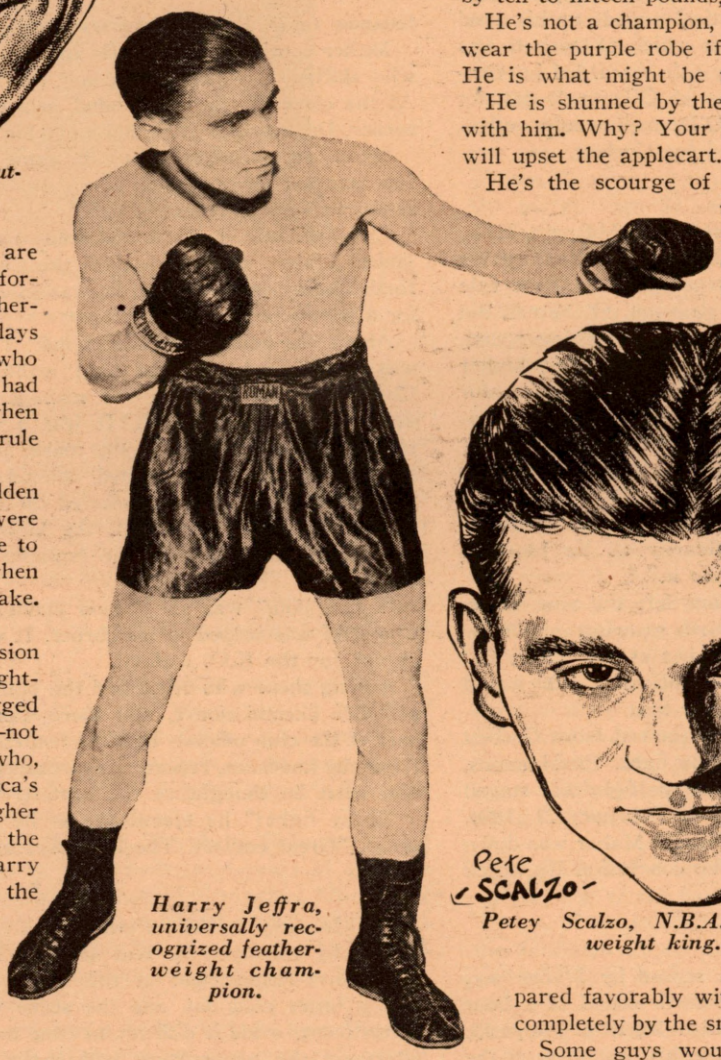
Chalky Wright, world's outstanding featherweight.

THOSE were the days! You've heard that expression often, when during the heat of a boxing discussion, the old-timers are compared to the fistic stars of today. Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Battling Nelson, Abe Attell, Johnny Kilbane, Johnny Dundee — are names that will never be forgotten among the featherweights. They starred in days when every 126-pounder who went to the firing line had championship ability, but when still only one man could rule the roost.

They ruled in the Golden Days of Fistiana! They were fighters who didn't hesitate to take on all comers, even when the championship was at stake.

Are those days back?

The featherweight division boasts of a live batch of fighters, but the section is clogged up with three champions—not to mention the one boy who, in the opinion of America's best experts, rates even higher than the kings. There is the world title-holder, Harry Jeffra of Baltimore; the N.B.A. title-holder, Petey Scalzo of New York; and Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans standard bearer, the favored son of the Louisiana State Boxing Commission.



Harry Jeffra, universally recognized featherweight champion.

Each has his following. Each has aided to bolster the sport in his locality, yet there is something lacking in their make-up that prevents them from firing promising youngsters with an incentive to reach the heights. The outstanding fighter in the division is not listed by any state as a champion, yet he stands head and heels over every man in the division and if we were to dub him a champion, we would have to call him the "uncrowned king of the feathers."

* * *

HIS name? Chalky Wright. Just jot that down and if ever he gets the opportunity to tackle each of the three listed champions, take it from this scribe that he will clean up and gain the world crown. Not only that championship, but if he is given a chance to mingle in a lightweight title bout with Lew Jenkins, you'll find a newly crowned king of that division in Chalky Wright.

Yes, that's how good this colored boy is. He is tops. The manner in which he has taken into camp boys outweighing him by ten to fifteen pounds, is sufficient evidence of his ability.

He's not a champion, but he is the choice of the fight fans to wear the purple robe if given the opportunity to contest for it. He is what might be termed "the people's choice."

He is shunned by the three kings. They'll have nothing to do with him. Why? Your guess is correct. He's just too good and will upset the applecart.

He's the scourge of the lightweight division, in which class this legitimate feather has been forced to show his wares. He is the dark shadow on the horizon of the welterweight contenders. He even goes into the middleweight class to seek action because the feathers won't have anything to do with him. Recently he weighed only 126 pounds, soaking wet, while fighting a legitimate welterweight, Saverio Turiello. The only featherweight who gave Chalky a good battle was Everette Rightmire, who lost to Wright in a six-rounder last year in a split decision.

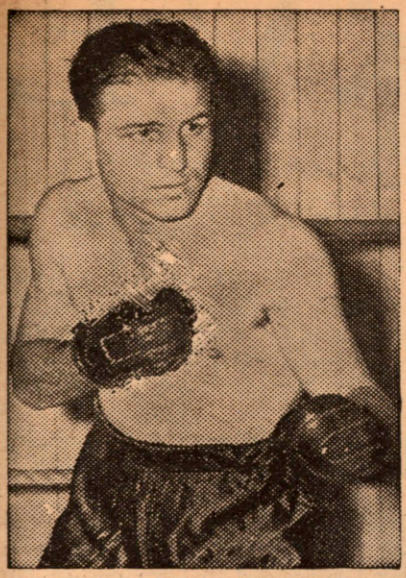
Petey Scalzo, N.B.A. featherweight king.

* * *

WHAT price ability!

A throwback to the hallowed days of Joe Walcott and Sam Langford. Compared favorably with modern Henry Armstrong. Ignored so completely by the smiles of Lady Luck—that's Chalky Wright.

Some guys would rather forget the dark incidents of their past—others love to revel in their moments of glory—but to Chalky Wright, born Albert in Durango, Mexico, in the bitter cold of February, 1912, everything has added up to experience. As he punches his way along the chosen path of pugilism, his life unwinds like the beginning of an Horatio Alger yarn.



Jimmy Perrin, standard bearer of the Louisiana State Commission.

moved to Colton, California, when he was only nine. That it was in some month of 1921 that his father left the family of four sisters and three brothers to a hard-working mother, a drunken runaway never to be heard from again. Of how Chalky shined shoes and picked grapes at three cents the box and oranges at seven cents the box to total one dollar in earnings. Of how his mother struggled as house cleaner seven days a week for a paltry ten dollars.

* * *

DESPERATION turned him to the prize ring. Forced him to fight four-round fights while still attending San Bernardino High School in California from which school he graduated as a classmate of Ernie Pinckert, still regarded as the greatest football player ever to come kicking and plunging his way out of the Pacific Coast, and George Caster, big league pitcher. Of boxing, he recalls his first main bout with Newsboy Brown—losing the decision—after having the great Brown on the floor. He got $50 for the fight. After expenses were deducted, he found himself with $22. Twenty-two dollars for fighting Newsboy Brown!

In his next fight he met Eddie Shea for the junior lightweight championship of California. Although the weight limit was 130 pounds, Wright weighed only 121. He lost a heart-breaking decision. Unable to face his friends who had wagered on him, he took his $300 purse and went to Honolulu on the luxury liner Lurline. On board, he became very intimate with cinema star Jack Oakie.

Chalky's money didn't last long. Broke, he worked his way back to San Francisco on a banana boat. With jobs a scarcity and with nobody wanting to fight, he joined the C.C.C. camps. But the wanderlust hit him and after three months he went to a friend's home in Portland, Oregon.

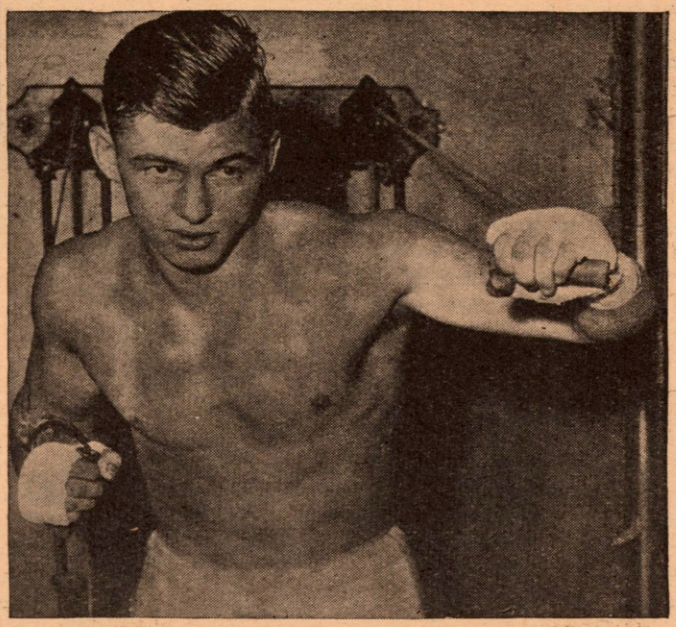
Bobby Gray had just knocked out Kid Chocolate in five rounds in Seattle. A well-liked youngster, he was being built up for bigger things. Wright received an offer of $50, from which he had to pay his own transportation, to fight Gray. Chalky felt so good at having a few dollars in his "jeans" that he stepped out and stiffened Gray in five rounds without having had the benefit of one day of training.

The knockout marked him taboo. After several months he received an offer of $100 to fight Cecil Payne. With the offer came the stipulation that he must "take it easy," to use boxing parlance, and not try to knock out the local boy. It was a six-round fight and although Chalky toyed with Payne, the bout was called a draw. That was unimportant. The important thing was that Chalky got himself a "C" note. That made him happy.

* * *

BUT there was no ring employment. He got a job in a garage and borrowed $10 from Freddie Steele, former middleweight champion, and got married. The license cost four dollars, he gave the preacher one dollar and with five in his pocket, he went out to celebrate.

His next move was to get a fight on a card which was headed by his friend, Steele. Chalky got $35 for belting out some local kid. The following week he boxed a three-round exhibition with Steele for which he received $50, and with that money he headed with his wife to Los Angeles for a honeymoon.



Everette Rightmire, star feather who lost split decision to Wright.

Broke again, Wright accepted an offer of $500 to fight Baby Arizmendi in Mexico City. Although critics said that Wright won, the decision went to Arizmendi. And to top it all, Wright only received $120 from the promised $500 because of the difference in the rate exchange and from that money he had to pay half to a local boxing man who had been rung in as his manager.

Thoroughly disgusted, the Californian quit boxing to work on the W.P.A. While attending an amateur bout one night, a friend told him that Mae West needed a chauffeur for a week while the regular went on a vacation. Wright got the job and with a $50 a week salary, he lasted eighteen months on the job during which time Mae West presented him with a Dusenberg convertible coupe. Miss West also presented his mother with a five-room home that is her property on Ascot and 46th in Los Angeles.

* * *

WITH a yen to fight once more, Wright made a comeback, whipping Sonny Valdez, Georgie Hansford, Bus Breese and Baby Arizmendi. His next fight was with Henry Armstrong and after twelve of the most savage minutes in which Armstrong has ever been in, Chalky collapsed.

It must be stated in all fairness to Wright that he hadn't trained for the fight because he had been at the bedside of a sick mother for days previous to the encounter. So impressed was Armstrong with Wright that he brought him East and turned him over to Eddie Walker, who is his manager today.

In his first fight under the Walker banner, he knocked out the highly regarded Al Reid in four rounds at Madison Square Garden. Instead of catapulting him into the front ranks of the featherweight contenders, the victory served as a boomerang. No 126-pounder would fight him.

He was forced to face lightweights, whipping Tommy Speigal twice and Johnny Rohrig among others. When he knocked out Charley Gomer in four rounds in Baltimore six months ago, the victory closed the door to the lightweight division for him.

Facing welterweights, Wright next opposed Cocoa Kid, rated by THE RING Magazine as No. 1 welterweight contender, in the latter's home yard, Baltimore. Cocoa weighed 146½, Wright 126¼. The Kid won a split verdict which was so unpopular that Wright was brought back two weeks later, this time against Saverio Turiello. Spotting Turiello twenty-three pounds, Wright won handily. Now he finds himself with a lack of 147-pound opponents.

IRON NERVE

Jim Jeffries Showed It on Many Occasions — Professor Cooper Tells Why Old Timers Could Outlast the Present Day Fighters

By HYPE IGOE

I WAS much amused by the criticism that was heaped on Jack Dempsey's head recently when he started a "comeback" stunt by beating several bad boys of the wrestling game. Apparently those critics were taking Jack too seriously. He had no more intention of making a comeback in the ring than would Jim Jeffries, were he to make such an announcement at this date. There would be as much chance of Dempsey coming back for a fight with Joe Louis as there was in Jeffries' case when he came out of long retirement to meet Jack Johnson. To satisfy his critics, Jack has decided to hang up the gloves and perhaps his decision is a wise one.

Speaking of Jeffries, there comes to my mind two interesting experiences I had with him when he came to New York back in 1909 for a two weeks vaudeville engagement and went into light training to be in trim for his show. It was on the strength of his showing in training then that he decided to make a bold bid to trounce Johnson and regain for the white race the heavyweight title.

It seems that in Jeff's earlier days he loved to play baseball. In one of his early training camps he had participated in a game and between innings would stretch out on his back, resting in a patch of tall grass. After the game the grass bed was inviting and, garbed only in shoes, trousers and an athletic shirt, this marvel of physical development went sound asleep. He slept for a couple of hours.

When he first stretched out on the grass he was perspiring freely. When he awoke he complained of his elbow being stiff. And, strange enough, the cords in his elbows contracted from that time on until even today. Jeffries arms are always bent, never straight.

* * *

JEFFRIES knew when he came back to the ring against Johnson that he couldn't hope to hit a straight blow with his right hand.

With Bob Vernon, his old sidekick, and the writer, Jeff went to an old German specialist, who was a master at administering electrical treatments. He thought he could shoot enough electricity through Jeffries to straighten those arms.

I don't suppose I'll ever forget Jeff's first treatment. Seated in an all-glass chair which rested on a low, long glass table Jeffries took the first shock. The room was in perfect darkness and the spectacle then presented was at once astonishing and I might say beautiful.

Long blue flames of electricity shot from the tip of Jeffries' nose, his finger tips and his ears. He seemed to be a solid mass of flame. The crackling was terrific. I looked at Vernon and Vernon looked at me. Then we both looked at the German professor. I began to wonder if all was well behind his thick goggles. My mortal dread of electricity in any form only added to my terror.

"Lift your leg up and hold it out straight in front of you," yelled the professor.

As Jeffries did so, streams of blue electricity poured from the nails in his shoe soles. These flames were six feet long, their thickness being gauged by the size of the nails from which they spurted. I confess it was the weirdest thing I've ever looked at. And Jeffries was roaring with laughter. He knew that Vernon and I were in a panic.

The old professor went over to a switchboard and increased the length of those flames. "Tree hundredt tousandt voldts," bellowed the professor.

Vernon and myself were gripping hands by now. Then it dawned on me that Jeffries was in the grip of a madman, perhaps some fanatic who didn't like boxing and wanted to burn one of the game's leading actors to a cinder.

Three hundred thousand volts! Why, I was sure that it required less to kill the unfortunates in the chair at Sing Sing.

And then the professor shut off the fireworks. I began to ask about the 300,000 volts. And then I learned about electricity from the professor.

I told him of my concern for Jeff when he was on the glass table, a seething volcano.

"Evidently you don't know vat voldt mean," said the professor.

"Not 300,000 of them," I answered.

"Vell, I'll tell you. Volts represent the speed with which the amperes are sent through a man. I vas sending a low amperage through Mister Jeffries but at a terrific speed. Amperes represent the quantity used, volts only the speed. Mister Jeffries never vas in danger."

For which Mr. Vernon and I thanked him heartily.

Later I saw Jeffries submit to another operation of a different nature. He had been troubled for years with a bad nose. He had neglected it after he had retired from the ring. Then when he decided to come back he had to have the nose attended to so that he could breathe properly. Vernon and myself stood to one side as we saw a specialist poke a red hot iron about half the thickness of a lead pencil up into Jeffries' nose and burn a passage through the obstruction.

And once more Jeff proved that he was almost immune to pain.

But all this did him little good when the crisis came. He looked to be better than he ever was in his life at Reno, but he was simply a sunburned shell of the man who had been unbeatable in his youth.

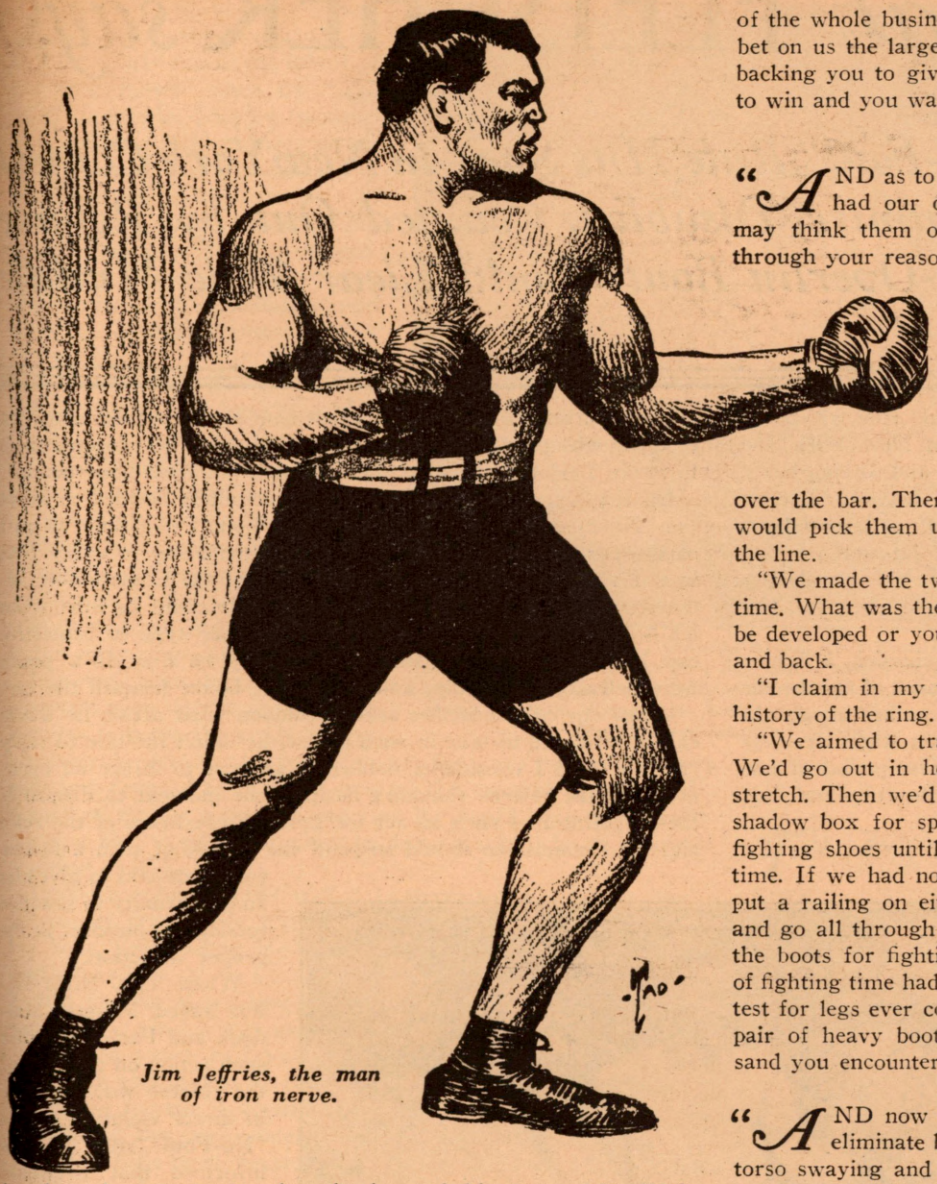
They can't come back. It can't be done.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of conditioning, I often have been asked why the old-timers were able to stand the gaff more so than the present-day fighters. If a boxer today goes fifteen rounds at a fast, untiring gait, as did Harry Jeffra and Spider Armstrong recently in their fifteen rounds of speedy milling in a world title bout, the fans look upon such a performance as a miracle. They each showed the stamina of the old-timers, despite a terrific heat, with the temperature above ninety outside the arena where the fight was staged.

I recall a few years ago when Jack Cooper, an old-time bare-knuckle and skin-tight glove fighter, who now has one of the best gymnasiums for business men in New York, was asked why the boys of his

Jack Britton, one of the few fighters of recent years who trained like the old-timers.



Jim Jeffries, the man of iron nerve.

day showed more stamina than do those of this era, and he didn't hesitate in answering that in his time, the fighters trained for distance and endurance—for finish fights. That's the answer.

Prof. Cooper, it will be recalled, was the trainer of the energetic President Theodore Roosevelt and today he trains some of the most influential business men of New York. He is one of the best informed men in the country on the subject of condition and rates with the late William Muldoon and Bill Brown of the New York State Boxing Commission, tops in the field. Here is what Prof. Cooper had to say on this important subject:

"We worked along far different lines in training. In the first place, in my day, a fighter who amounted to anything or who wanted to amount to something, wasn't seen on the street after 9 o'clock at night. We took pride in our constitutions and you couldn't play the "gay white way" and be popular with the sporting men who backed boxing in those days. We didn't depend on our purses for a living. They were impossible and many an old-time bare-knuckle fighter is turning over in his grave this minute because of these huge gates and guarantees. We relied on a percentage of the big bets.

"I'll tell you one reason why the fighters of my day were able to carry on in a long fight without tiring. We trained for FINISH fights. We trained for DISTANCE. There never was any hurry about our deliberations in the ring. When you went in there to fight a finish fight, you KNEW that you had the rest of your life to win the purse.

"We went in to win and we didn't care how long or how short the bout was. We KNEW we were fit. You had to be. There were great fighters in our time and condition was the keynote of the whole business. We all had our backers and the larger the bet on us the larger our cut if we won. It was usual for the man backing you to give you ten per cent of his bet. He wanted you to win and you wanted to win.

* * *

"AND as to condition—take the back and arm muscles. We had our own peculiar methods and you boys of today may think them old-fashioned and silly. But let this percolate through your reasoning tank!

"We filled one hundred little bags with sand, each bag weighing two and one-half pounds, no more, no less. We stretched a rope across our gymnasium, on a line one inch over our heads. Then we stood off at the proper throwing distance and began on the hundred bags. One after another was picked up with the left hand and tossed over the bar. Then rushing over to where they had fallen, we would pick them up with the right and throw them back over the line.

"We made the two hundred throws in three minutes of fighting time. What was the result? Your arm and back muscles HAD to be developed or you couldn't have done it. So much for the arms and back.

"I claim in my time we had the best fighting legs in all the history of the ring. And this is how we conditioned them.

"We aimed to train at a seashore where there was heavy sand. We'd go out in heavy boots and run through this sand for a stretch. Then we'd remove the boots, put on fighting shoes and shadow box for speed. Then back to the boots and again to the fighting shoes until we had burned up twenty rounds of fighting time. If we had no seashore handy, we built a sand trough and put a railing on either side of it. We'd take hold of the railing and go all through the motions of running in the sand, changing the boots for fighting shoes and back again until twenty rounds of fighting time had been expended. I claim that this is the greatest test for legs ever conceived. If you don't believe it, just put on a pair of heavy boots and try to run through the next batch of sand you encounter.

* * *

"AND now as to effectiveness in the ring. We aimed to eliminate blocking and parrying by substituting head and torso swaying and feinting. We believed in using BOTH hands for FIGHTING. And the man who fought one of us and depended on blocking and parrying was at a disadvantage. We trained so that we could make every possible use of our fighting fists, ALL the fighting time.

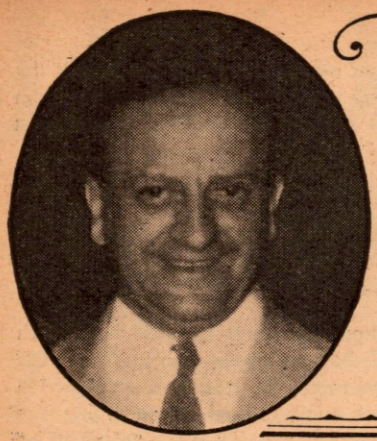
"In the gymnasium, we'd have a dozen fellows tossing rag dummies at us from a complete circle. We'd fight in the middle of the circle and punch, punch, PUNCH every dummy that was hurled at us. We didn't block them, we didn't ward them off. We DID duck and make them miss us by pulling back, stepping forward, or sideways. Always we used our hands for fighting. You can imagine how you were keyed up when only one dummy, a human one, faced you. That's why the art of ducking, sidetsepping and pulling away is a lost art these days.

"Jack Britton was one of the few modern fighters who used the old methods. And you wonder why he fought longer than any man in the ring! His defense against attack was pulling away. He always had TWO hands with which to counter.

"We were better conditioned fighters. They'd laugh at our methods nowadays, but they didn't laugh at us when fellows like Jack Kenny, Bill Davis, Eugene Hornbacker, Tom Flaherty, Jack Williams, Austin Gibbons, Eddie Danforth, Walter Halligan, Jack McAuliffe, Jim Carney, Jack Skelly and the others were going the route and knocking out their man, no matter what the distance. Point out one fighter of today who could go a distance, fight a finish fight if he had to. Not one! Not one!

"What they need is a little jogging through the sand, a little tossing of the hundred bags of sand. We haven't improved on conditioning, you can bet me on that."

There can be no doubt that training *(Continued on page 46)*



Nat FLEISCHER says:

"No-Foul" Rule Hits Snag in New York Contest
Rightmire, Disabled, Counted Out by Referee
Zale-Overlin Bout Would Clear Title Muddle

THE first flaw of note in the "No-Foul" rule which has been in existence for many years in New York and which has been adopted in most states and foreign lands, was discovered in the recent fight between Everett Rightmire and Sal Bartolo at the Queensboro A.C. of Long Island. Just before the fourth round ended, Bartolo let one go that came up almost from the ground and landed with paralyzing effect on the underside of the protective cup, far inward. The blow carried such force that it dented the cup.

Under the rules of the New York State Commission, a fighter cannot lose a fight on a foul. The referee is empowered to take the round from the perpetrator, but that is as far as he can go. Al Reich, working that night as referee, seeing that Rightmire was in no condition to resume the bout after the rest period of one minute, correctly counted Rightmire out under the rules and filed his report with the Commission.

Unfortunately, this shocking miscarriage of justice was the fault of the rules and not the competent official because no leeway is given the arbiter.

The contest was the first in New York in which such a low punch was delivered at such an angle, and brought heaps of protests from the fans who demanded that Rightmire be declared the winner on a foul though the rules specify otherwise. Perhaps this will bring about a change in the rules such as THE RING advocates in this editorial.

When the "no-foul" rule was considered by James A. Farley, William Muldoon and Judge Brower, following the disqualification of Jack Sharkey in the heavyweight championship fight with Max Schmeling, they had in mind a punch struck below the belt line in front of the body. I recall distinctly when "Foul Proof" Taylor appeared before the boxing moguls and asked members of the Commission and newspapermen to kick him and even strike him with a baseball bat after he had put on his newly invented "foul proof" cup that to date has revolutionized the sport. Chairman Farley called attention to those who participated in the exhibition that he expected them to strike Taylor in front of the body and not from underneath.

On that day, when the Commission definitely decided to adopt the "No-Foul" rule and to accept the Foul Proof Cup as part of the paraphernalia of every boxer participating in every bout in this state, William Muldoon, the dean of the Commission, announced that he was satisfied that no boxer could be hurt when hit below the belt line if he wore the proper type of protective cup but that a fighter could undoubtedly be hurt if a punch were delivered upwardly, and caught the boxer beneath the cup.

When one of the scribes asked Muldoon what action he would expect a referee to take in such a case, he didn't hesitate to reply "Such a foul I consider a deliberate attempt to injure an opponent and the referee shouldn't hesitate one moment to disqualify the perpetrator of such an act for gross disobedience of the rules and the Commission should suspend the license of such a fighter for six months to give him an opportunity to practice tossing his punches in the proper direction."

When THE RING Editor asked Messrs. Muldoon and Farley whether such action on the part of the referee would not be in direct violation of the "No-Foul" rule, he was informed that it would not because under the rules of boxing in the State of New York, though a fighter may not be disqualified for fouling, he can be disqualified for disobedience of rules and thus a subterfuge was adopted whereby the guilty person could still lose the fight on a foul so far as the public was concerned, though the referee would announce that he had disqualified the fighter for disobedience of the boxing code.

Arthur Donovan, in the fight between Freddy Steele and Fred Apostoli in the Garden, used his better judgment in deciding what should be done in a case where a fighter apparently was injured by a low blow, by giving Steele a five-minute rest before resuming the combat.

Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, presents world lightweight championship belt to Lew Jenkins at Grossinger's, Ferndale, N. Y., where Lew trained for his fight with Armstrong. It was the 100th belt given by THE RING Editor since he started the awards to title-holders in 1922 and the tenth given to a lightweight champ. Left to right—Mike Jacobs, promoter; Bill Brown, Boxing Commissioner; Jenkins, Nat Fleischer and Hymie Caplan, manager of Lew. Two weeks after this was awarded, THE RING Editor presented a similar belt to Harry Jeffra for winning the world feather crown. The 102nd belt was awarded to the Pace-Salica championship victor.

It seems to THE RING Editor that the best procedure would be to follow what was in the minds of the fistic fathers when the "No-Foul" rule was adopted, namely, disqualify any fighter whose punch lands beneath the protective cup following an upward swing. In short, a foul punch struck on the front of the cup should as heretofore result in the loss of the round and one struck from beneath should result in disqualification and loss of the fight.

* * *

NEW YORK fight fans who saw Jackie Donovan of Buffalo make his metropolitan debut against Izzy Redman of Brooklyn on the Armstrong-Jenkins card, were highly impressed by this young man. He was a reminder of the Jimmy Slattery who came forth like a house afire in the early stages of his career.

Donovan, who stopped his man, possesses everything a good battler requires to make the grade, except a weak chin. He was tagged often on that point by Redman, and once was dropped for a count of nine. His protruding chin makes a good target for a sharpshooter, but he should have no difficulty learning how to protect it. Once he does that, he'll be an excellent drawing card.

Donovan carries a nifty wallop, is clever and can take a punch. He shows remarkable recuperative power as was evidenced in his New York debut. He made a hit with the large gathering. Fight fans love to see a combination fighter and boxer and when such a pugilist also possesses courage as does Donovan, then he can readily win his way among the elite in his chosen profession.

The best punch in Donovan's repertoire is a short right-hand chop such as Kid McCoy frequently employed. It is much like the corkscrew though it doesn't carry the same amount of twist. It connects in the same manner and is a devastating wallop.

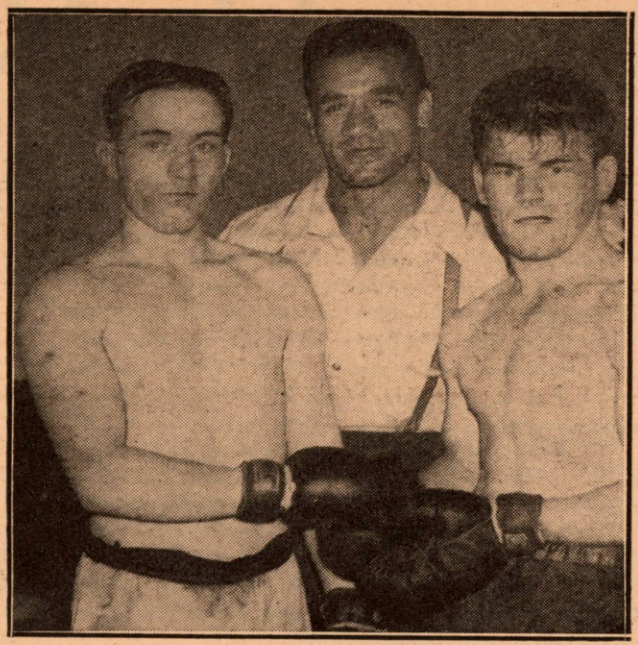
With a little more development, Jackie Donovan will be a fine addition to the new string of youngsters who are coming to the front. He has a stance like that of Tommy Loughran, Billy Conn and Jimmy Slattery and possesses much of their cleverness. What more can be said of a rising youngster?

* * *

THE knockout of Al Hostak, the National Boxing Association middleweight king, by Tony Zale, in a bout for the title overshadowed every other boxing match during the past six weeks. The Seattle, Washington, contest, a fifteen-round affair, ended in the thirteenth after the former steel mill puddler had mowed down his opponent methodically and there was nothing for Benny Leonard, the referee, to do but call a halt and to award the N.B.A. crown to Zale. It was shortly after the round had started that Hostak was dropped for a count of nine, as had been the case in the previous session, and with eyes badly cut and left hand injured, he was so helpless he could go no further. It was a sad ending for the man who hitherto had been called the best socker in the division.

Hostak met defeat at the hands of Zale in Chicago in an over-the-weight match last January, during which Al hurt his hand. It was then predicted that if the boys got together again, Tony would win because Hostak's injured mitt wouldn't heal properly. By his victory, Zale has earned the right to carry the N.B.A. crown into the ring, and to share the world laurels with New York's champion, Ken Overlin.

THE RING has a beautiful belt awaiting the winner of a fight between the N.B.A. king and the New York standard bearer. I hope Zale and Overlin will find it possible to get into the ring to settle for all time the matter of world supremacy.



Johnnie Lifford (left) shaking hands with Ronnie McNeil, who beat Johnnie for the Maritime welterweight championship at Glace Bay. Tiger Warrington, Johnny Buckley's Eastern Canadian heavyweight king, in center. Warrington handled McNeil.

Zale forced the fighting all the way and according to Leonard, was in the lead all the time. Tony opened a cut over Hostak's left eye early in the eighth round and then worked on the other. He closed one eye and had the other badly damaged when the bout was halted.

Zale's flashing attack was one of the best seen in a Seattle ring in many moons. He was praised to the skies by the Seattle scribes and fight fans for his fine performance. He repeatedly rushed into Al, tossed lefts to the head and crashed many jarring uppercuts to Hostak's chin.

Although Nate Druxman has first option on Zale's services and Mike Jacobs, on those of Overlin, I trust the two can get together and stage a world championship fight with THE RING belt at stake. It seems a pity that a picayune policy on the part of each is preventing the middleweight muddle from being settled.

* * *

THE British Empire, sports inclined for hundreds of years, is fighting for its life but still finds time for recreation. In England, Canada, Australia, India, New Zealand and in the Caribbean possessions, sports of all kinds, especially cricket and boxing continue to be staged, although not on the large scale of pre-war days. In England, as may be gleaned from the reports of our staff correspondent, Johnny Sharpe, boxing is held in various parts, London, Manchester and Liverpool being the chief centers.

In Canada, sports of all kinds are at low ebb, yet the people continue their interest whenever events are scheduled. They have been able to take time out to forget the horrors of brutal Hitlerized warfare for a few hours of recreation with the boxing arena the chief place of attraction.

This was evident a few weeks ago when Glace Bay, near the outermost section of Eastern Canada, staged a welterweight championship fight that drew a packed house and gave the fans several hours of enjoyable entertainment. The principals were Ronnie McNeil of Glace Bay and Johnnie Lifford of Saint John, New Brunswick, and Ronnie came through with a triumph on a split decision, the referee voting a draw and the judges in favor of McNeil. Gussie McLellan, the promoter, is the man who discovered Ronnie and was responsible for bringing him to the front.

Gussie is now planning for a Canadian heavyweight championship match in which Tiger Warrington, who handled McNeil in the title fight, will be pitted against the Western Canadian crown wearer with THE RING belt at stake.

* * *

THE death of Peter Maher in Baltimore on July 22 at the age of seventy-one removed from among the survivors of the romantic era of boxing one of the most colorful Irish battlers of all ring history. A hitter whose blows carried terrific force, Maher rated one of the hardest punchers since John L. Sullivan's days.

Peter was not a bare-knuckle fighter as many critics have stated in the announcement of this famed gladiator's death. He came at a time when the bare-knuckle game had ended and the gloves were used to do away with the brutal fist fights of old. Only two of his bouts were with the skin-tight gloves. While he was a factor in pugilistic affairs, there was not a more picturesque exponent of the fistic art than the *(Continued on page 44)*

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

WHAT'S all this fuss about Jack Dempsey's comeback? I agree with you and with Mr. Joe Williams, Sports Editor of the New York *World-Telegram,* that if Jack Dempsey wants to try his hand at boxing again to get some ready cash he says he needs, that is his business and that since the Manassa Mauler is a fighter by trade and knows little about any other business, he should be given the opportunity to do as he chooses without outside molestation. It seems a pity that boxing writers who have made their living by writing about the sport, and who have been given plenty of excellent material by Jack Dempsey, should now so unscrupulously attack him for no other reason than that he sees fit to earn some easy money by fighting wrestlers.

What harm, might I ask, in doing that? How many of these same writers go off the handle in ballyhooing polo players, bicycle riders, jockeys, tennis players and golfers who long since have seen their best days, when those men have decided to make a comeback? Look over the record of Bobby Jones, Bill Tilden, Vincent Richards, Buddy Ensor, Tommy Hitchcock, the polo ace, and other famed athletes, and note the difference in treatment of those "classy" athletes as compared to the shabby treatment accorded the greatest fighter and the most beloved of recent years.

Let's be fair, folks. Those who are responsible for forcing Jack Dempsey into retirement again should hide their faces in shame for the bitter attacks they have launched against him to make him decide the issue in their favor.

I am with THE RING Editor in requesting that Dempsey be brought back again for a huge show for the benefit of the Red Cross. That organization is in need of money and Dempsey is the man who can get it plenty. Let's have more of Dempsey and less of the vicious, unfair, brutal attacks that have been made against him recently by those persons who should know better.

MARK HARLIN,
Larchmont, New York.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. If you have a letter of general interest, send it along and we will publish it under your name in "Letters from Our Readers." Don't hesitate. Write now.

* * *

I AM at present on leave from the British Army. I was, in civilian life, an ardent fight fan and therefore I decided to take my courage in both hands and write to little ole New York.

I have, Nat, read THE RING for the past three years. Comment is superfluous. It really is a magnificent production—fair, clean and interesting. I follow all articles, letters and fight news with keen interest. Wrestling bores me to tears, but one man's meat is another man's poison, etc. Now, Nat, as you know, at present Britain is fighting for her life, but we'll win in the end on a T.K.O. When Louis beat Farr, Tommy didn't moan about fouls! Have no fear, we'll be sending more lads over the pond in the years to come.

In closing, I'd like to make one small request. Instead of the "Thumb-Nail Sketches," couldn't the fans have the swell action photos back again? They were very popular and made a great collection.

Could you tell me what has happened to Phil Brubaker and Leonard Del Genio? Cheerio for now.

LANCE-CORPORAL TOMMY WILSON,
Cheshire Regiment, England.

[*Brubaker has returned to the ring with Paul Damski as his manager. Del Genio has retired. Best of luck to you and all our British* RING *readers now in service.*]

* * *

IT was a pleasure to see you in the ring at Atlanta this week (from a $2.20 seat), as I have followed you and THE RING for a long time. Too many sports writers ignore the real story of a fight and it is good to see a fellow like yourself give Ken Overlin his hard-earned dues.

Ken fought Ben Brown in Atlanta twice and I thought he won both, but he did not complain at any time about the decisions. He knows that the only way to win a match is in the ring and has never dodged a rematch. Ken Overlin has probably paid no attention to poor notices by sports writers, but I am sure he appreciates your kind words, as will everyone else who knows boxing down here.

I saw the "long count" fight of Dempsey and Tunney in Chicago in 1927, and after seeing Jack in Atlanta the other night, I believe he is too smart to get into the ring with a real fighter, but that doesn't mean that Jack is not the greatest fighter of all time, in my opinion.

Among fights I have seen were Mickey Walker vs. Sailor Freedman, Rocky Kansas vs. Sammy Mandell (title), Tommy Gibbons vs. Georges Carpentier, Ben Brown vs. Teddy Yarosz, Ben Brown vs. Ken Overlin (twice).

If I ever get to New York, I will see Jack Dempsey's and THE RING Museum. Here's hoping we can get more fights in Atlanta good enough to bring you back.

J. J. DESSERT,
Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

I WAS one of those who went from Birmingham, Alabama, to Atlanta, Georgia, and later to Charlotte, North Carolina, to see my old favorite, Jack Dempsey, perform against Luttrell and Bashara, respectively, and I daresay I saw nothing wrong with either match. I am amazed at the adverse criticism hurled at Jack for performing against wrestlers. Those who, like myself, paid to see Dempsey in action didn't do so because we expected to see the old Manassa Mauler knock the brains out of a Jess Willard. We knew what to expect, and we got just that.

Yes, we got some fine entertainment and a view at the old boy, now forty-five, who used to pack 'em in, and made possible the million dollar gate. In both those matches, Jack gave a fine performance.

I don't want RING readers to think for a moment that Jack is his old self again, but I do want them to believe me when I say that he still has that kick in his punches, the kick of a mule that sends 'em into dreamland when it lands. Jack Dempsey is a good fighter for two rounds—about all he can go at top speed, and there is no reason for worrying about him or his condition.

The bitter attacks newspapermen have made against him are totally unjustified. It is a pity he has decided to discontinue his fighting because of the vicious comment made by those who should be praising him instead of condemning him and minding his business instead of their own. The fight fans have proved that they are eager to pay to see Jack against anyone, just to see him in action, and I can see no harm in him fighting.

I saw Fitz fight at 47, Corbett at 40, John L. Sullivan at 54, and Jack Johnson at 47, so why make a chump out of a great fighter like Dempsey because he wants to earn some ready cash by fighting at forty-five? He is far better fit to do that now than were any of those mentioned above, and if he did himself justice, he would forget those attacks and go right on giving spectators in out-of-the-way spots a chance to see him with the gloves on no matter who is the opponent.

Let's have it, Jack. Ignore your critics.

ARTHUR SOMMERS,
Birmingham, Alabama

* * *

YOUR recent letter was forwarded to me from home, also THE RING, for which I was most grateful. It is very gratifying to know that even a war cannot stop me from getting a magazine that is still the world's champ.

I told you in my last letter to you that I was expecting to be called up, and since then, I have gone into the R.A.F., where I am awaiting a course of machine gunnery.

I like the life here and am feeling very fit indeed; in fact, I am quite in condition to cross gloves with the Boche, and along with hundreds more of my comrades here, would go tomorrow if the occasion arose.

There are numerous British boxers in the R.A.F., but there are so many camps that so far I have not encountered any of the better known boys. This place where I am is an active service station and the boys see plenty of action out on bombing raids.

When you write back to me or send me THE RING, address all mail back to my home address.

Things do not appear very bright here, what with the capitulation of the Belgians and the French laying down their arms, but we shall win through and lay Hitler and his gangsters among the daisies, where they belong.

I shall be glad to hear from you again and if you can get anyone to write me I shall be very glad. Letter writing is about the only thing one can do here, as the station is right out in the country and three miles from the nearest town. I used to get fan mail when I ran my "Continental Notes," but I do not get much these days.

I shall be glad to hear from you at any time, and conclude by wishing you all the best and also continued success of THE RING.

GEORGE FARMER,
Somewhere in R.A.F. Forces of England.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS on your recognition of Harry Jeffra as the featherweight champion of the world. I cannot see how the N. B. A. ever got the idea of saying that Pete Scalzo was the king of that class, although he is a mighty fine fighter. The fact remains that Jeffra beat Joey Archibald, who was the champion. In your August issue you named the ones whom Jeffra could fight for the championship. Those you named were all good fighters, but in my opinion, you overlooked the most important of all, Joey Archibald, who proved that he could take it like a champion should and still come back for more, in his fight with Jeffra.

I also noticed in the paper where THE RING gave Lew Jenkins a belt for being lightweight champion. In my opinion, there could be no other one who could lay claim to that title but Jenkins, who proved he was a real champ by stopping the gallant Lou Ambers in the third stanza.

THE RING Magazine has always been for keeping the grand old sport of boxing fair and square and now in the August issue you once again show that attitude in your suggestion to do away with the N. B. A. and bringing in a new organization called the National Boxing Federation, which would not become a match-maker. I would like to suggest a man to be the head of such an organization who showed to those who know him or have heard of him, that he is interested in the welfare of boxing and in seeing the competition become keener in every class. I am sure that the boxing world will agree with me in the selection of this man and will give him their complete cooperation. This man is the well-liked Editor and Publisher of THE RING Magazine—Nat Fleischer.

Yours in the benefit of boxing.

KEN MOWRY, The South.

* * *

I FOLLOWED with intense interest the ring career of Ernie Schaaf, the outstanding heavyweight boxer, in all his battles until the man passed from this life in 1933. I think that Schaaf would have been champion of the world if he had lived, and of course his passing grieved me deeply, for there never was a gamer man or a more courageous fighter than Ernest Schaaf. The "Blond Giant," as he was affectionately called by some, lives again in the hearts of those who knew him, and he was a credit to every seaport town in the world.

I certainly admire your courage and spirit in describing and explaining athletic contests in a fair-minded and unprejudiced manner, giving credit where credit is due to a man, irrespective of race, creed and color, and always showing wholehearted respect and consideration for any man in the prize ring who has done his best and performed to the best of his own ability.

It is not every man who can be a good loser and he who can lose like a man when he has been beaten by a better man, is a fine sportsman in the true sense of the word, and to him is due the highest respect. Your publication gives all due credit to the man who has lost a contest, if he has fought fairly and cleanly in that contest and that is a point for which you deserve praise, but it is one that is often disregarded or overlooked in the affairs of men.

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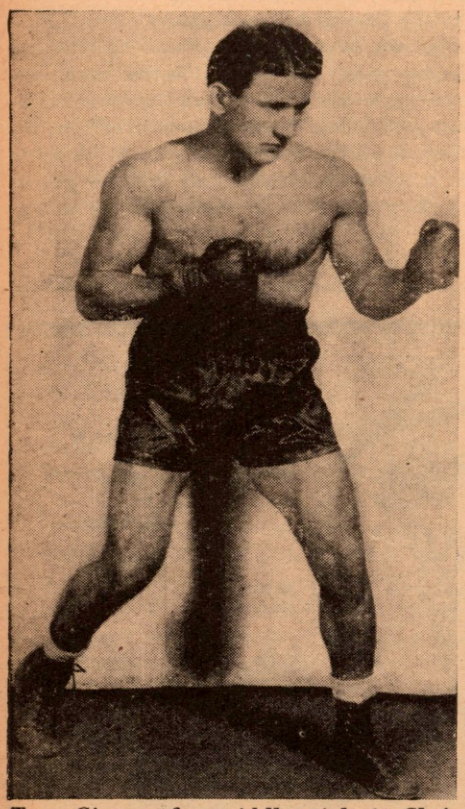
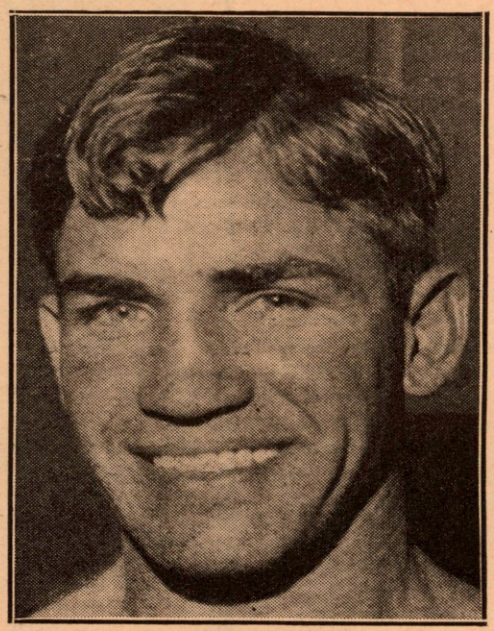
MAKING THE GRADE

By EDDIE BORDEN



Tony Cisco, a fine middleweight in Chris Dundee's stable

WHO is this Tommy Keine? asked New York fight writers when Dewey Fragetta brought Tommy to Stillman's Gymnasium for a workout shortly after Keine arrived from Georgia. Had they read THE RING of March, 1939, which told of the budding youngster who was cleaning up in his division, they would have become acquainted with the boy's achievement.



Tommy Keine, a Georgia bantam who has come up rapidly during past year.

"My fighter is NOT a combination, of George Dixon, Joe Lynch and Eddie 'Cannonball' Martin," said Carl Moss, who pilots Keine. "If he were, we probably couldn't get any opponents for him, but he's an Irishman, and that means fight. Tommy is ready for any bantamweight, and if we can't get a crack at the leading 118 pounders, we'll spot weight and invade the featherweight division."

Eddie Borden ranks Keine among the first ten bantams. Tommy is rangy, and sturdily built for his weight. He has been boxing professionally for three years, and has seen the other fellow's hand raised only once in sixty-nine fights. Top-ranking Aurel Toma cut his eye after a collision and the referee was forced to stop the bout. Toma conveniently left for the Coast turning down a huge guarantee for a return go.

Keine who is being booked by Dewey Fragetta, has defeated Lou Transparenti and Pete Powell and scored sensationally in Havana, when he trounced the Cuban champion, Pedro Medina.

Julie Kogan

WHETHER Julie Kogan is a "second Benny Leonard", as one newspaperman dubbed the New Haven lightweight contender or a "Jewish Jimmy McLarnin", as another fourth estater called him, is a debatable topic, but that Julie Kogan is one of the hardest punching 135-pounder in the ring today, and one of the shrewdest boxers, is generally recognized. Kogan carries a terrific clout in either mitt. No matter how strenuous the battle, Julie is always dangerous.

Kogan is one of the most avoided lightweights in the business today. Lew Jenkins runs the other way when the New Haven Hebrew's name is mentioned. Lou Ambers, suddenly becomes hard of hearing when Julie Kogan is proposed as an opponent. As for most of the lightweight challengers, they run for cover when Julie Kogan steps before them.

Born April 4, 1918, in New Haven, Conn. Julius Kogan comes from a large family—five boys and five girls. After one year of High School, Julie went to work in a shirt factory. He was bitten by the boxing bug because his elder brother, Murray, was advancing to the top of the amateur ranks.

Julie had his first bout as a simon-pure on August 15, 1935, in the 116-pound class. He had 69 battles—winning 34 by kayoes, 25 by decisions, fighting seven draws and losing three bouts. His last amateur contest took place on April 18, 1937. Julie has the distinction of winning his first 47 scraps, and of never having been dropped by a blow—either as an amateur or a pro. Considering that he has opposed some wicked sockers, both as a medal-chaser and as a money-earner, that's a fine record.

Always athletically inclined—Kogan played soccer, baseball and football, also basketball but liked boxing best and stuck to that.

Kogan first gained fistic notice when he knocked out the clever "Irish" Eddie Dunne. To prove that the kayo was no fluke, Julie administered the same medicine to such highly rated lightweights as Tony Marteliano, Jimmy Murray, Honey Mellody and other worthy ringmen.

Julie holds decisions over scrappers like Nick Camarata, Jimmy Vaughn, Victor Troise, (two times) and many other good fighters. Kogan is being trained and tutored by a man considered one of the best handlers and conditioner of fighters in the game today—Ray Arcel, and Julie's improvement in the ring is apparent.

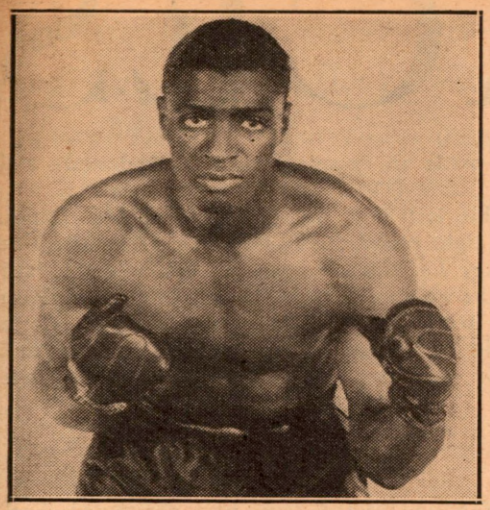
"I come from an athletic family," explained the 132-pound lightweight threat, as he stepped out of the shower-room after a workout at Stillman's. "My father—who's sixty-six but looks and feels twenty years younger—was a mighty good wrestler in Russia many years ago. My brother, Murray, was a clever amateur boxer also a great basketball and football player. My twin brother, Harry—who is unlike me in every way—never boxed but plays pro baseball and basketball in Massachusetts. He's still working in the shirt factory where we both started.

"My youngest brother, Al, has taken part in 15 sensational bouts as a simon-pure and won 13 of 'em. But he's doing quite nicely where he's working—yes, in the same shirt factory—so Al has decided to stick to his job. My twin brother, Harry—he no longer thinks I won't make good—and good money—in the boxing game. In fact, he's now quite sure that I'll become a great fighter; perhaps a champion."

Julie Kogan first competed as a pro on January 5, 1938. His record to date consists of 14 wins by kayo, 12 by decisions, four battles were draws and he lost four decisions. Julie has avenged one of his defeats, but every effort on the part of his manager, Jack Bluman, to sign the other three for return bouts with Kogan, has been a failure.

Kogan is married and is the father of a year old boy, Richard. His record for the year follows:

Pat Foley, draw, eight; Ambrose Logan, won, eight; Honey Mellody, T.K.O. three; Jimmy Vaughn, won, eight; George Zengaras, lost, eight; Johnny Bellus, lost, eight; Red Moffatt, lost, eight; Johnny Ciarlo, won, eight; Victor Troise, won, eight; Phil Siriani, K.O. six; Mickey La Marr, won, eight. He is a boy of considerable promise.



Manuel Lee Murray, young promising heavyweight from South Norwalk, Conn.

Tony Cisco

A HARD, aggressive battler is Tony Cisco, but with few visible marks of the fighter on him. Only his solid well-muscled body and powerful neck, indicate his connection with the fistic profession. A Hurcules in build, Tony has a strong masculine face, perfect teeth and a winning smile.

He was born Anthony Ciaccio in Norristown, Pa., on May 11, 1915. Tony has the distinction of never having been floored. He is one of the most aggressive middleweights in the game. He is what is popularly known as a Club-fighter.

Cisco attended boxing shows when he was only 10 years old. His father, a rabid fight fan, generally took little Tony with him to local boxing matches. At 14, Tony left Junior high-school and went to work for his father as a clerk in his shoe-repairing shop.

Later, when he decided upon a ring career, Tony attended a rickety gymnasium—a small dilapidated structure which had once been a barn—where a number of aspiring youngsters worked and sweated. There, with the others, Tony Cisco trained as best he could to prepare himself for future amateur competition.

When Tony reached the age of 16, he weighed 170 pounds and was as strong as an ox. It was then, at Sellersville, that he took part in his first bout before a capacity crowd of 25 fans. Tony lost the decision! That convinced him that he'd not learned enough pugilistic stuff to square off against boys who may have been battling two or more years among amateurs. He realized that strength was not enough; that courage and willingness were insufficient substitutes for ability. That caused him to train all the harder.

He got himself a trainer, Roy Metzger, of Conshochocken, who was doing a good job of conditioning and instructing several well-known fighters and Roy taught him a great deal about the finer points of boxing, especially defensive work.

Cisco continued to train for three years and then, on December 3, 1935, when he entered the ring he scored a quick knockout. He followed it with four more. A year in the simon-pures—during which the durable Italian-American engaged in 34 bouts, he annexed the junior, senior and mid-Atlantic States welterweight titles.

Tony defeated Golden Gloves welter champ, Jacy Warner, and also scored over the Metropolitan title holder at the New York A. C. He started as a light-heavyweight, fought his way to the welterweight limit and now—at the age of 25, is boxing as a middleweight. He is the oldest of three brothers and three sisters. Dark and flashy-eyed, he has been dubbed "The Cisco Kid"—and he sure enough resembles the gay Mexican Robin Hood.

About a year ago Tony opened a tavern in his home town, where he is very popular. But Chris Dundee, whom Tony regards more like a brother than a manager, advised him to get rid of the place if he wanted to continue his work in the ring.

"Chris asked me what I liked better—to be a boxer or a tavern keeper," explained The Cisco Kid. "When I told him my desire was to box, Chris logically pointed out that I would therefore have to give boxing my entire attention. He assured me that I'd not be able to do both things—or either of them well. It was true. For I found myself neglecting either my place of business or failing to train properly for boxing engagements Chris Dundee secured for me. So now I'm strictly and wholeheartedly a fighter."

A fighter is exactly what Tony Cisco is. When in the ring with a willing opponent, the fans are certain to witness a worthwhile battle. True, he has dropped decisions to top-notchers in his 112 pro fights; but it is also true that in order to win, they had to fight at top speed—and do even speedier footwork.

Tony has fought all over the United States and among his victims are: Young Gene Buffalo, Eddie Pierce, Tarzan Roy, Andre Jessurun, Harvey Massey, Tommy Bland, Ossie Stewart, Howell King and other good ones. Cisco has given stiff battles to Georgie Abrams, Tony Zale, Steve Mamakos and drew with Lloyd Marshall.

He is a tough slambang fighter and not a fancy boxer.

Tony is ready to meet any 160-pounder in the world, the tougher the better. He is particularly anxious to fight Al Hostak and Tony Zale. Cisco is trained by Frankie Doyle.

Manuel Lee Murray

THE most sensational performer on the card the night big Buddy Baer stopped Valentin Campolo, in the Garden last June 6, was neither of the principals but an unheralded young heavyweight out of South Norwalk, Conn., Manuel Lee Murray. The Garden crowd expected the unknown Nutmeg State boxer to succumb in a hurry when he stepped out to do battle with the giant Indianapolis colored man, Elza Thompson, in a preliminary. The 190 pound Murray looked like a flyweight beside his huge 240 pound opponent, one of the most highly respected big fellows in the game today, a man so tough that even the great Joe Louis—no less—had had his hands full with him in his training camps.

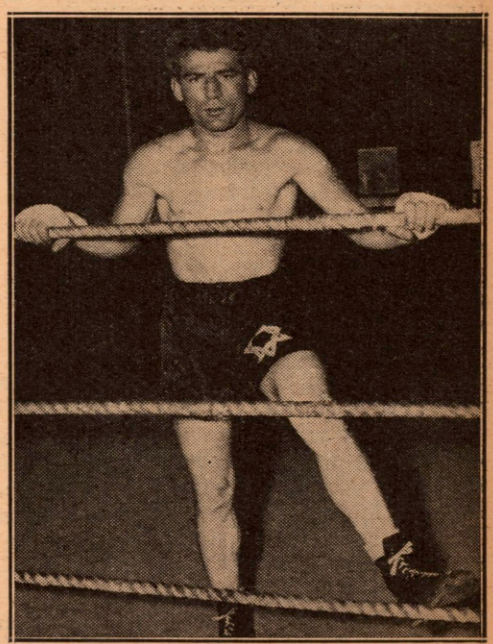
Big Elza seemed to be toying with his slim rival during the first round and everybody expected to see Murray demolished in the second. Elza must have had the same idea, for he grew just a mite careless, dropped his left a little too low, and the next thing he knew, his 240 pound bulk was sailing through the air like a winged hippopotamus. Murray had dropped a right on the giant's jaw, and almost ruined him.

Elza, a game one, arose, then was rendered completely hors-de-combat with another right, that finished him for the evening. Thompson had never even been floored before, much less knocked out, and the New York crowd left the Garden, calling the Connecticut boy one of the best punchers since Louis got started.

To a few of the insiders, Murray's stunning Kayo of Thompson was no surprise. They had seen him ruin promising Stormy Williams of Detroit last April in New York, a right hand blow flattening Williams for a half hour, and such close students of the big lads as Jersey Jones, Pop Cook, and Al Douglas, had touted him as a hard hitter.

Murray, is a native of St. Louis. He is 21 years old. He attended high school for a time but his family was in such poor circumstances, he decided to try his hand at fighting, something he liked. It looked like the only means of giving

(Continued on page 46)



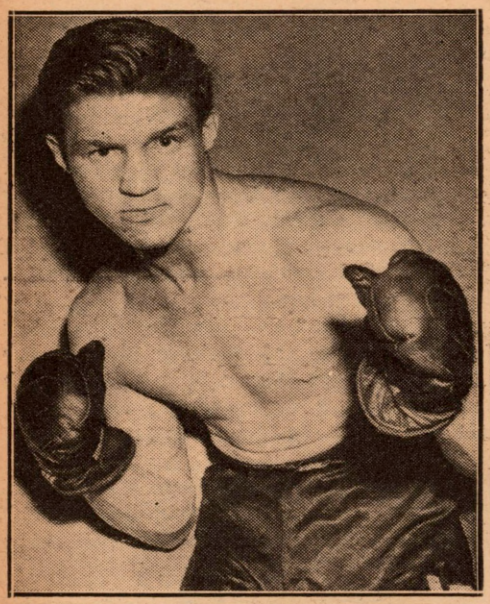
Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight with terrific clout.

NEW FACES

SMOOTH-FACED and quite good looking, Monty Pignatore, fast-rising Brooklyn lightweight, appears more like a sixteen-year-old kid than like a young man of twenty-one. He was born August 5, 1919, and has engaged in more than eighty hard fought professional bouts. He is the father of two children. Monty is a good fighter, the kind who never disappoints even the most discriminating fight fan. A solid puncher, Monty is also an aggressive one. His style unfailingly pleases because he walks into his rival and lets go with both fists from gong to gong.

He has victories over such sterling scrappers as Tommy Christie, Wahoo Watson, Harold Valan, Dave Crawford among others. He held the clever Morris Parker and Vince Dell Orto even. Monty scored knockdowns in each of his first thirty-four contests and he lost but fifteen bouts in his entire career. He has had no amateur experience.

Pignatore left 7B—public school—to work for an uncle in the junk business. That made him strong and developed him physically. Later, he was employed by George Keyes, former welterweight boxer, who operated a billiard parlor. Monty worked in the capacity of rack-boy. "One day," relates Keyes who, with Tony Kelly, is managing the boy, "I came into the place and saw that Monty was nowhere to be seen. So I went out to look for him—and found him in an empty lot, knocking the stuffing out of a much bigger kid. The guy, Monty later told me, had stolen the cue ball. Well, it seemed that every time he was missing from my place while I was out, I would always locate him in that back lot—fighting. So one day I asked him why he was fighting all the time, and the kid tells me he likes to fight. In fact, he adds he'd like to be a fighter. So I got a set of gloves and after a short time of teaching him, he tells me he's ready to enter the ring. Not as an amateur, mind you—no, he wants to start as a pro. So to teach him a lesson, take the cockiness out of him, I got him a fight at Fort Hamilton with a pretty good boy. But Monty fooled me. Yeah, he won the bout."



Jimmy Boyle, young New York heavyweight, a product of amateur ranks.

Pignatore has been battling steadily since then. He has stood off the best featherweights in the business—among them Charlie Varre, Maxie Shapiro, Johnny Marcelline, Lee Harper, Marty Servo, Allie Stolz, Nat Litfin and a good number of other reputable battlers. Monty continues to show improvement with every bout. He is possessed of remarkable stamina and can be depended upon to out-battle an opponent with his endurance and his thumping fists.

Monty has won his last four fights, against Bobby Dance, whom he stopped in eight rounds; Harold Valan, from whom he won in eight; Mickey La Marr, whom he beat in eight; and Joe De Jesus, whom he whipped in eight. He was stopped by Paco Villa in eight, drew with Vincenzio Dell Orto in eight, lost to Texas Lee Harper in eight, beat Joe Eschevarria in eight, and lost to Mike Raffa in eight and Nat Litfin in eight to complete this year's record.

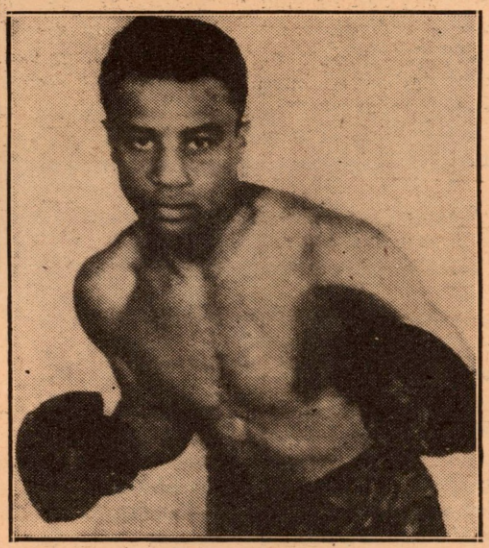
* * *

Young Byron

YOUNG BYRON, a colored boy, was christened Earl Byron Wooley, hails from Boston and is a welterweight. He was born on February 21, 1916, and began his fighting career in 1937. He was never an amateur. Though he has fought often, he has lost only a few contests. He is 5 feet, 8 and scales 140 pounds. His only loss this year up to this writing was a ten-round defeat suffered at the hands of Andy Callahan in Boston last January.

Byron dropped three other fights, one in 1938 to Johnny Martin in six rounds, one to Johnny Craven in 1939 in six and one to Buster Carroll that same year in ten.

Byron is a good little scrapper of the pleasing type. He has a knockout punch as is seen by a glance at his record which shows seventeen kayos. He stopped Jimmy Synnot, 3; Ginger Beck, 3; Abe Nathan, 3; Steve Salek, 3; K.O. Labbe, 1; Young Dempsey, 3; Billy Connety, 1; Buster Carroll, 2; K.O. Brown, 3; Freddy Pease, 1; Art Small, 3; Sailor Leroy Brown, 1; Andy McCarthy, 3; Johnny Glover, 2; Al Castonguay, 3; Carlo Calles, 3. This is a most impressive record.



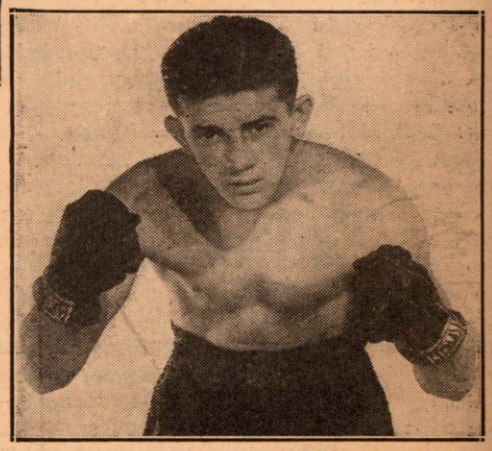
Young Byron, Boston welterweight with good record.

* * *

Jimmy Boyle

BOXING experts have named Jimmy Boyle the outstanding light-heavyweight prospect of the year. Of Scotch-Irish parents, Jimmy is a quiet and polite youngster, but in the ring he is a fighter—a real battler—just as his father, Willie Boyle, was when he was welterweight champion of Scotland some twenty-five years ago.

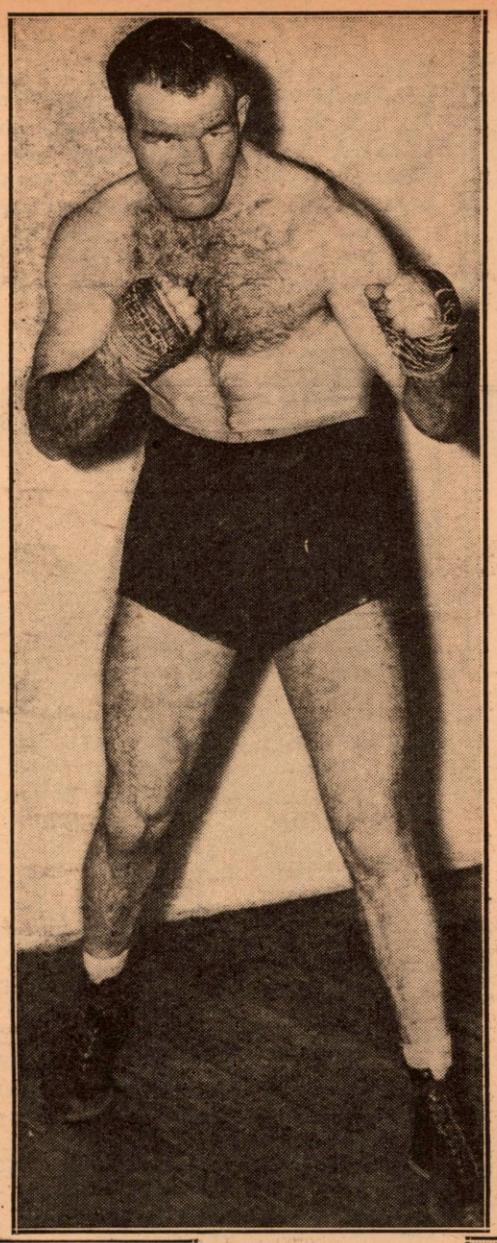
Jimmy is a chip off the old block. He was born July 19, 1919. After two years in junior high, Jimmy Boyle went to work as stock clerk for an electrical firm. At the age of seventeen he began to box at the boys' club. During his amateur career, which consisted of fifteen bouts, Jimmy also worked—operating a tractor for the American



Monty Pignatore, fast rising Brooklyn lightweight.

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Making Good—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices

By FRED EISENSTADT



Al Gilbert, former U. S. Army middleweight champion.

Can Company. He held that job for two and a half years.

Boyle turned pro under the direction of Mickey White, undefeated lightweight and welterweight champ of the New York National Guard. In 16 pro battles, Jimmy had but one setback—and that because of a badly cut eye. Up to that time, he was easily defeating or knocking out the lads who opposed him in the ring. That Boyle has class may be seen at a glance when he gets to work on his rival. He can box and is possessed of a knockout punch. Eight of his 16 pro victims have sampled it. He is a courageous scrapper. He is ready to fight the best 175-pounders in the game. His manager is also his trainer.

At the Broadway Arena, where Jimmy scored his most sensational wins, the clients of clout always look forward to seeing him in action. But Boyle is well known at other clubs, too. News of a good fighter spreads quickly. That is why Jimmy has a considerable following both in New York City and Brooklyn.

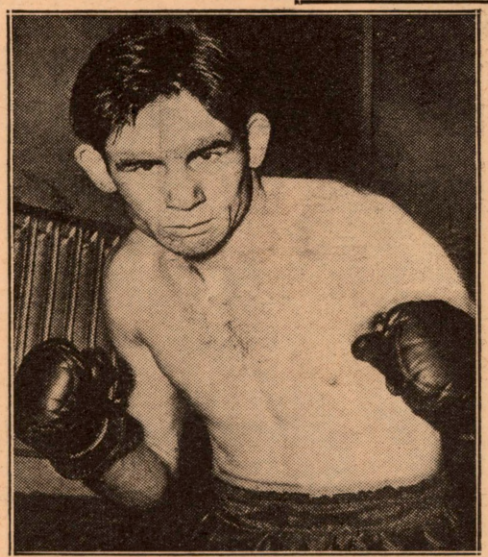
This year Jimmy has engaged in eight fights at this writing and has lost two. He stopped Anthony Thomas White in one; Don Giovannis in one, Jimmy Quigley in two, Al Foreman in three, and Cleo Everett in one.

* * *

Carmine Fatta

BROOKLYN has a lightweight, Carmine Fatta by name, who has had 31 fights, winning 13 by decision, 15 by knockouts, and has suffered only one defeat. Among the good men whom Carmine has beaten are Monty Pignatore, Lew Feldman, Ambrose Logan, Harry Gentile, Solly Gerstler, Chester Rio and Tommy Fontaine. He also fought Maxie Shapiro and Frank Wallace to a draw. Carmine first made a hit when he drew with Shapiro and followed that feat with a long string of knockouts. Among his victims were Tom Christie, Joe Memoli (who beat Jack Sharkey, Jr.), George Harper, Lloyd Laskey and Ted Dalton. Fatta counts among his victims via the decision route Frank Gilmore, Frank Reese, Steve Padan, Young Chappie, Mike Martinez, Nat Hall and Sailor Born.

He has a good following because he gives his best at all times.



Jack Larrimore, Florida welterweight, performing in New York.

* * *

Dick Wells

JACK LOFTHOUSE of Peoria, Illinois, has a good little featherweight in Dick Wells, former amateur champion, who is 24 years old and hails from St. Louis, Mo. He engaged in 38 amateur bouts before he turned pro, and as a professional he has continued his string of victories. Out of his first eight fights he won seven and drew in the other. The draw was with Murel Thompson, who has fought Leo Rodak and other stars.

Dickie has defeated Eddie Lee and Jordan Bo Davis, two outstanding feathers. Lee is holder of the Texas and Missouri titles. Wells has acted as a sparring partner for Henry Armstrong on several occasions. Dickie is a boy who tosses punches at all times. In Missouri they have dubbed this boy the miniature Henry Armstrong.

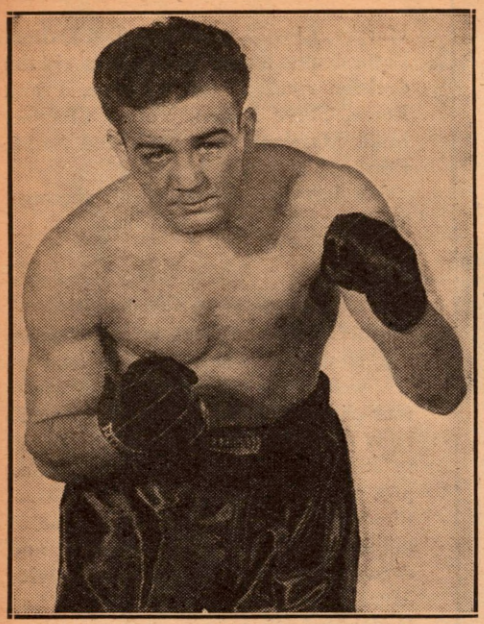
* * *

Henry Jones

HENRY JONES is a light-heavyweight who comes from Fort Dodge, Iowa. He is a pretty good boxer and has a splendid left hand. He is a hard puncher and can take it. Henry has had fifty-five fights. Out of this number he has won fifty. He has run out of opponents in his sector and is eager to try his hand in New York, where his mentor, Lee Lewis, feels he can make the grade.

Among his best battles are: Verne Frickie, Sioux City, won, 10; Jack Kracken, Fort Dodge, won, 8; Max Steele, Perry, Iowa, won, 8; Ernest Eastman, Chicago, kayo in first; Eddie Wenstob, Sioux City, lost, 10; Jack Gibbons, Fort Dodge, lost, 10; Al Globe, Des Moines, won, 8; Andy Kid Miller, Sioux City, won, 8; Cowboy Edgesen, Des Moines, won, 8; Quentin Hill,

Billy Morris, a good Baltimore scrapper.



Carmine Fatta of Brooklyn, a good club fighter.

weighs normally 166 pounds. He is 24 years old.

* * *

Chick Delaney

IT isn't often that the American fight fans have seen a Portuguese in action because few of that race go in for the strenuous sport of boxing. Pacific Coast fight fans have had an opportunity to watch a lad of that race in Chick Delaney, who was christened Benny Baptiste, a bantam with a terrific sock, one of the best seen among that group in many moons.

Chick's record to date shows the power of his fists. At this writing he has scored 13 knockouts in his last 16 battles. One of his best fights was with Aurel Toma, Roumanian champion, whom he beat at Oakland, Cal., via the decision route after having had Toma down three times. Toma declared after the contest that of all the boys he had fought, none hit him as hard as did Chick.

Among Delaney's K.O. victims are Pablo Dano, Jimmy Lidell, Pancho Leyvas and Donnie Mays. He has had 63 fights, out of which he has only lost three. He will shortly be seen in New York rings under the direction of Eddie Higgins.

* * *

Billy Morris

BALTIMORE, the city that has sent to the pugilistic wars such champions as Joe Gans, Kid Williams, Joe and Vince Dundee and Harry Jeffra, in addition to such stars as George K.O. Chaney, Young Andy Chaney, Jack Portney and Bobby Garcia, now comes forward with another bright prospect, a dusky welterweight answering to the name of Billy Morris. That this boy can fight is attested to by the long string of wins he has piled up in the two years of professional glove swinging. During this time, he fought 18 times. He won 15 bouts, had two draws and was decisioned once. Tommy Mollis, whom Morris beat before, gained a hairline decision in a later bout. Some of the boys Morris beat are Mollis, Norman Red Rahn, Bobby Ennis, Baby Kid Chocolate, Young Kid Norfolk, Abie Kaufman, Johnny Jones, Steve Kahley and Midget Wolgast. Billy White, welterweight contender, and Bobby Joe Jacobs were held to a draw.

Joe Poodles and Heinie Welsh have taken Morris under their wing and are expecting great things of him. He is 22 years old, stands five feet nine inches, hits well with both hands, is a fine, natural boxer and seldom wastes any punches. Although he is inclined to fight a counter fight, he does not hesitate to trade punches. He has the faculty of knowing where and when to strike.

Here are fifteen of Morris' fights, as sent in by his manager, Joe Poodles: Baby Kid Chocolate, won, 8 rounds; Tommy Mollis, won, 6 rounds; Young Kid Norfolk, won, 6 rounds; Norman Red Rahn, won, 6 rounds; Kid Howie, won, 4 rounds; Bobby Ennis, won, 6 rounds; Bobby Joe Jacobs, draw, 6 rounds; Al Anderson, won, 4 rounds; Billy White, draw, 6 rounds; Tommy Mollis, lost, 8 rounds; Johnny Jones, won, 6 rounds; Pete Lebianco, K.O., 4 rounds; Abie Kaufman, won, 8 rounds; Steve Kahley, K.O., 5 rounds; Midget Wolgast, won, 6 rounds.

Waterloo, won, 8; Lee Savold, Waterloo, lost, 8; Marv Wason, Fort Dodge, won by a kayo.

Henry is a colored boy, standing 5 feet 10 inches and

Dick Wells, a Missouri feather, former amateur champion.

* * *

Jack Larrimore

GEORGE ADES, fistic manager in New York, has struck pay dirt, to use the vernacular of the uptown mob. His name is Jack Larrimore. He was christened Jack Dempsey Larrimore because his dad had seen the old Manassa Mauler batter Jess Willard into a bloody hulk underneath a blazing sun in Toledo a little more than 20 years ago and had fallen in love with the one-time rail-travelling vagabond. And when the white-coated nurse had emerged from within the peaceful quiet of the room to whisper "It's a boy," the old man knew then and there he would have to be named Jack Dempsey, the third addition to the Larrimore tribe.

The kid grew up on the shores of St. Petersburg, Florida, a peace-loving youngster with no more thought of becoming a fighter than enters your mind of becoming a toe dancer. A sport-loving boy who thrilled to the sound of toe against pigskin and the crack of lumber against the horsehide, young Larrimore entered the high school at St. Petersburg with ambitions only to make the school team.

His thrill knew no bounds when the coach told him he was the school's regular left-fielder and he responded by clouting the apple at a .440 pace in his first year on the varsity. He was more thrilling on the gridiron. Calling signals at the quarterback position, Larrimore romped to a record for touchdowns, scoring 14 during the season, with 13 conversions, something of a novelty for quarterbacks, who are usually too busy master-minding the team to do much ball carrying.

He left school in a blaze of glory, then sought employment, but he drifted from the usual path and after an encounter with a bully, decided to take up boxing.

Waiting in line to be called in for an interview for a job, Larrimore was accosted by a toughie who wanted to take his place

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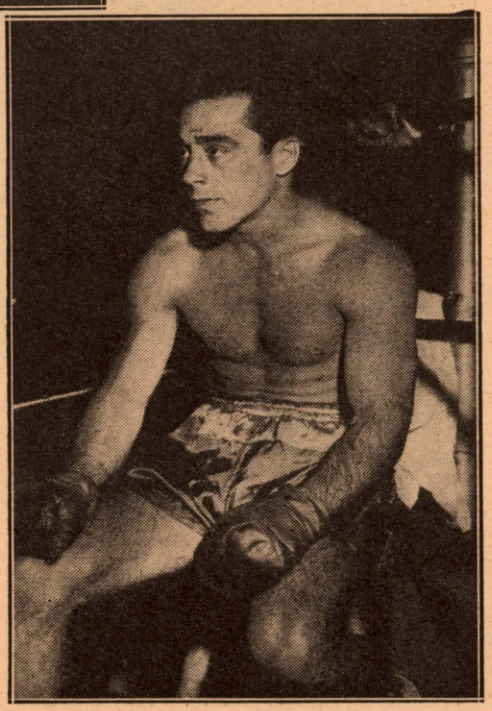
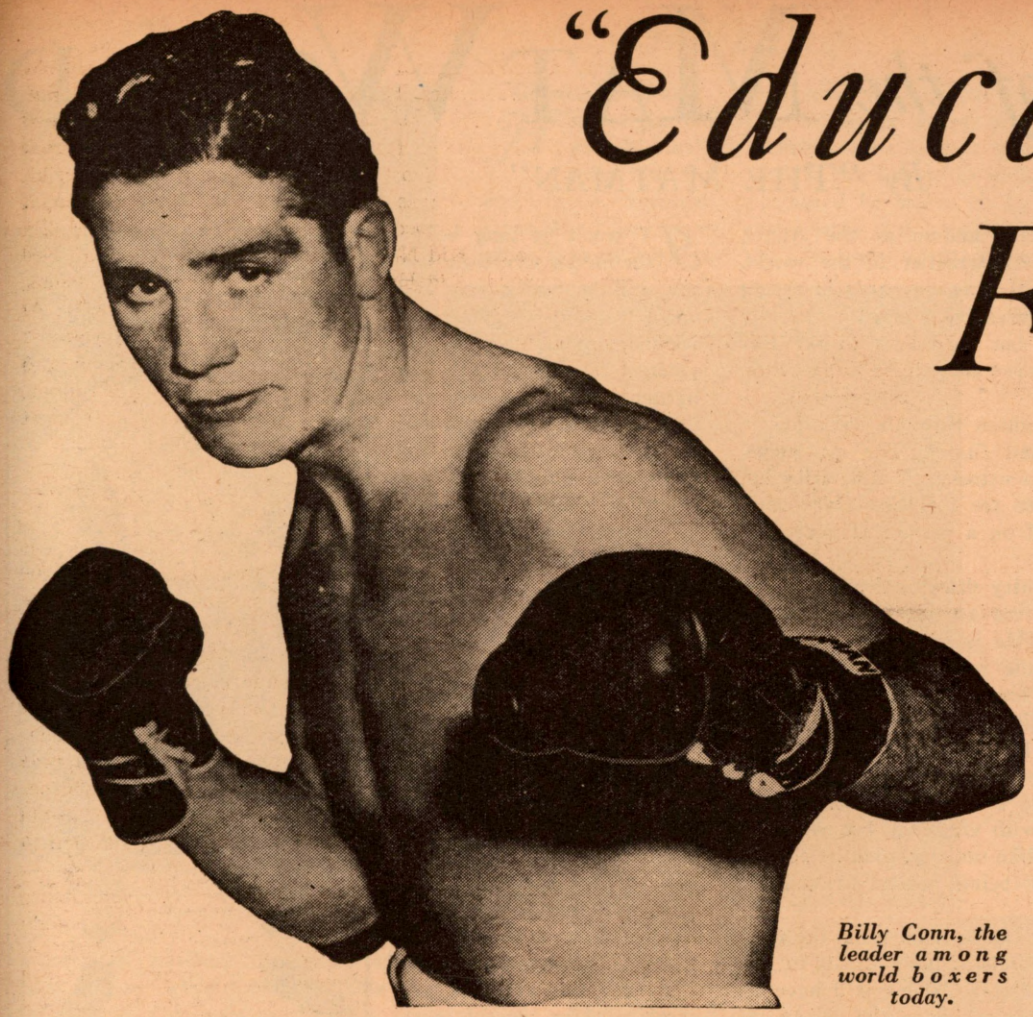


Chick Delaney, a heavy hitting Pacific Coast bantam.

"Educated Feet"



Billy Conn, the leader among world boxers today.

Those Possessing Them, Are Masters of the Boxing Profession — Fighters So Gifted, Owe Much of Their Ability to Avoid the Punishment to Nimbleness of Legs and the Hands

By CROSS-COUNTER

WHEN one thinks of boxing, he too frequently thinks of it in terms of hitting. There is more to the sport than punching. Quick thinking, fast and clever footwork, feinting and countering—all go to make the perfect fighter. Few boxers are talented in each.

Billy Conn is a light hitter, yet he is the world light-heavyweight champion. What makes him so formidable a fighter, a man to gain the top post in his chosen profession? If he depended on his hitting power alone, he would be rated far below his present position. In his case, it is speed and clever boxing, something another light-heavyweight king depended on to carry him to the heights—Tommy Loughran.

Footwork is a most essential part of a fighter's make up. The fellow who uses his feet as well as his hands, is the one who invariably reaches the top. Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Ryan, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Jack Johnson were expert boxers, the best in the game. The movement of their feet was almost as quick as were those of their hands and that's what made them the big success they were.

"Educated feet," the scribes called those of Corbett and Johnson, and since then that appelation has been used in the case of many other fighters who could get out of their own way and that of their opponent by clever footwork. Jack Delaney, Tommy Loughran, Benny Leonard, Jimmy Wilde, Jem Driscoll, Packey McFarland, Abe Attell, Freddy Welsh, Johnny Kilbane and Mike Gibbons are among those masters of the boxing profession who gained fame because of their footwork, head work and general all-around ring ability.

Today footwork might be classed a lost art in boxing, because so few boxers have mastered it. Billy Conn leads the field and among those who are on top who can boast of "educated feet" are Steve Belloise, Ken Overlin, Lou Ambers, Billy Soose, Chalky Wright, Jackie Wilson and Pete Scalzo among others. They never get in their own way or that of their rival.

"I THINK it is because of my supple pair of legs that I never had my nose broken or a tooth knocked from my head. Nor have I ever been cut about the ears or mouth. I always managed to twist around and take it, when it had to be taken, just a short distance away from where it would do the most damage.

"The fellows you see around with flat or twisted noses, cauliflower ears or other disfiguring marks, nine times out of ten know nothing of footwork. They are just plain sluggers who stand up flat-footed and take all that comes along in the hope of getting through a knockout punch.

"Of course I don't overlook other qualifications which go toward making the good fighter. One must know how to hit, when to hit and when not to try to hit. Also he must judge just how far to let his blow travel. Any good judge of distance will win more bouts than he loses. In addition to that a boxer must know how to block with his hands and forearms. He must also have keen wits and keep them about him at all times. But the really big factor in successful boxing is footwork."

* * *

GIBBONS was in his prime a rare combination of skill and punching power. He came close to being a natural fighting machine. He could feint an opponent into really laughable misses and a moment later plaster his man with either hand. Willie Lewis, when beaten by Mike, was himself a good boxer. He said, following their bout:

"This chap is a wizard. He is positively uncanny. Time after time I thought I had him cornered, but when I let go he vanished. A moment later he appeared from somewhere else and smacked me in the face. His footwork was marvelous. I used to think I knew something about footwork, but I've changed my mind. I'm a plain dub in comparison to this chap. He's one of the fastest moving boxers I've ever met."

(Continued on page 44)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

MAURICE TILLET, better known as the Angel, is about the most freakish wrestler in the world. He also is one of the best drawing cards in recent years. His caveman features have aided materially in making the grappling fans come out in droves to see this "Man of Beast" in mat competition, even though he knows little about the science of wrestling.

The French freak has just about gotten through wrestling in practically every sector of the United States. The customers, when coming to see this so-called "monstrosity," came with but one thought in mind. They wanted to see for themselves what kind of a trick human nature played on a person. Tillet's best wrestling hold is the bear hug.

Whereas Tillet goes about the country drawing 'em in at the gate as a freak, Lou Plummer, known as the "Brute," is an attraction because of his viciousness. He is one of the toughest wrestlers, a grappler who employs the meanest tricks to gain his objective. He has clashed with the leading world heavyweights and has many victories to his credit, all gained through the rough-and-tumble style of wrestling he employs.

He has been a wrestler for nine years and during that time has traveled all over this country and through Mexico. He has a repertoire of holds which he uses with efficiency but when he finds that good wrestling tactics avail him nothing, then he resorts to the tough style. Plummer is now being booked around the Eastern mat circuit.

Ernie Dusek, captain of the famous Dusek tribe, is on the warpath. He says that he has offered all kinds of inducements to Jim Londos for a title fight, but that the Greek Adonis will have no part of him and therefore he will lay claim to the crown. If Dusek does that, he'll be one of about a dozen who have declared themselves in on Jim's crown.

At that, a Londos-Dusek bout would be a fine drawing card. Each is colorful and has a big following.

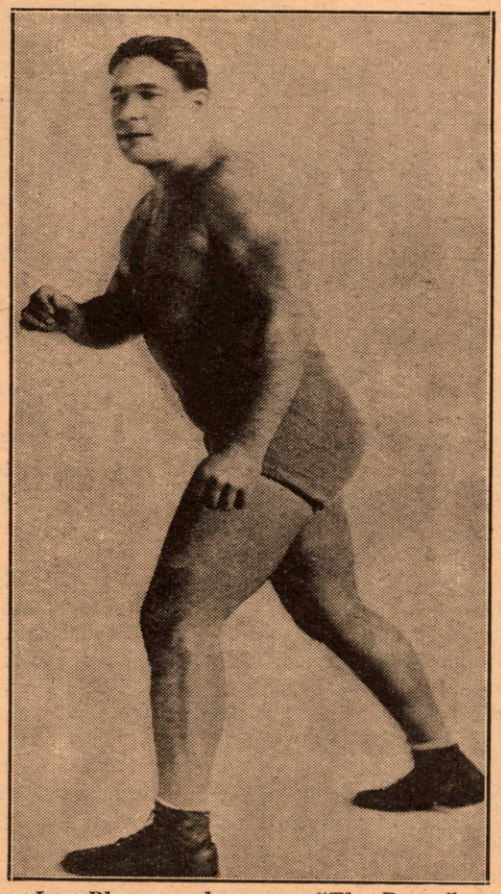
* * *

THROUGHOUT the country, wrestling in the lighter classes is receiving more attention than at any time since the mat sport became popular in the professional field. Collegians who have made good in their Alma Mater, have gone forth to seek their fortune in pro wrestling and as a result the field has more young talent in the welter, middleweight and light-heavyweight divisions than ever before.

These boys will soon be taking the place of the freaks and monstrosities whose welcome has been worn off around the country. The fans are tired of seeing ugly faces and freak bodies whose owners know less about wrestling than the average schoolboy. A revolt is on and it is rapidly catching on all over the country.

Dan Morris, a 23-year-old middleweight from Columbus, Ohio, who wrestled frequently around Logan, Ohio, last winter, is one of the youngsters who is forging to the front. He has been wrestling since 1936 in the Middle West and among his opponents have been Freck Hart, Ray Dixon, Cotton Eaton, Ike Echenrode, Henri Gimarco, Babe Stanchiford, Ralph Ackers, Jimmy Adams, Ed Hamilton and other top-notch Mid-West grapplers.

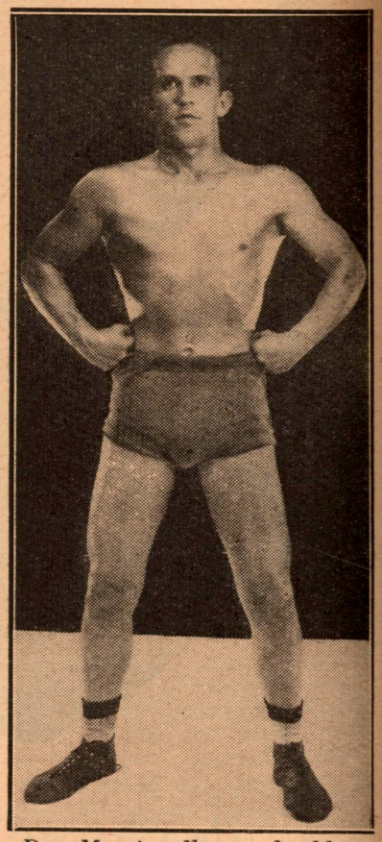
Morris is a professional basketball player. He also manages and plays with a Columbus, O., football team, and belongs to the Falcon A. C., where he teaches wrestling and weight-lifting.



Lou Plummer, known as "The Brute."

IT won't be long before the indoor wrestling season will be under way and when it comes the fans will see many new faces, mostly youngsters, especially in the lighter divisions. The old-timers, by degrees, are eliminating themselves from the field because they have been wrestling against each other so many times, those who pay the freight are tired of watching them.

Among those who have been signed for the coming season by Jack Pfeffer, New York City's ace promoter, are Primo Delmonte, Maurice Boyer, Otto Wallick, Benny Rosen, Jackie James and Jessie Apollo, known as the American Adonis. The last named has been performing as a pro only a short time, but already has a big following. He is a performer who has a pleasing personality. He is an artist, a caricaturist, plays several musical instruments and has other hobbies.



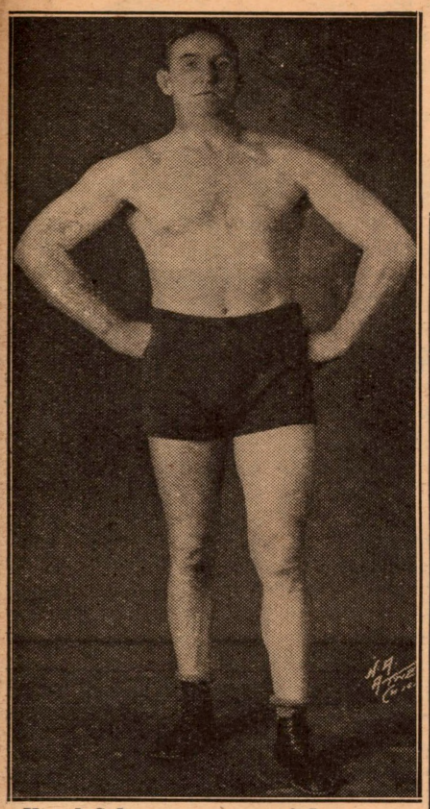
Dan Morris, all-around athlete, a middleweight from Ohio.

There never has been a wrestling season for the past eighteen years when Pfeffer failed to introduce one or two new mat sensations. It has been Jack's custom for these many years to scout in all sorts of places for his pachyderms with the result that on occasions he has introduced some unique characters whose mat talent attracted vast crowds to leading wrestling clubs during the long winter months. Thumb-nail sketches of a few of his newcomers follow.

* * *

VASIKY KRECHET

HE is a 280-pounder and says he is a Volga boatman. Vasiky Krechet is a strong man, make no mistake about that. His size is impressive, of course, but there is something else which bespeaks strength. He has tremendous arms and bulging biceps. What his wrestling ability may be is something which we will have to wait and see, but there is no doubt about his strength and if that alone were needed to push him to the top, Krechet would lead the parade in short time. He thinks he'll make the grade.



Karol Schuster. a powerful matman from Austria.

George Bauman

HE weighs 210 pounds, stands over six feet and is a scientific wrestler. Like many other famous Russians before him, Bauman has made a study of wrestling and no better looking athlete ever stepped on the mat than this man on the right side of thirty. His bearing is military. He walks with the decided step of the trained soldier. He held the heavyweight championship of the Russian Army for several years. Bauman is well educated, soft spoken and has the bearing and mannerism of a man used to mixing with people of culture. He is a linguist. He speaks several languages fluently.

* * *

Karol Schuster

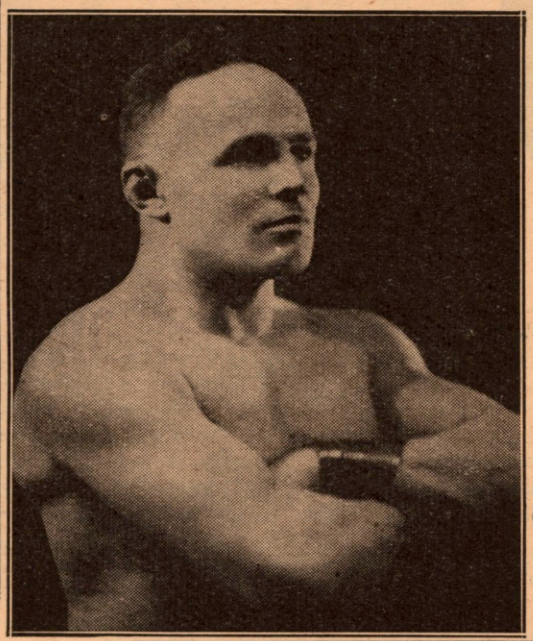
HE comes from Austria. He also is a powerful man, tipping the scales at 240 pounds. Schuster was here before and many will remember him because of his strength and stamina. He was among the top-notch matmen during the golden years of wrestling and returned to Europe after two seasons here. His name figured prominently in European tourneys. He took part in major meets in Rome, London, Paris, Warsaw and many other centers.

* * *

PFEFFER has other good matmen signed up for the winter. Victor Soldat, Chicago's strong man, 225 pounds of him, is one of them. Soldat has been wrestling in the West and Middle West and now invades the Eastern states to gain recognition with the big fellows. Then there is Art Generous of Clifton, N. J. He, too, is out to take a hand with the big fellows and the Jerseyite, at 220 pounds, has the right weight and experience to face them. There are also many light-heavyweights.

* * *

RENATO GARDINI is making a comeback. Perhaps many of you have lost sight of Gardini, but you would be making a mistake if you think that the great Italian wrestler has been out of the game. On the contrary, Renato has been very much in it and for the past several years he has been in Buenos Aires, still going strong.



George Bauman, a scientific wrestler.

Gardini is a unique personality. No wrestler held the headlines for so many years, pitting his science and tricks against the world's most famous wrestlers. Today, Gardini, turned forty, is still in fine physical condition. Strong as they come, what he lacks in speed he makes up in mat tricks and in coaxing his younger opponents into openings.

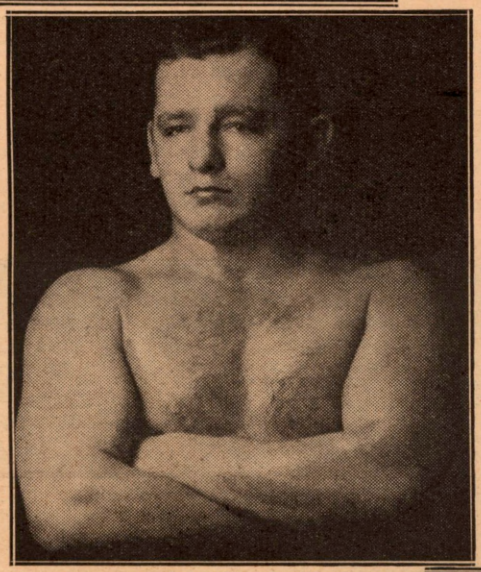
The years spent in the republics south of the Equator have served Gardini well. He has remained a top-notch wrestler and in Buenos Aires, with its enormous Italian population, Gardini rates high with them. Renato believes he can take care of himself against the new stars which have come along during his absence.

The indoor wrestling season will soon be in full swing again and all the newcomers will be seen in action. This year, because of world conditions, it has been more difficult to recruit talent, but Pfeffer is satisfied that his newcomers compare favorably with the importations of other years. The final judgment, however, is for the fans themselves to decide and Jack confidently awaits their verdict.

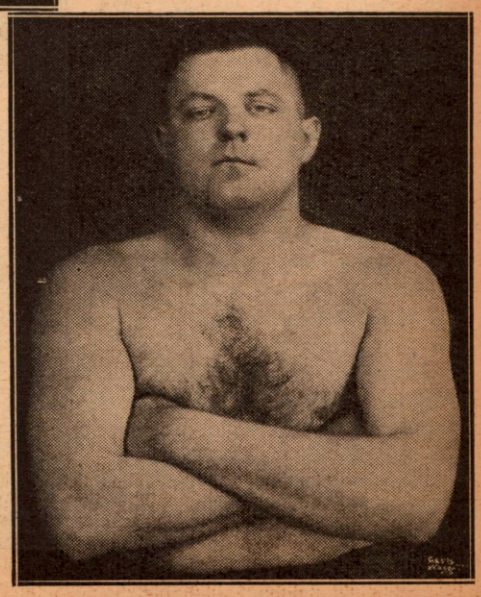
* * *

DESPITE the war, wrestling in New Zealand is going on with the same vim as heretofore, writes Pat Robinson of Auckland, N. Z. The presence of several high class American matmen has added interest to the game, but the chief attraction since the opening of the season, as was expected, was Earl McCready, claimant of the British Empire championship. Earl engaged in several defenses of his crown and successfully went through his matches until he clashed with John Katan, former Canadian title-holder, on July 8. Then McCready furnished the biggest upset in several years when he lost his title to Katan.

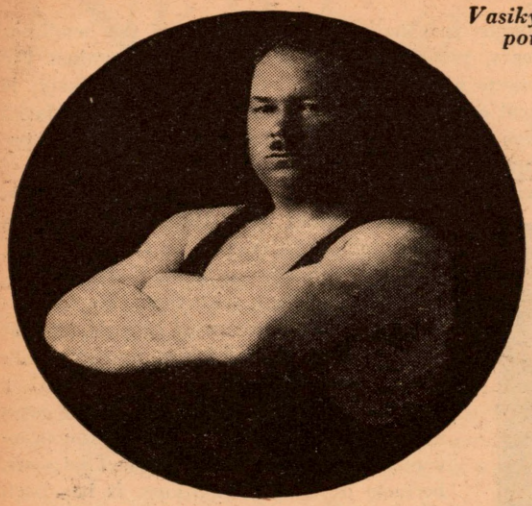
McCready, who held the title so long that he was placed in a class by himself down here, had suffered only three defeats prior to the Katan loss in four years of activity. Don George beat him at Carlaw Park, Auckland, through an accident. The following year in America, Earl contested with Dean Detton in a world championship bout and McCready lost when his second threw in the towel. The third setback came at the hands



Art Generous of Clifton, N. J., a good heavyweight.



Victor Soldat, Chicago Strong Man.



Vasiky Krechet, 280-pound Russian.

of Dick Raines at Christchurch on June 5th of this year. In each case McCready avenged the defeat.

In none of the bouts which he lost was the British Empire crown at stake. Sergeant Major Lofty Blomfield has been Earl's strongest opponent in New Zealand and Blomfield will now be matched with Earl's conqueror in a championship bout.

It was seven years ago that Katan beat McCready. McCready won the Empire title back in 1933 when he beat Jack Taylor in Canada. Katan won the McCready match last month when he obtained the lone fall in the seventh round after even wrestling in the early rounds. He forced McCready's shoulders to the mat with a step-over toe hold.

On June 21, McCready was extended to the limit to gain a draw with Katan after each had secured a fall. They gave a splendid exhibition of rugged and scientific wrestling. The clever attacks of each were roundly applauded.

Wrestling is well patronized in New Zealand where it has become the leading sport. Chief Little Wolf, Lofty Blomfield, McCready, Katan, Joe Corbett, Dan O'Connor, Dick Raines and George Harben are the leading performers. Several matches have been staged for the sick and wounded fund and the response has been excellent.

It is hoped that Jim Londos will consent to come over. If he does, he will get a chance to meet the new champion of McCready in a world title match. It is also hoped that Jack Sherry will make the trip here. New Zealanders are eager to see this fine wrestler in action if he gets to New Zealand, where big money is awaiting him. A bout between him and Katan would go big. So would one with McCready, and should he come and beat both, he would be matched with Londos for the world crown if Jim would consent to such a bout. Despite the war, New Zealanders still take their wrestling seriously and are willing to part with their good money to see good matches.

* * *

YOUNG GILDO, the evergreen Filipino featherweight, is now in New Zealand, after a prolonged visit to Australia, and will have a few bouts. During the past two years Gildo has had well on fifty contests, suffering defeat on only six occasions. Due to his superiority over the rest of his division the Filipino has been compelled to meet men in the light and welterweight classes. Even under this disadvantage his performances have been outstanding. He is the only boxer to score a victory over Johnny Hutchinson, who in turn has beaten several welterweights. Gildo drew with the Chinese sensation, Kui Kong Young, while in Australia.

Gildo romped home an easy winner over the Dominion lightweight champion, Jack Jarvis, at the Auckland Town Hall on April 29. It was a twelve-round points decision.

So much for the wrestling news from this side. With the new American Clipper service to New Zealand in full blast, I have decided to rush these wrestling notes so that our American friends will get an earful of what is taking place on on this side of the world in the mat sport.

Earl McCready, who has been dethroned as British heavyweight king.

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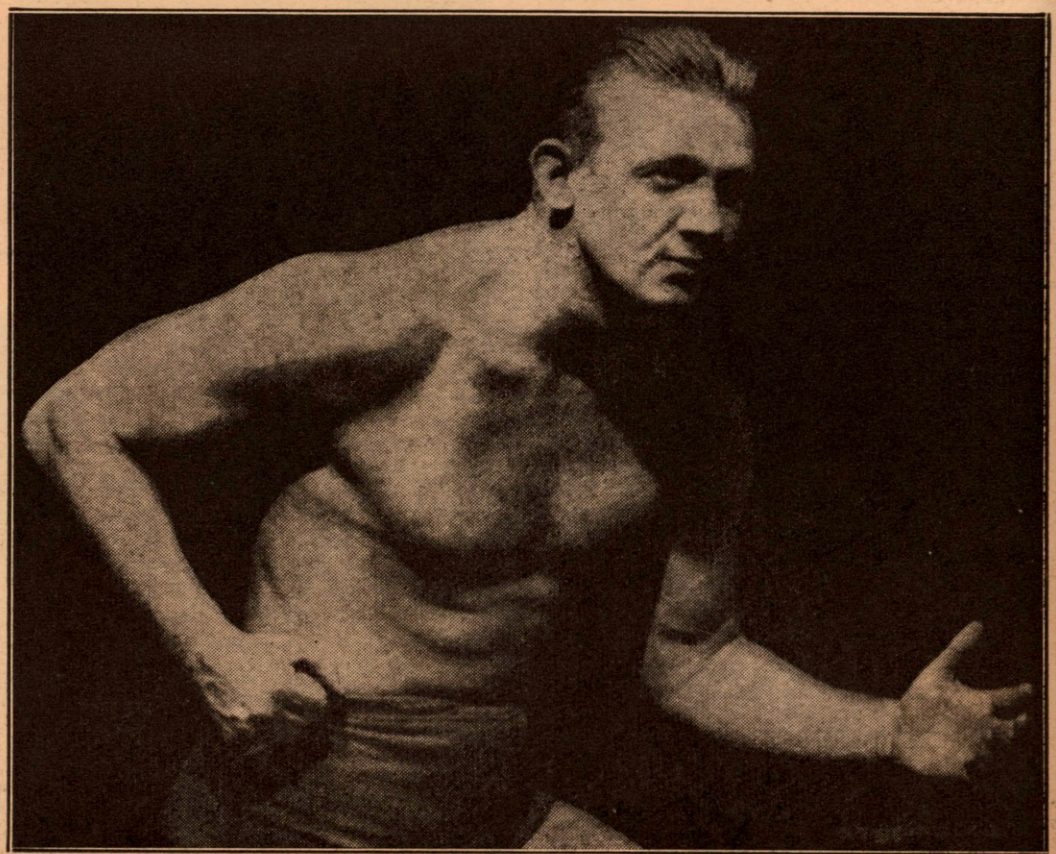
WRESTLING News from Hawaii, by Theodore Yamachika, follows: Professor Tetsuo Higami, otherwise known as the rubberman, due to his ability to get out of most holds by stretching, became the new Hawaiian champion by dethroning Billy Venable, two out of three falls, before a crowd of six thousand rabid fans. The popular Japanese grappler, ever since his return to Honolulu, has been perfecting a hold called the "snoozer," so named for its anesthetic effect. It paralyzes the throat muscles. It was this very hold which was responsible for Higami's victory and the controversy which followed. Since the hold is applied on the neck much in the manner of a strangle, there are many who believe it should be barred as an illegal hold.

On the other hand, those on the other side of the fence contend that it is no more a strangle than a toe hold. Whatever the verdict, the hold itself is a jiu-jitsu trick which applies pressure on a certain nerve or nerves near the neck and this makes the victim lose consciousness. Anyway this "snoozer" or "sleeper" is Higami's specialty and he has proven his adept touch by putting away quite a number of capable opponents in- *(Continued on page 46)*



Jessie Apollo, the American Adonis.

Toots Mondt, whose wrestlers in California have revolted.

Pacific Coast WRESTLING

By BERNICE SANDBOE

THE biggest item in wrestling last month was the news that the burly boys in California have at last staged a wrestlers' rebellion and a whole truckload of them upped and walked out on the brothers Daro and the brothers Mondt, who had controlled the industry on the Pacific Coast. As a consequence, there ensued any number of court battles in which the wrestlers said all was not as it should be with the Daros' bookkeeping system in general, and the payroll department in particular.

Many of California's favorite wrestlers complained that they had to work for mere chicken-feed, so thought it time something was done about it. As we go to press, wrestling is at a complete standstill here. Among others, George Zaharias and Nick Lutze, both well liked in the industry, have their eyes on the promoting angle and may take over. Some of the best wrestlers in the world are located in California.

The "Daros' last stand" was far from impressive. Wrestling had been going from bad to worse and it was only momentarily revived when the Angel and his funny face appeared. An amusing note occurred in connection with this—it was the first time that the Olympic Auditorium had held a capacity crowd in many a moon, and on that particular night, three of the top flight wrestlers took the opportunity to attach the gate receipts for back salary due them.

The situation at the Hollywood Legion Stadium, however, which uses for the most part only light-heavy wrestlers, is just the opposite. The fans troop through the doors each week and are never disappointed with the wrestling. Jesse James, the Texas boy, is still the local idol, while two newcomers, Billy Raburn and Dave Reynolds, are showing the folks some mighty clever wrestling. Chief villains are Mike Nazarian, Yukon Jake and Jack Hagen.

* * *

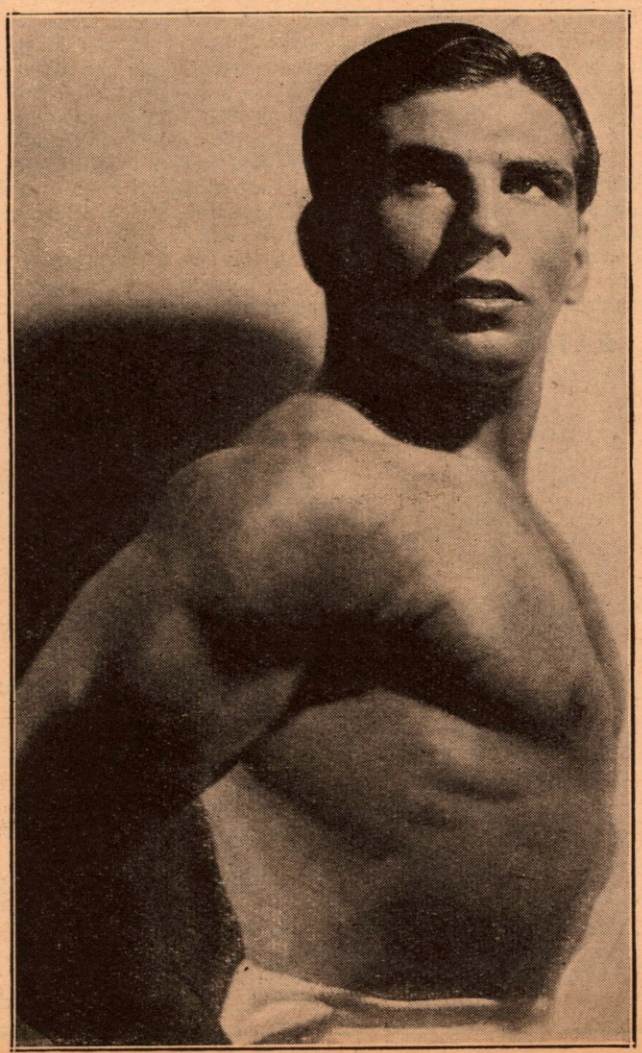
BRIEF BIOGRAPHY—ZACK GACEK—You couldn't miss him if you saw him strolling down the street. He's a big, smiling individual who would probably be attired in a cowboy outfit, complete with high-heeled boots and sombrero, and the loudest checked shirt you've ever seen. His name is Zack Gacek and here are a few paragraphs about him.

Zack was born in a little town on the outskirts of Warsaw, Poland, in 1908. When he was five years old the Gacek family decided to move to America and settled in northern Wisconsin, where Zack grew up. Like all country boys, he engaged in considerable amateur wrestling. He must have been good, for he caught the eye of the former world's champion, Fred Beel, who was living in Wisconsin at that time.

Through Beel's influence, Zack turned to wrestling as his profession and polished his apparent skill by studying under Farmer Burns. Before long he had developed into one of the most promising young wrestlers in the game. Since that time Zack's career has proceeded by leaps and bounds and he can be classed way up there when it comes to real scientific wrestling.

Zack has traveled considerably and always left behind him an admirable record. His hobby is clothes and he possesses any number of smartly tailored suits. But believe it or not, his cowboy outfit and his checked shirts are still his favorites.

Because his education was not completed when he was a youngster, he is constantly trying to improve himself and most any off-day from work will find him snooping around the library. He is one of the most studious wrestlers we have ever met and we admire him more than a little for his effort at self-improvement. He's greatly interested in the medical profession, and his real ambition was to be a doctor. We wish you could have achieved it, Zack, but if you had the wrestling industry would be minus a really swell guy.



Jesse James, one of the most popular wrestlers on the Pacific Coast.

* * *

THERE is ample room in California for several good promoters. Now that the Commission has banned Mondt from promoting unless he obtains a license and stops working with a stooge, and Daro has quit the business, the California Trust has been broken. Whether Mondt obeys the Commission and continues, remains to be seen.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

The outstanding fights of the month and the ranking of the leaders in each division based on recent performances

WHILE boxing in this country has suffered considerably during the summer because of the lack of new, attractive talent, the one division that held its own, was the middleweight section. With a fine field parading before the public, this division has taken on a new lease of life and should continue during the indoor season to furnish the best attractions.

Two events that took place during the past month, helped to keep the middleweight sector in the spotlight. First was the twist that caused the downfall of the National Boxing Association's champion, Al Hostak, who was stopped by Tony Zale, Midwestern socker in the 13th round at Seattle, and the other, was the fight between New York's world middleweight titleholder, Ken Overlin and Billy Soose at Scranton, Pa.

In the latter, though Ken was the victim of a weird decision, he gained national prestige by his fine work and with two such sterling battlers as Overlin and Zale now dividing the world middleweight honors, the division boasts of standard bearers such as ruled the roost in several years ago. Their rise has aroused the type of enthusiasm that was on display when Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb, Mickey Walker and Tiger Flowers were the leading attractions.

Henry Armstrong and Lew Jenkins clashed in a non-title match that proved Jenkins was no match for the powerful hitting welterweight king. Harry Jeffra retained his world featherweight title against Spider Armstrong when he put it on display at Baltimore in a 15-rounder. Georgie Abrams halted the winning stride of Cocoa Kid, who is ranked No. 1 among the welters. Abrams belongs in the higher bracket and the defeat does not affect Cocoa's ranking. Tommy Martin, British heavyweight, who has been living on the Pacific Coast, stepped into the first 10 with two knockout victories over Junior Munsell and Johnny Hanschen. Those were the highlights of the month in world fisticuffs. It was an active month even though no heavyweight title bout was staged.

Changes in the standing of the 10 leaders in each division follow: In the heavyweight section, Gus Dorazio is dropped from 10th and Tommy Martin takes his place. Krieger and Turkey Thompson change places in the light-heavyweight division, with Krieger going up one and Tony Cisco is replaced in No. 10 post by Fred Apostoli.

Howell King is dropped from No. 10 in the middleweight sector and Billy Soose enters the select circle in third place. Georgie Abrams is raised from seventh to sixth. Young Kid McCoy supplants Jack Larrimore in the welter class and several other shifts find Burley in third post, Mike Kaplan in sixth and Phil Furr in ninth.

Jimmy Tygh and Irving Eldridge have dropped from the 10 best lightweights to make room for Leo Rodak and Paul De Bello who are placed eighth and 10th respectively.

In the feather class, Joey Archibald is dropped to eighth, Rightmire is out of the select circle and Joe Marinelli goes into seventh place.

The final change shows Jimmy Stewart replacing Paddy Ryan among the first 10 in the flyweight class and Jimmy goes into seventh place with Ryan eliminated.

* * *

HERE is a resume of the month's outstanding contests: In the heavyweight class Red Burman scored a one-round knockout over Billy Mickel. Lee Savold is once again coming to the fore. He disposed of Domingo Valin in two and Billy Miske in three rounds. Buddy Walker turned in two victories over Johnny Whiters. Gunnar Barlund disposed of Italo Colonello in the third. Tommy Martin stopped Junior Munsell in the fifth and Johnny Hanschen in the sixth.

Gus Dorazio whipped Bobby Jones. Gus has been removed temporarily from the first 10 not through any fault of his own but because of the more advanced work of Tommy Martin. Jack Trammell whipped Eddie Blunt who stopped Tony Musto in the seventh. Buddy Knox won over Jorge Brescia, Chuck Crowell and drew with Carl Vinciquerra. Neville Beech kayoed Arthur Palmer in the third but was beaten by Jack Marshall, who in turn was trounced by Henry Wacker.

Nathan Mann scored over George Fitch. Tiger Jack Fox kayoed Pio Pico in the ninth, Abe Simon disposed of Ed Murray in four. Bob Sikes finished Bill Comiskey in three and Al Globe in four. Willie Reddish kayoed Bill Johnson in three. Al Delaney stopped Eddie Mader in the seventh. Paul Hartnek bested Charley Neaves. Tommy Tucker won from Henry Cooper. Nick Fiorentino defeated Joe Brickle.

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AMONG the light-heavyweights, Gus Lesnevich takes commanding position with a victory over Wally Sears. Sears was kayoed by Solly Krieger in three rounds. Krieger also disposed of Jarl Johnson in four. Melio Bettina whipped Joe O'Gatty. Fred Apostoli made a return to form with a two round kayo over Dale Sparr. Harvey Massey won from Tony Cisco. Bobby Jones scored over Eddie Pierce. Johnny Romero kayoed Blimp Williams in five and William Metcalf in the 10th. Frank Zamoris won over Mario Liani.

* * *

BILLY SOOSE starts his middleweight ranking with a victory over Ken Overlin. Official decisions are considered when it comes to ranking boxers and

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending August 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion Billy Conn	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Bob Pastor	Gus Lesnevich	Ken Overlin	Cocoa Kid
2—Max Baer	Anton Christoforidis	Tony Zale	Milt Aron
3—Arturo Godoy	Teddy Yarosz	Billy Soose	Charley Burley
4—Buddy Baer	Melio Bettina	Ceferino Garcia	Holman Williams
5—Red Burman	Jimmy Reeves	Al Hostak	Fritzie Zivic
6—Pat Comiskey	Solly Krieger	Georgie Abrams	Mike Kaplan
7—Lee Savold	Turkey Thompson	Archie Moore	Izzy Jannazzo
8—Buddy Walker	Lloyd Marshall	Ron Richards	Maxie Berger
9—Gunnar Barlund	Jimmy Webb	Jimmy Bivins	Phil Furr
10—Tommy Martin	Fred Apostoli	Steve Belloise	Young Kid McCoy
Lightweights	**Featherweights**	**Bantamweights**	**Flyweights**
World's Champion Lew Jenkins	World's Champion Harry Jeffra	Title Vacant	Title Vacant
1—Sammy Angott	Chalky Wright	George Pace	Jackie Paterson
2—Jackie Wilson	Jimmy Perrin	Tony Olivera	Little Pancho
3—George Latka	Pete Scalzo	Lou Salica	Little Dado
4—Pete Lello	Simon Chavez	K. O. Morgan	Enrico Urbinati
5—Bob Montgomery	Sixto Escobar	Kui Kong Young	Manuel Ortiz
6—Dave Castilloux	Spider Armstrong	Kid Tanner	Tiny Bostock
7—Baby Arizmendi	Joe Marinelli	Chick Delaney	Jimmy Stewart
8—Leo Rodak	Joey Archibald	Aurel Toma	Small Montana
9—Johnny Bellus	Bobby Ruffin	Tommy Kiene	Jackie Jurich
10—Paul De Bello	Larry Bolvin	Johnny Juliano	Joe Curran

whether it was bad or good, the fact remaining is that the victory is official. Overlin later whipped Ben Brown. Tony Zale disposed of Al Hostak in the 13th. Georgie Abrams whipped Cocoa Kid and was held to a draw by Charley Burley, a worthy welterweight contender. Archie Moore disposed of Fred Henneberry in the seventh round.

Ron Richards defeated Carmen Barth in Australia. Jimmy Bivins disposed of Johnny Barbara in the second. George Burnette was beaten by Nate Bolden but scored over Al Bernard. Buddy Waterman was beaten by Henry Chmielewski and Tony Bruno. Coley Welch bested Ted Lowry. Ernie Vigh flattened Eddie McLaughlin in four. Tami Mauriello, splendid New York prospect, kayoed Johnny McHale in four. Joe Delaney whipped Jack McNamee. Jose Basora disposed of Enzo Iannozzi in the first round.

* * *

WELTERWEIGHT Champion Henry Armstrong's six-round knockout over Lew Jenkins took first honors in that class. Cocoa Kid scored over Phil Furr. Milt Aron drew with Mike Kaplan in a stirring bout and also whipped Saverio Turiello. Holman Williams triumphed over Bill McDowell and kayoed Vinnie Vines in the fourth. McDowell whipped Bobby Cummings. Fritzie Zivic kayoed Leonard Bennett in four and scored over Kenny La Salle. Young Kid McCoy, Detroit's good looking prospect, makes his bow among the first 10. He scored over Billy Marquart, Tommy Speigal and Mansfield Driskell.

Bobby Britton was beaten by Jack Larrimore and Paul Carabantes. Larrimore is another recent member of the first 10 who was removed to make room for McCoy. Victor Dellicurti won from Frankie Cavanna. Jackie Donovan stopped Izzy Redman in the fifth. Jimmy Garrison whipped Carlos Miranda and drew with Dencio Cabanela. Al Davis started his comeback with a victory over Johnny Rinaldi. Leon Zorrita disposed of Jimmy Purcell in the seventh.

Carlo Orlandi scored over Cleto Locatelli. Ernie Roderick triumphed over Norman Snow. Al Smith disposed of Irwin Kay in the seventh. Norment Quarles stopped Billy Beauhuld in the third. Tony Chavez finished Red Green in seven.

* * *

SAMMY ANGOTT takes leading honors in the lightweight division with a victory over Nick Castiglione, a very impressive looking youngster from Chicago. George Latka whipped Baby Breese. Dave Castilloux defeated Ronny Beaudin. Leo Rodak scored over Johnny Bellus. Paul De Bello stepped into the running again with a six-round technical kayo over Pat Foley. Irving Eldridge drew with Tommy Speigal. George Zengaras bested Lennox Dingle and Victor Troise. Jimmy Tygh won over Lou Fortuna but was beaten by Aldo Spoldi.

Lew Feldman came through with a victory over Maxie Shapiro. Erwin Berlier whipped Nick Camarata. George Crouch kayoed Billy Moyer in one. Julie Kogan whipped Mickey La Marr and Willie Andrews. Johnny Hutchinson drew with Young Gildo. Gildo kayoed Clarrie Rayner in seven and split two decisions with Vic Caltaux. Bobby McIntire whipped Carmine Fatta.

Wesley Ramey whipped Nunzio Bisogno. Mike Gamiere drew with Gene Ward and Chico Romo. Willie Joyce drew and kayoed Jorge Morelia in one round. Joey Fontana won over Al Roth. Eddie Marcus whipped Frankie Martin. Marty Servo disposed of Eddie Zivic in the sixth. Ray Lunny whipped Claude Varner. Tippy Larkin won over Maxie Fisher.

* * *

HARRY JEFFRA retained his featherweight title by beating Spider Armstrong over the 15-round route. Chalky Wright disposed of Paul Junior in five and Joey Silva in seven. Here is really the class of the featherweight division. Wright, although a featherweight, has been going out of his class to clash with lightweights and welterweights. Jimmy Perrin whipped Pete De Grasse. Pete Scalzo whipped Ginger Foran and Maxie Fisher.

Joe Marinelli clinched his claim to recognition in the featherweight ranks with a victory over Joey Archibald. Bobby Ruffin won from Frankie Covelli. Larry Bolvin disposed of Georgie Harper in the fifth. Everett Rightmire drew with Sal Bartolo and then was stopped in the fifth because of a low punch. Richard Lemos kayoed Guy Serean in two. Al Reid whipped Vincenzo Dell Orto who scored over Nat Litfin. Joey Iannotti was stopped by Pablo Dano in the sixth but returned to even matters in their next bout. Dano was also beaten by Lou Barbetti who also scored over Paul Lee. Eddie Dempsey whipped Davey Crawford while Monty Pignatore defeated Paco Villa.

* * *

KID TANNER heads the bantam group with a three-round knockout over Billy Cakewell and a five-round kayo over Jimmy Stewart. Chick Delaney kayoed Rio Rico in the sixth. Johnny Juliano drew with Pablo Dano. Benny Goldberg whipped and stopped Charley Parham in the 10th. Mickey Miller won from Tommy Chapman and Don Melville. Jim Brady kayoed Young Chocolate in the fourth. Joe Foley scored over Frankie Bonser.

* * *

JACKIE PATERSON heads the flyweight group. He disposed of Young Chocolate in the second session. Little Dado whipped Jackie Jurich who scored over Nick Deposta. Jim Stewart bested Paddy Ryan while Joe Curran won from Billy Armstrong.

* * *

The eight best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—None available.

Bantamweight—Ray Fournier, N. H.

Featherweight—Chester Ellis, Kansas City, Mo.

Lightweight—Harry Hurst, Montreal, Canada.

Welterweight—Billy Carrigan, Baltimore, Md.

Middleweight—Al Tibbitts, Danville, Ill.

Light-heavyweight—Larry Baker, Boston, Mass.

Heavyweight—Johnny Shkor, Baltimore, Md.

The Ring Record Book of Outstanding Boxers

Beginning with the November issue, THE RING MAGAZINE will print the lifetime records of three great fighters every month. These will be authentic, complete, thoroughly official and correct.

If readers of THE RING will clip the three records which will be printed on a page each month, in time they will have the finest book of records of boxers yet published.

Paste these records into a scrap book. Or keep them loose until THE RING offers a chance to get a loose-leaf book in which these records may be preserved.

For a time, the publisher of THE RING planned getting out a record book. This scheme grew out of the fact that in the last year boxing had been left without an adequate compilation of records. For example, a book purporting to be a complete record came out some three months ago—without the records of Joe Louis and Billy Conn, among others.

Instead of printing a book which would entail additional cost to you, THE RING will publish three records each month, for you to clip out and save.

The first set of records, in the November issue, will include Billy Conn, Bob Pastor and Joe Louis.

Do not fail to get THE RING every month, and save this new feature. In time, you will have the greatest boxing record book in the history of fistic publications.

HOOKS FROM HULA LAND

By KEN MISUMI

"THIS is the toughest fight town I've ever worked in."

That's how Emmett Ledwith, visiting Los Angeles fight manager, rates Honolulu, capital city of the Hawaiian Islands. Emmett's beef is that local fans are too exacting in their demands, that this burg's sundry clout clientele label any fight lousy which doesn't develop into a gory slugging match.

Well, there's a grain of truth to what the veteran California fight handler says, but it really isn't so bad as he pictures it to be. Local fans will generously patronize a good boxing or slugging match but admittedly are pretty critical and caustic in their comments when it comes to taking in shows like the recent Clever Henry-Dave Lefton lightweight scrap at the Civic Auditorium. Henry won the fight at will, but it developed into a pretty dreary waltzing affair. Lefton is a Frisco boy. He stopped over in Honolulu for the Henry fray after an Aussie tour. Clever Henry, current Hawaii lightweight champ, also returned recently from a Down Under jaunt. Now domiciling here for the past three years, Henry originally hailed from Manila and is Negro-Filipino.

Honolulu's latest promoter is Alky Dawson, one-time lightie, who did a bit of boxing around the Pacific Coast about a decade back. Dawson's first fight was slated for August 9 at the Civic Auditorium with Clever Henry meeting Bruce Howard, United States fleet lightweight champ, in the main eventer. Impresario Dawson, incidentally, is being financially backed by Joe Neves, lessee of the Auditorium.

Black Joe, Manila bantam importation, who arrived here several months back with Manager Narciso Sangle, is slated to hit for Pacific Coast ports soon. Joe will work for Johnny Sylvester, Stockton promoter, in his first Coast scrap. The Manila bantam lost a close decision to Kui Kong Young a couple of months back here in town.

Clever Henry, local hot shot lightie, is also slated to make a California tour soon. Henry totes plenty of speed and ring savvy and should be able to win more than his share of fights when he goes on tour.

Moose Taussig, one-time prominent 'Frisco fight handler, matchmaker, promoter, second and gym operator, was due for another California vacation trek. Moose currently operates a flourishing Honolulu restaurant advertised as the "Oldest Bar in Town." He was slated to leave August 9 on his two months' jaunt.

There's work here for any capable American fighter, either in the bantam, lightweight or welter class, providing his purse demands aren't prohibitive . . . . Fighters are asked to contact this writer, Ken Misumi, Box 3080, Honolulu, Hawaii, for full information.

Draft Becomes Vital

(Continued from page 4)

interference from the drafting of outstanding boxers, but he knows that the times are perilous and the future clouded in doubt. So Jacobs is moving from day to day and not counting too heavily on the distant future.

At first he was willing to plan for 1941—plan with the feeling that he could rely on the future, more or less.

But now he feels he must rush on to all the things which the situation affords. That means getting all he can out of Joe Louis while the getting is good. It means getting all he can out of Conn this year. It means not waiting for Time to develop, and it means rushing programs along.

That's why you see Max Baer held out as the anchor to the windward.

While on the subject of the draft and its possible implications and effect on boxing, we are reminded of the benefices mobilization of our young men had on the sport in the World War. To be sure, we could have done without that war, with its terrible loss of American lives, and its futility. But the fact remains that out of the thousands and thousands of young men who enlisted or were drafted at that time, we got quite a few fine boxers.

Among them was Tunney. To be sure, Gene went into the Marines with some professional experience. But his boxing abroad developed confidence, and really started him on his successful career.

The list of those whom boxing got out of the A.E.F. would be far too long to print here. Even the list of men who became boxers in the service. We agree with Jimmy Bronson that out of the new draftees may come a successor to Joe Louis. Possibly some young man who now has no notion of becoming a ringster.

* * *

WHEN Pastor and Conn went into their argument in New York, Jacobs said that Louis would fight one or the other in September. If Pastor, the battle would be in Griffith Stadium in Washington. If Conn, Mike said the Louis scrap would be scheduled for Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. Conn is from Pittsburgh, and it is Mike's belief that his native city would turn out stronger even than New York to see Billy tackle Louis.

That idea of moving fights around the country has its good points, and its many bad ones, too. The good points lie in taking the pressure off New York which, after all, cannot keep assimilating all the heavyweight fights, and which turned a bit sour over the Paychek hoax.

However, New York always has been the safe harbor. New York and Chicago are best qualified to support big fights at big fight prices. Pittsburgh and Washington, by themselves, are not qualified to do so, and they must count on getting enough help from some of the bigger cities to put it over.

From what we can gather, Jacobs' experiments with dual promotion and partnership in profits has not been an altogether happy one. Any more than was Tex Rickard's invasion of Chicago for the second Dempsey-Tunney fight, and Philadelphia for their first encounter. Of course, the Chicago battle was a record-breaker financially, but Rickard vowed he never again would quit the Metropolitan area. His troubles with racketeers in the Chicago fight were colossal.

However, Mike Jacobs is an old campaigner, with his hand on the public pulse at all times, and if he thinks Washington and Pittsburgh are the spots, it's quite okeh with boxing, and with little old New York, which will not miss a fight—or half a dozen bouts, for that matter.

As a matter of fact, New York would just as soon see Louis fight elsewhere until the situation crystallizes itself, and a definite, worth-while, opponent for Joe is developed. The Big Town has got itself a bit excited over the lesser divisions, with emphasis on the lightweights.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jenkins of Texas did not make a more robust stand against Henry Armstrong, as Jenkins had fired the Metropolitan imagination, and created a tremendous interest in the division which it had taken to its heart with the acquisition of the title by Benny Leonard.

* * *

HAD Jenkins stood up with Harrowing Henry, Jacobs could have forgotten about heavyweights for a while and treated New York to a lightweight carnival. But now Mike finds that in Henry he has a lesser counterpart of Louis, and that neither fighter is confronted with a worth-while challenger.

Really, the situation is strange. When Dempsey was the champion, fighting very seldom, and getting big rates, he was the standout, and yet harassed. Harry Wills, the Negro, figured he was the better fighter and gained the support of many of the experts. As things turned out, Harry was not quite the battler his supporters figured he was.

However, harassed Dempsey was. Jack would have met Wills, but Rickard did not believe that a fight involving a Negro would pay. For some reason, Tex had something akin to a superstition in that regard. One wonders what he would have done in the current picture, with a Negro the titleholder.

In any event, Dempsey was harassed. Gene Tunney was beset with challengers. In fact, right down the line we note that the holders of the heavyweight title had some particular scrappers who harried them. But here is Louis ready to fight anybody, anywhere, at rates amenable to Messrs. Black and Roxborough.

Suppose the draft did take Louis. What would he do? Would the military authorities put him into the service, or would they use him for propaganda, entertainment and instruction, to tour the camps, teach the boys, box exhibitions and help to maintain the morale of a vast army of young men gathered in times of ostensible peace?

* * *

COULD Louis' being taken in the draft interfere with his fighting dates? It is hard to say. When England went into the present war, there was a disposition by the military officials to let the boxers continue with their professional programs, as representatives of the Army, Navy or the Air Force. There was talk of sending Tommy Farr to New York in a British uniform, to fight Louis again and act as a sort of good-will ambassador to American sports loving folks.

But as the war became more intense, all ideas of letting Farr or any other British boxer-service men come to the United States became dissipated. The business confronting the British military authorities became far too serious.

It is entirely conceivable that Louis would welcome the chance to tour the army camps of the United States. We do not doubt that men like Conn and other famous boxers could perform great service in similar capacities.

However, all this is peering into a future which is shrouded in doubt, not only for the boxers, for all the citizens of the United States—the citizens of the whole world, in fact.

There is no doubt that in the midst of uncertainty, Mike Jacobs is concentrating pretty heavily on Conn. This is the man who is to be developed, on whom much care is to be lavished. In Conn, Jacobs sees another Tunney, capable of achieving the big things which Gene accomplished with his two triumphs over Dempsey and his tenure of a title which he turned in, unbeaten.

On Conn, there is a vast difference of expert opinion. Some of the boxing cognoscenti say Conn will make it. They insist that Louis is not a superman. They point to Joe's first fight with Arturo Godoy, which went fifteen rounds, with the Chilean's supporters feeling justified in their clamor that their man had been bilked. If Godoy, with so little in the way of fistic wares, with so little beyond that nutty crouch of his, could baffle Louis for fifteen rounds, how about the skillful boxer Conn?

* * *

THERE is another school of fistic thought which insists that Conn is not big and strong enough and not able to take the hard punches of Louis.

This sect sees no second Tunney in Conn because Conn hasn't the mentality of Tunney.

Tunney was a self-made fighter. He started out a mediocre scrapper, and having set a goal for himself, he would not be denied. He had a tenacity which we doubt is possessed by Conn.

Tunney made up his mind he would be champion. He studied and placed himself under a strict and restrictive regimen which meant passing up the good time. We do not believe Conn can steel himself to any such Spartan system of living.

Tunney planned his career, he planned everything right to the life he now enjoys, in a respected position, with a fine family, plenty of money. Conn cannot plan that way. He hasn't the machinery for such planning, or the human potentialities.

So much for Conn as a second Tunney. There was one Tunney and there never again will be a second. Not that Gene was all copy book maxims, and the ideal. He had his faults. But these were not fistic.

This is not to be taken to mean that we bar Conn from having a chance; that we preclude the possibility of his growing in fistic stature.

Meanwhile, as Pastor and Conn come out of their corners, and Louis stands in the background, remember all the considerations which lie behind the planning of Mike Jacobs.

Dempsey Criticism Unfair

(Continued from page 5)

WHEN Dempsey first appeared in New York City in 1915 and put up his hands in a few of the local clubs, a prediction that he would later on wear the heavyweight crown would have evoked derisive laughter. Dempsey looked like anything except a champion. He was a scrawny looking youngster and his boxing was redolent of amateurism. His work in the ring was far below that shown by Firpo in his bout with Brennan, and Dempsey also lacked the aggressiveness of the South American giant.

Thus it can be seen that although Dempsey's early performances in the ring were mediocre and by no means suggestive of future greatness, yet he has developed into one of the greatest heavyweights in the history of the ring.

Shortly after Dempsey placed himself under the management of Kearns, the boxer improved in hitting. Previously he had punched only with his right hand, using his left almost entirely for defense. According to Kearns, he strapped Dempsey's right arm to his side and compelled him to do all his hitting work with his left. This system was continued for months in training quarters, with the result that Dempsey developed terrific hitting power in his left.

* * *

IT was with a staggering left hook to the face that Dempsey sent Willard to the floor seven times in the first round at Toledo. It was a terrific left hook in the pit of the stomach that took all the fight out of Fred Fulton at Harrison and it was a left hook to the body that started Carpentier on the road to defeat at Boyle's Thirty Acres.

While a left to the face or body was Dempsey's favorite blow, yet his right for the ribs and jaw was very effective. He shot the right straight for the mark, in sharp contrast to the overhand right that Firpo would swing at the head. Dempsey's weight was behind each punch.

Dempsey was a master of every known method of ring attack, modern or ancient. He used the left straight or hooked and he shot the right straight for jaw or body. Dempsey appeared to have discarded the swinging right he used against John Lester Johnson and developed into the most accurate and effective hitter in the heavyweight class.

The writer's first view of Dempsey in action was when he faced John Lester Johnson in a decisionless bout of ten rounds in John the Barber's Club, now known as the Commonwealth S. C., 135th Street and Madison Avenue. Incidentally, John the Barber was Dempsey's manager at this time and proudly proclaimed that Dempsey was destined to capture the title in the near future.

JOHNSON and Dempsey were well matched in size and skill and the bout lasted the limit, neither man having a decided advantage in points. Each laid claim to the unofficial decision and while the Negro had a shade the better of the encounter, yet the records merely announce that there was no decision.

The Negro was more effective than Dempsey, for a pair of the latter's ribs were damaged by Johnson's body blows. Dempsey at that time proved to be a one-handed battler. His defense was by no means good and in attack he swung his right. Johnson's defense was superior to that of his opponent and the Negro escaped serious damage.

Among other contests Dempsey engaged in on his first visit to New York were ten-round bouts with Wild Bert Kenny, the amazing Andre Anderson and Dan Ketchell of Bridgeport, Conn. Kenny and Anderson stayed the limit of ten rounds each, but Ketchell was stopped in the fifth round.

Dempsey followed up these by no means brilliant exploits with a knockout in the first round by Jim Flynn early in 1917. This reverse has been explained as a defeat due entirely to a "business" arrangement with the Flynn delegation, and this seems to have been substantiated later on when Dempsey stopped the redoubtable Flynn early in the opening round.

The Dempsey of those days is no longer with us. He can't stand the strain of a continued heavy bombardment, but he still can sock. The "sock's the thing in boxing," and with that at his command, Jack can pack 'em in wherever he appears. That's why an attempt should be made to induce Dempsey to appear on a gigantic Red Cross card. Wouldn't the public pay a fortune to see Jack and Gene Tunney engage in a six-round bout? Here's a suggestion. Let's have some action.

The Ring's Quiz

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HOW much do you really know about fights and fighters? If you can come through with three out of five you can pat yourself on the back as an expert in the history of the game. The answers will be found on page 45.

1—According to the Marquis of Queensberry Rules, how many minutes constitute a round? According to those rules, if a bout is halted for any reason whatsoever, how does this fight go into the records?

2—What other fighters besides Lew Jenkins and Henry Armstrong engaged in a handicap match in which one contestant was welter king and the other, the lightweight champion?

3—If a fighter is down, and the referee counts ten just as the fighter gets up, can the fighter continue or is he knocked out?

4—True or false—When a fighter is knocked out of the ring, he must be given twenty seconds to return; a boxer may hold the ropes as long as he cares to, in order to protect himself from falling to the canvas; Johnny Kilbane won the featherweight title from Abe Attell; Goldfield was the city where Jack Johnson fought Jim Jeffries; for what are the following cities famous—Carson City, Reno, Nevada; Shelby, Montana.

6—Who were the participants in the following—The Battle of the Palms; the Battle of the Century; The Battle of the Long Count; the Fight across the Rio Grande.

Troupers of the Ring

(Continued from page 11)

preferred trouping to training. Like Rosenbloom, bobbing, ducking David, believed the best way to keep in shape was by fighting and the late Leo P. Flynn respected his wishes and kept him busy. Economically also, Shade believed constant boxing was the best system.

"Why just stall around and wait for the big dough," Dave would declare, "when you can be knocking off those thousand dollar purses all over the map."

Other modern followers of the old-time fighting troupers who pop up all over consistently are Paul Junior, 35-year-old Maine scrapper, who has been a mainstay in New England towns, particularly for a long time. Everette Rightmire makes the whole country his scene of operations. He's a real little trouper.

"Greek Ambassador" George Ades and his baby-faced brawler, Quentin Baby Breese, at the moment in California, spend most of their lives on trains, hopping from one place to another. Joey Marinelli, Dayton featherweight barnstormer, whose light has been hidden under a small town bushel for some time, emerged as a trouper with big time possibilities when he defeated former title-holder Joey Archibald last month.

* * *

ALTHOUGH he has slowed his schedule just a bit, Henry Armstrong belongs up near the top of any list of boxing barnstormers, past or present. Even as a double and triple title-holder, the little Tan Terror was a familiar figure in almost every town that held a boxing club.

Before his eyes went bad, John Henry Lewis campaigned up and down the country, meeting all comers. The veteran Eddie Simms is another who has plied his wares.

There are those among the most ardent fight fans who blame the boxing slump to lack of competition around the country. They contend that if many of the leading American fighters were not sewed up by promoters and could show their wares in various parts of the country, they would be aiding the sport by developing not only new talent but new fight fans, but sewed up as they are today, the activity is limited to the bigger cities with the result that boxing is in its lowest slump since the depression of 1930.

Boxing owes a vote of thanks to such fighters as we have already named in addition to Chuck Crowell, Milt Aron, Fritzie Zivic, Sammy Angott, Leo Rodak, Tony Zale and Fred Apostoli among others, who have not hesitated to fight in sections far and wide and thus have helped keep the sport alive in parts where otherwise it would be dead.

Among the great troupers of the old days were Jack Johnson, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, Frank Childs, Kid McCoy, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, John L. Sullivan, Sam Langford, Jimmy Clabby and Tommy Burns. Burns was a top-notcher in this line. He traveled all over, meeting all comers.

"Educated Feet"

(Continued from page 35)

GIBBONS and McFarland were real "phantoms." They both could fade away from an opponent's wallop as though by magic and yet a moment later be back landing lightning-like punches. The ability to shoot over a real punch while dancing on the toes may be a gift, as some say, but old-time battlers devoted much time and study to the matter. McFarland pretty well summed up the case in an interview he gave in 1912.

"If you keep your feet moving it stands to reason the other fellow will find it hard to reach you with a solid punch. Some fighters cannot hit with effect unless they set themselves, sort of anchor themselves to the ring. These fellows can do a lot of harm when they land one 'from the hip,' but they land few of that sort on the experienced man.

"Any really clever boxer can make the most of these lads wear themselves out in wild swings. I learned from experience that by making a man miss often I could accomplish much. As soon as a fighter finds out he can't land his best blows he becomes disheartened. Then the other fellow has the victory half won and he can finish it by accurate punching even though his blows may lack unusual force.

"But you can't make a man miss—even a comparatively poor boxer—unless you know how to use your feet. Nor can you get in your damaging jabs unless you can do some lively dancing.

"It is true that even if you were a sort of ring Pavlowa you would still 'eat' plenty of punches. I have absorbed my share and so has every other boxer of experience, no matter how agile he is on his toes. But good footwork does unquestionably help. Even when you can't keep them off your jaw, if you're quick enough you can throw yourself an inch or two this way or that way and reduce the damage."

Jack Johnson was for a man of his size a marvelously clever boxer. He could move around the ring quite rapidly. It came natural to him to spring away or step quickly in for a punch. He moved about the ring as naturally as a tiger moves about its cage.

It is doubtful if Jim Corbett ever had his equal in this style of fighting. More than thirty-five years ago, when Corbett knocked out Sullivan at New Orleans, he proved definitely for the first time in the history of the ring game that nimble feet counted for more than hard, but slugging fists.

Those who witnessed that memorable battle are still talking about how the youthful boxer absolutely dumbfounded the plodding slugger with his lightning maneuvers. He danced around John L. so fast that he had the old fellow dizzy just from trying to keep his eye on him.

In the third round of that bout Sullivan turned to his seconds and snarled in rage: "I can't hit him, he goes around so fast. I don't think I could hit him with a telegraph pole." But Corbett was not only expert at avoiding punishment. He could administer his share of it and he punched Sullivan into submission.

Even a better example of cleverness in footwork on the part of this boxer is to be found in a fight he lost. He made a ludicrous novice of Jim Jeffries round after round and then, in a moment of carelessness, ran into the punch that finished him off.

Corbett was probably the greatest in this respect, but he was by no means the only boxer of those old days who could shake a foot when occasion demanded. There was Kid McCoy; he was no slouch. And Tommy Ryan, former middleweight champion; "Mysterious Billy" Smith, Joe Gans, Frank Erne, Jack McAuliffe, George Dixon, Billy Plimmer, "Pedlar" Palmer, Cal McCarthy and a lot of others who realized the value of clever footwork and made a study of it until they were good at it.

But of all these men, barring perhaps Corbett, Young Griffo of Australia took the solid bone collar button. He couldn't hit, but that made little difference, since no one could hit him. He boxed McAuliffe, Kid Lavigne, Dixon and most of the other good ones of the division and clearly won most of his bouts on points, though he was usually deprived of the decision. He was a "natural freak," if such a thing is possible. Someone once asked Griffo how it was that he never received a black eye or bloody nose in these battles.

"You see, sir, I fights with me feet as well as me bloomin' hands and that's what fools 'em," was the answer, with a droll smile.

* * *

A FAST stepper can wage an aggressive as well as defensive campaign. He can gum up an opponent's pre-arranged plans and counter effectively. Benny Leonard took revenge for an earlier defeat at the hands of Lew Tendler, when, on July 23, 1923, at the Yankee ball park he beat the great portside slinger by dexterous footwork. In training for the contest which, by the way, drew 60,000 customers, Leonard employed four southpaw partners in workouts so he could improve his footwork and take Tendler by surprise.

"I experienced a little difficulty at the beginning of the training session with these partners," Benny stated when interviewed after that fight, "but quickly I got on to their way of doing things, and within ten days I had gotten down to a point where I could make them miss, miss very badly in spots, and cross my right any time I felt like it. As the battle drew near I felt reasonably confident of winning the fight because I knew in my own heart and soul that Tendler's trick left-handed delivery wouldn't bother me one bit.

"When I finally met him I had his number from the very beginning, ducking in and out of his right jabs, sneaking in some left hooks and making him miss like the veriest dub. My best work, I believe, was the combination of footwork and countering and all hands agreed that in this mode of battling I had it all over the Philadelphian. Harry B. Smith from away out San Francisco way, who saw Gans at his best, said that my countering on that occasion was the best thing he had seen since the halycon days of the Baltimore King."

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 27)

Galway lad who rejoiced in the title of "Champion of Ireland." Peter was fortunate enough to get into the pugilistic game at the time it began to appeal to the sport loving public as a good thing to patronize.

His first desire to become a fighter dated back to the time when John L. Sullivan toured England and Ireland as America's greatest champion. Peter's arrival in America was exploited in a manner most novel and the publicity thus gained was the beginning of the ballyhoo tactics we now so frequently employ.

Tugboats and a large excursion boat were sent down the river to meet the ship on which Peter arrived and the welcome he received was that fit for a king. The flotilla of boats that surrounded the ocean going liner at Sandy Hook had a tremendous number of Irish enthusiasts aboard. Every Irish organization was well represented and it was amidst these throngs of admirers in scenes never before witnessed upon the arrival of a fighter that Maher made his entry into the port of New York.

He started his American career in a manner that presaged success but after his defeat at the hands of Fitzsimmons at New Orleans, when Ruby Robert caused Peter to quit in the twelfth, when he couldn't respond to the sound of the bell and his seconds tossed in the sponge, he hit the downgrade. That fight was Peter's greatest. Thereafter he won many contests, but also was frequently beaten. He clashed with the ring's greatest heavyweights.

Maher had one of the greatest right hands in the history of the roped square. He could get his punch through with terrific speed and thus its effectiveness was tremendous. Unfortunately, he was not of the school that carried through once an advantage was gained. One round Peter would show remarkable skill and hitting power only to dwindle to carelessness and shiftlessness in the succeeding session.

He liked to loaf and that was the reason for his defeats. He was a shifty fellow, solid on his feet when roughing it, feinted with the skill of Jack Johnson and had considerable strategy. His left hand was accurate, in constant motion and when he landed with it, the punch was usually a very stiff one. He would waste many lefts in order to get the opening to cross with his best weapon, the right.

He was a great fighter, a credit to the sport which took him to its bosom. Only Joe Louis of the present crop of heavyweights would have been Peter Maher's master were the Peter of old in his prime today.

Irish heavyweight champions may come and go—in fact, most of the so-called Celtic title-holders "debuted" in this country were of such spurious quality that they were gone as soon as they came—but Peter Maher remains in fistic annals the only real big glove monarch of Erin. To the present generation, he is but a shadowy personality dimly outlined against the pugilistic backgrounds of the past. But in the nineties, Peter was an extremely dominant force in the tide of boxing events, although never destined to attain the status of a world champion.

Peter was a philosopher. He coined many philosophic phrases. In the fight game and in later life, he was always the true sportsman. His code of gameness was practiced when fortune was with him and when it deserted him. Nobody ever heard Peter complain.

Jeffra at His Best

(Continued from page 12)

rounds, he still would have been awarded the verdict because of his last round finish. He was much the stronger and did most of the heavy fighting in that final session.

The crowd almost to a man got to its feet when the verdict was announced and cheered it and the fighters. There could be no doubt that the defending title-holder was entitled to keep his crown and the fans showed their appreciation. As for Armstrong, he received rounds of applause for his fine showing. He had won the hearts of the Baltimore fans and he will be welcomed to their city any time he chooses to accept their hospitality. Unless I miss my guess, Spider will be seen in action in the Oriole City quite frequently.

Baltimore, which now has staged two championships in two months, has proved its right to major contests by the manner in which its boxing enthusiasts turned out for each. Stanley Sheer, boxing commission chairman, is to be congratulated for bringing to the city such competition. He is a live-wire executive who not only knows the ropes, but is a willing worker, and like the New York State boxing fathers, is ever on the alert to protect the fans.

The latest big time venture, staged by the Century Athletic Club, with Sylvian Bass as matchmaker and Lou Fisher, promoter, was run off as smoothly as any in New York. Orderly procedure in and out of the ring is the motto under which this club stages its shows and with every seat holder getting what he paid for, the club has built up a fine patronage.

Baltimore is back on the fistic map, this time to stay.

The Saga of Peter Maher

(Continued from page 21)

semi-final, there was a fifteen-minute wait before Maher came strutting down the aisle to the ring. His rooters, mostly from the Old Sod, gave him an uproarious reception, despite the fact that they were shivering to the marrow.

Then they looked around for McCoy. The Kid was nowhere to be found. The foxy fighter locked himself in his room and purposely kept Peter Maher freezing in the arena. Peter's teeth were chattering for nearly an hour before Kid McCoy made his appearance.

Maher was stiff with the cold and angry enough to kill his opponent were he able to do so. In order to prevent himself from freezing he took a couple of shots of whisky and that did not help his condition any.

When McCoy finally did enter the ring Peter rose from his chair, pointed his finger at the Kid and said, "Ye durty coward, keeping me waitin' and freezin' out here."

McCoy kidded him along, induced him to shake hands and to forget it.

"Let's shake and be friends. You'll come out all right, Peter."

Peter remembered these words, for a little while later they carried Maher out of the ring after McCoy had knocked him silly and when he came to, Peter remarked: "The Kid wuz right, he told me I'd come out all right and he wuz tellin' the truth. They carried me out, all right."

An unsavory affair in which Maher was a principal, although no fault of his, was his meeting with "Mike Morrissey," alleged champion of Ireland, which was staged at the Lenox A. C. on June 20, 1899. During his so-called training "Morrissey" was kept behind closed doors so that no one got a chance to inspect him or his condition. On the night of the "contest" Morrissey had to be assisted into the ring, and with the first punch that Maher let go, the "champion" fell on the ring floor without being hit and refused to get up.

He had to be lifted out of the ring and carried to the dressing room. It developed that he had not come from Ireland, but was a truck driver and had been induced to enter the match by the promise of plenty of money, which he probably did not receive.

One of the hardest battles Maher ever engaged in was his 20-round draw with Gus Ruhlin at the Lenox A. C. on May 2, 1899. It was a give and take affair from beginning to end, both being tired and bloody at the close. Neither had any advantage at the finish and the referee was justified in calling the bout a draw.

Of Peter Maher it may truly be said that he had a punch that should have gained for him the world heavyweight championship, but the breaks seemed always to be against him. He was a powerful fellow. In the years following the World War he worked for a time as a supervisor for a shipping company in Jersey City and later in Philadelphia.

The Ring's Quiz Answers

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HERE are the answers to the questions printed on page 43:

1—A round consists of three minutes of fighting and one minute of rest. Thus a fight that terminates during the rest period, is recorded as a knockout in the round that had just ended.

2—Joe Gans, when lightweight champion, clashed with Joe Walcott, welter king and Benny Leonard when lightweight title holder faced Jack Britton, welter king.

3—A fighter who is on the canvas has ten seconds within which to get up. So long as he gets off the floor before the count of ten has been tolled, he may resume. Once ten is counted and any part of the fallen boxer's person still rests on the canvas, he is considered out.

4—A fighter knocked out of the ring, must be back in the ring and on his feet, in most states, before the count of ten is completed over him. Some states, however, grant him twenty seconds.

A boxer may hold on to the ropes as long as the referee permits him to do so. It is within the discretion of the official to start counting over him at any time he thinks such a count is so warranted by the actions of the fighter.

Kilbane won the title from Attell.

Goldfield is the city where the Gans-Nelson fight took place and where Tex Rickard blossomed forth as a national figure in boxing by promoting the affair.

5—Carson City was the scene of the Fitz-Corbett fight; Reno, the scene of the Johnson-Jeffries fight; Shelby, is where Dempsey fought Tom Gibbons.

6—Battle of the Palms, Sharkey vs. Stribling; Battle of the Century, Carpentier vs. Dempsey; Battle of Long Count, Dempsey vs. Tunney in Chicago; Fight across the Rio Grande, Peter Maher vs. Bob Fitzsimmons.

The Eccentric Judge Bean—

(Continued from page 9)

closer view of the hero when he was ready to leave.

Thus ended one of the most dramatic battles in ring history on this side of the Big Pond. It was the only bout in American ring history in which all branches of government — state and national — were openly defied to their worst.

That fight not only made Bob Fitzsimmons the leading contender for Jim Corbett's heavyweight title, a crown he won when he beat Corbett via the solar plexus route at Carson City, Nevada, the following year, but it also brought international fame to Judge Roy Bean and Langtry.

It put them both on the map. Little would have been known of either, except locally, were it not for the stories brought north from Texas by New York sportsmen who had accompanied Fitz and Maher to the battle ground.

It was the most historic battle in American Fistiana.

Judge Roy Bean, the picturesque, quaint character of the Southwest, died on March 11, 1902, at the age of seventy-two. In his room at the time were several pets, including a baby mountain lion, a cub bear and a cub lion. He was fond of wild animals and his hobby was to keep and train them. He presented a lion cub to Fitzsimmons just before Fitz went back north, and Ruby Robert created a commotion when he let the lion loose on the train. Fitz, like Bean, was fond of wild animals and always trained with a pet lion after he won the world championship.

Body Blows Whip Lew

(Continued from page 15)

face, he looked a sorry sight as he pleaded for air. Referee Donovan wasted no time. He told Hymie Caplan, manager of the defeated champion, that he would not permit Jenkins to go any further, but he didn't have to do that. Jenkins, body smeared with claret, eye cut, his spirit smothered under the crushing punches of Henry's flaying fists, was happy to have it all ended. The fighting fury of the welterweight champion had been too much for him and he was willing to call it quits.

New Faces

(Continued from page 34)

and that brought on a fist fight. Larrimore lashed out with a punch and the bully found his face kissing the wooden floor. The boss came out at the scuffle and ordered both from the confines of the office and Larrimore was started on a career—as a boxer.

He couldn't enter the amateurs because there was no pay in that kind of scuffling, so young Jack entered the pro ranks. He ran up a string of six consecutive victories before he was promoted to a main event in a Miami ring and lost a close decision to experienced Toby Tobias. The fight was such a great one that they came back two weeks later and battled to a draw, and that was the last fight in which Larrimore engaged that he didn't come down with the decision. He trounced Joe Spangler, Johnny Dean and Buster Carroll before he was signed to box Bobby Britton last year for the welterweight championship of the South.

The fight wasn't even close, Larrimore romping home in easy fashion to score a one-sided victory. He then kayoed Vic Fanazzo of the fighting Fanazzo clan and the Greek Ambassador stepped in.

In Miami for the winter season, George Ades became so impressed with the fistic qualifications of the good-looking youngster, a definite cinema type, that he closed a deal with Manager Gunner Jones in which he bought his contract for $1,000 and young Larrimore, 19-year-old kid, was brought to New York.

The youngster shook off the tightening effects of Gotham town hurriedly. In his first fight at White Plains with Eddie Carroll, Larrimore won a decisive decision, and such a hit did he make that he was brought back in three weeks with Wild Bill McDowell and fighting before a capacity house, Larrimore tamed the wildman for his 36th professional victory in 38 fights.

Jack was whipped by the more experienced Kid McCoy in his next start at the White Plains Club, but that gave him additional experience.

Stepping into the Queensboro A. C. as an opponent of Vic Dellicurti, Jack electrified the crowd by getting the decision at the end of eight rounds. Larrimore was floored three times in the early rounds, but through a gallant display of pluck, he came through with the verdict. Then he added Bobby Britton to his list of victims, beating Bobby in ten rounds at Miami.

* * *

Al Gilbert

HERE is another young middleweight prospect who will be heard from in the very near future. His name is Al Gilbert. Gilbert is managed and trained by Syd Fishel, who developed George Abrams and brought him through the amateur ranks and into the professional field so successfully. Brought along slowly and properly, Gilbert has met increasingly stronger competition with unvaried success. He has come along so well that he is now ready, his manager believes, for better opposition.

Al Gilbert was born in Danville, Virginia, May 9, 1917. He had the usual number of schoolboy fistic encounters, but it was not until after he joined the U. S. Army and was sent to Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, that he really became interested in boxing. During his two years of service, Al entered the various tournaments which are held regularly among the enlisted personnel. He had 12 fights in the Army and won 11 of them—seven via the kayo route. He won four decisions and held the Post heavyweight champion to a draw.

Discharged from the Army in August, 1939, holding a corporal's rank, Gilbert went to the nation's capital, where he was directed to Fishel's gymnasium. The two got together and so far have done very nicely.

Gilbert has now had 23 professional fights under the eye of his capable manager and has lost but three of them. In his second fight, Al lost a very questionable decision to Danny Murphy of Texas and in his fourth bout lost another four-rounder to Art Lind, Ken Overlin's highly-touted prospect. It was a "honey" of a fight and Al had Lind on the floor.

In a return match, his next fight, Al lost by a T.K.O. in the third round when Lind, after missing with a left hook, brought his arm back and his elbow connected with Al's eye, opening a deep gash, and the fight had to be stopped. Since that time, Gilbert has not lost a fight and reversed one draw decision in a return match with Eddie Miller of Philadelphia, from whom he won a six-round decision.

Last March found Syd and several of his boys in Florida. The American Legion Post at West Palm Beach accepted the entry of Gilbert in their then current light-heavyweight tournament and Al made a tremendous hit in his first appearance. He kayoed Buddy Rose in three rounds and displayed such terrific punching power that the fans went wild over him. His next fight saw him winning a 10-round decision over Leon Foucart at Orlando and the very next night he returned to West Palm Beach and made another hit in winning a unanimous decision over Pietri Georgi, a tough, seasoned campaigner, who had just lost a very close and disputed decision to Ben Brown.

Al had Georgi on the canvas three times. He gave him the worst licking he had ever received in Palm Beach. The next show found Al continuing his winning streak with a two-round kayo over Biff Holdstein, to put him in the final match for the tournament championship. This he won after a hard, fast 10-round fight with Jimmy Sheppard, who had won all but one of his fights in three years of campaigning in Florida.

Two weeks later, in a special match at West Palm Beach, he defeated Vincent Pimpinella in a fast 10-rounder.

Five feet ten inches tall and weighing from 162-165 pounds, Gilbert, with his punching power and boxing ability, will soon be a very potent threat indeed to the current middleweight and light-heavyweight crop. He is growing rapidly and may soon be a full-fledged 175-pounder.

Among some of the other men he has met are the following: Leo Stoll, won, K.O., 3; Nick Manfredo, won, K.O., 2; Ted Baccala, won, K.O., 2; Hunter Crostic, won, decision, 6; Killer Marino, won, K.O., 2.

Iron Nerve

(Continued from page 25)

methods have changed. Take, for instance, light and heavy bag punching. Stanley Ketchel was one of the best light bag punchers that I ever saw in the gymnasium. He wasn't as artistic as Bob Fitzsimmons for the simple reason that he didn't attempt the showy. He punched the bag with a rope hardly more than two inches long. He had it suspended high above his head, and he attacked it from the bottom rather than the sides. His bag punching was as different from Gene Tunney's or Jack Dempsey's as night is from day.

He got his cue of a high bag from little Matty Baldwin, perhaps one of the best students of boxing in his time. Matty was a great believer in the high bag attack.

He held that a man punching high at a bag for half an hour or so would find an actual fighting position of the hands ever so restful.

It was a sound bit of reasoning. Baldwin or Ketchel never grew arm weary when in condition. Baldwin didn't believe in the heavy bag any more than I do. He held that it tended to slow up a man. I agreed with him. Speed, speed, speed.

That's the secret. A fast bag aids it, a heavy bag retards it. Road work has become passe, yet, without it, lots of it, no fighter can hope to finish at top speed. When the legs are not tuned for a fight, the fighter isn't.

Making the Grade

(Continued from page 31)

the hard pressed old folks any financial assistance.

He had his troubles getting bouts in the Mound City, especially after he demonstrated he was the possessor of unusual punching powers. Just about the time when the sledding was toughest, who blew into town but old "Two-Ton" Tony Galento, for his engagement with Otis Thomas. "Two-Ton" sent out a call for sparring partners, and who bobbed up, but young Mr. Murray. The boys had only been sparring a minute, before Galento stopped a right that shook every glass off the shelves of his Jersey bar. Tony replied in kind. A sudden halt was called, and young Murray was paid off and sent on his way.

Among the onlookers on this occasion, was a relative of Art Romano of South Norwalk, Conn., a gas station owner who dabbles in pugilists on the side. The relative got in touch with Romano, and arrangements were made to send the punching phenom east.

Romano called in Bobby Gleason, New York gym owner to aid him in getting Murray started. Under the guidance of the pair, Murray has engaged in 16 bouts, winning 13 by knockouts, losing one, fighting a draw with Eldridge Eatman, and winning a four round decision over cagy Jim Howell.

Only man to beat him was capable James J. Johnson, who took a six round verdict from Murray last winter. On July 16, in South Norwalk, Murray more than evened that score by stopping Johnson in four rounds, dropping him four times, and wiping out the only reverse in his record.

Among Murray's other knockout victims are Abner Powell, and Eddie Gates, competent heavies.

Emanuel Murray is six feet one inch tall, rangy and loose limbed. He whips his long right out with cobra like swiftness, and no one has taken it yet and remained erect.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 38)

cluding the Italian strongman, Joe Parelli.

Coming back to the battle itself, Billy Venable won the first fall with a Boston crab less than fifteen minutes after the gong. But in his eagerness to gain the tell-tale fall Mr. Venable became a bit careless, fell victim to the "snoozer" and out he went like a light. He was so weakened by it that Higami had no trouble gaining the deciding fall.

Mike London, bewhiskered claimant to the world's light-heavyweight title, is undefeated to date. Promoter Al Karasick is trying to get London to risk his title against Higami's.

Charley Carr, a 180-pound rough-and-ready man, who hails from Shreveport, La., is a game and flashy performer. He doesn't like rough tactics and is not choosey about his opponents.

Jack Benny of radio and screen fame, proved to be an ardent wrestling fan during his recent visit to Honolulu. Mr. Benny was at all the wrestling shows and even went so far as to suggest a certain match which was later put on by Al Karasick.

A LITTLE OF THIS AND THAT—Irish Jack Donovan, one of the picturesque wrestlers hailing out of Boston, was killed in an automobile accident at Ontario, California, recently. A little over two years ago, Donovan luckily escaped with a brain concussion and broken collar bone in a crack-up outside of Havre De Grace, Md. . . . . Johnny Seamon, one of the crack referees on the staff of the New Jersey State Athletic Commission, fell dead in an Atlantic City ring while acting as third man in a match . . . . One of the best liked wrestlers in the business is Curley Donchin of Jersey City. Donchin was claimant to the light-heavyweight championship of the world. Today he is grappling with the heavyweights, feeling certain that he is capable of coping with the elite of the heavier class . . . . Tommy Rae, the popular New England bone bender, is always in perfection. On days when he's not in active competition, the handsome Bostonian is taking care of his large farm located at South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The best indoor wrestling season in several years is expected, not only in the Metropolitan area, but throughout the entire country . . . . The Four Duseks—Rudy, Ernie, Emil and Joe—have done what fans deemed the impossible. They have kept the wrestling profession in the limelight all through the summer months. No matter where they appeared, either alone or as a squad, the promoters had their arenas well filled. The fans seem to go for the Duseks more than ever . . . . Maurice LaChapelle, idolized French master of all holds, continues to gain in popularity. This well-liked matman has made countless friends through his willingness to face any grappler . . . . Like Old Man River, Abe Coleman, the sawed-off shotgun of matdom, seems to go on forever. Coleman manages to keep in the spotlight. He is always capable of holding his own with the cream of the crop. His drop-kick and flying-tackle are his favorites.

A KNOCK-OUT!

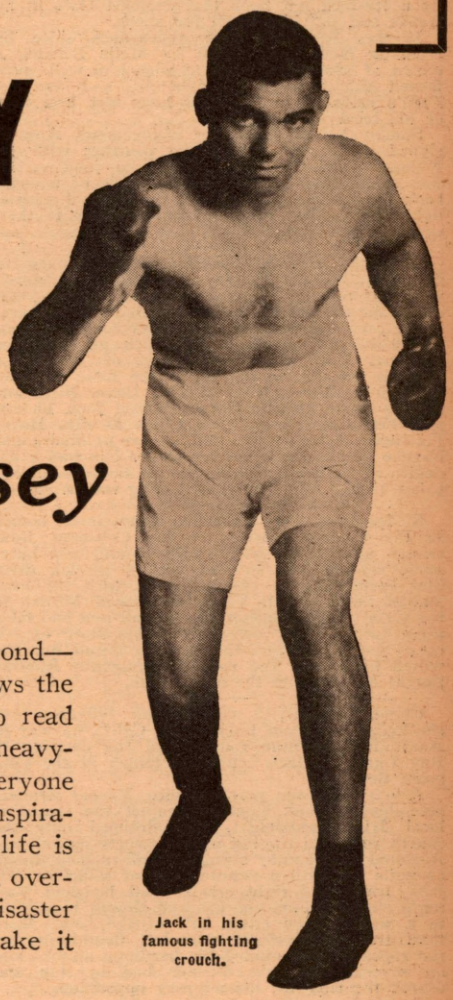
The hard-hitting autobiography of the most popular heavyweight champion the world has ever had.

ROUND BY ROUND

by

Jack Dempsey

IN COLLABORATION WITH
MYRON M. STEARNS



Jack in his famous fighting crouch.

Every fan, fighter, manager, trainer, second—in short, everybody who loves and follows the manliest sport of them all will want to read this life story of perhaps the greatest heavyweight who ever donned gloves. In it everyone will find a treasure house of anecdotes, inspiration and practical guidance. For Jack's life is unique. During its course he has met and overcome obstacles that would have meant disaster to anyone who lacked his ability to "take it as well as give it."

The Ring's Most Colorful Career

From little "Harry" Dempsey, who felt sorry for rabbits, roped burros and dared the stinging vengeance of wild bees when harvesting their honey, to the Manassa Mauler who actually knocked out seasoned fighters with a single smashing hook, is an amazing story.

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

FRED APOSTOLI'S fifth-round flattening of Dale Sparr in a jam-packed Coliseum Bowl does not entitle him to a shot at either one of the middleweight champions, but his work against the tough Colorado redhead was sufficiently impressive to indicate that he may once again figure in the 160-pound picture.

Weighing 162, the ex-bellhop punched hard and often in giving Sparr a nasty beating, topped off by a ten-inch left hook that dropped Dale in his tracks and put him down for keeps.

It was Apostoli's first appearance since his crushing New York defeat by Melio Bettina. A crowd of 3800 fans, come to wish him well, overflowed the 11th Street abbatoir, a token that Fred's setbacks in the East have lost him none of his local following.

Shortly before the Sparr engagement, Apostoli signed a two-year managerial contract with Joe Niderost, well-liked San Francisco jeweler. He was conditioned for this first episode of a comeback try by Lew Powell, old-time San Francisco lightweight, who is a big-league trainer if there ever was one.

The passing of Al Young removed another living landmark of the days when San Francisco was tops among boxing centers. Sixty-two years old at the time of his death, he will be remembered as the promoter who launched many a glorious ring career in the weekly fights which he staged at National Hall, the old "Bucket of Blood" on Mission Street. He figured in the fistic baptisms of such as Young Corbett III, Dave, Billy and George Shade, Willie Hoppe, Young Jack Thompson, Eddie K. O. Roberts, Chick Devlin, Harry Pelsinger, Speedy Dado and a score of others who became greats of the canvas stage. His was a life dedicated to boxing through four decades of fortunes, ill and fair. Truly, Al Young will be missed.

Sledge-fisted Pat Valentino ran out of oomph in the closing chapters of his Coliseum Bowl tenner with "Newsboy" Millich, and the latter made up for lost ground with a stretch drive that earned him a popular draw with the local Italian heavyweight. Valentino floored Millich in the sixth with a smashing body clout and had piled up a fair lead by outpunching his more experienced foe. But from the seventh round on, Pat wilted badly and the rough Sacramento Russian fought himself into the even break.

Claude Varner, a combination billygoat and shock-absorber from Bakersfield, Calif., by way of Australia, lost nine rounds and the decision to Ray Lunny in their ten-round topper at the Coliseum Bowl.

A veteran of ten years' service, Varner strongly resembled a rank amateur against the sparkling local Irish lightweight, who dropped only the fourth round in ringing up his twenty-second professional win. Lunny stung his bull-rushing, tough as nails foe with a running fire of smacking left jabs, hooks and right crosses that bloodied Varner's mouth, closed one eye and slowed him down to a walk in the latter half of the bout. More than once, the veteran was left floundering on the ropes as Ray eluded his headlong attacks and on several occasions, Varner had to stop and search the ring for his slippery opposition.

Little Dado whipped Jackie Jurich beyond the shadow of a doubt in their twelve-rounder at San Jose, but the bout was a no-decision affair and neither had anything to lose, statistically speaking.

Dado floored the Rose of San Jose three times during a riotous scrap that saw the little fellows exchange two-fisted broadsides one after another. The Filipino, recognized as flyweight champion by the California Boxing Commission, had too much strength and punching power for the courageous home town hope, whom he outweighed, 116 to 113 pounds.

Texas Jack Dallas did right well for five rounds of a Coliseum Bowl headliner with big Pat Valentino, but the Italian blazed away with his 45-caliber left hook in the sixth and one inning later, Referee Frankie Brown awarded Valentino a technical knockout. Dallas was spilled thrice in the sixth, once in the seventh and was leaking badly from various face cuts when it was stopped.

Harold Blackshear, rejuvenated Monterey Negro heavyweight, stove in a couple of Jim Egnotoff's ribs when he knocked the Los Angeleno out with a body blast in round two of a companion feature.

Ray Lunny chopped up Jose Gallardo's physiognomy to such an extent that he was handed a technical knockout verdict in the eighth round of an Oakland Auditorium nightcap scheduled for ten. It was Lunny's second T.K.O. victory over the energetic Mexican.

Gallardo put up a much better scrap than in their initial meeting at the Coliseum Bowl, but Lunny, after overcoming a misdirected urge to slug with Jose, methodically cut him down with vicious left hands and Referee Jimmy Duffy intervened with the Latin a gory, groggy victim.

On the supporting card, Billy Latka, San Jose middleweight, trounced Bobby Murphy in a six-round semi-windup, and Hal Fieberling, Ray Carlin's new heavyweight, launched his pro career with a three-round kayo of Phil Latona.

GLOVING BY THE GOLDEN GATE—Young Corbett III, for many years Fresno's foremost pugilistic personage, will tackle a young man who seeks to succeed him in the heart of the valley town's fight mob when he meets "Sheik" Rangel, lusty Armenian middleweight, in a pending Raisin City colossal . . . . Knocked out by Apostoli, Dale Sparr announced his intention to quit the ring for good . . . . Though his star never rose above local recognition, the ex-sailor from Colorado put forth some praiseworthy efforts in Bay Area engagements, notably his initial encounters with Apostoli and Corbett . . . . Philippine Islander Dencio Cabanela, a reasonable facsimile of his father, who was a great fighter in years gone by, fought to a draw with Jimmy Garrison, Kansas City lightweight, in their ten-round main event at Stockton.

Johnny Fasano of this city's North Beach sector drew with Joe Peralta, Mexican welterweight, in a ten-round headliner at Fresno . . . . Jackie Jurich decked Nick de Posta three times in the work of winning a ten-round decision at San Jose . . . . At Reno, Nev., Harold Blackshear divorced Pete Lewis, shopworn Oakland heavyweight, with a clout on the chops in the second of ten scheduled rounds . . . . George Latka's first start as the property of movie man George Raft saw him outbox "Baby" Breese in a ten-rounder at the Legion Stadium, Hollywood . . . . Paulie Peters, a 147-pound kid from Toledo, O., came West in a boxcar to display a tremendous right-hand sock in knocking out veterans Eddie Halligan and Tillie DelNero on successive Monday nights in preliminary spots at the Coliseum Bowl.

Chick Delaney, hard-hitting San Leandro southpaw, did everything but throw rocks at hapless Rio Rico, Cuban featherweight, whom he manhandled into a weird sixth-round knockout defeat at the Oakland Auditorium. It ended with Rico's manager in the ring, holding his fighter on the floor and vainly howling for justice while the unfortunate Cuban was counted out by an amazingly broadminded referee . . . . A spinal ailment which afflicted huge Buddy Baer was tentatively diagnosed as paralysis, and for a while it was feared his fighting days were over, but further examination disclosed the thing as being much less serious and the younger Baer is free to continue his campaign for heavyweight honors.

I have moved my tent. In the future, address mail to me at 1966 California Street, San Francisco, Calif.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE PEDROSO, navy lightweight, scored a two-round knockout over Baby Oriental and became king of his division. Pedroso, a top-notch fighter for years, finally realized his ambition. He is in good hands now, and will hold the title for a long time. Lt. Ulivarri is his mentor, and judging from results Mr. Ulivarri knows his business.

Kid Rapidez, a stablemate of Pedroso, increased his stock by easily winning from Pedro Martinez. It was a good scrap, full of speed and pep, and it was the Kid's speed that gained for him the nod.

Raul Carabantes, Chilean welter, knocked out Ramon Molina in two rounds, showing he has a hard wallop. Molina was floored several times before Referee Echevaria halted the one-sided contest. Maximo Morales won in four from Juan Alvarez, and Puenti Pi won in eight from Bulldog Camagueyano.

Mario Morales is the newly crowned flyweight of Cuba. He scored a nine-round T.K.O. over Juan Arango at the Arena Cristal. Morales, just out of the Golden Gloves, is worthy of high praise for his splendid showing against his more experienced rival. Diego Sosa won in six sessions from Orlando Ramill in a hotly fought contest.

Rene Cantero, Chile II, caused the biggest upset in years by winning an eight-round decision over Pedro Poey. Canter's incessant attack made Poey step around and though Poey gave a good account of himself in some of the rounds, the decision deservedly went to Cantero. Zenobio Becerra gained a six-round win over Pablo Roca, and Joe Armstrong won in four from Manolo Chavez. Ignacio Vazquez won in four from Joe Fuerte.

Johnny Cruz, years ago one of Cuba's star boxers, is now refereeing and doing all right. Johnny steps around like an old-timer, and looks like he is going to make good.

Juan Villalba, plucky featherweight, surprised the experts with his five-round knockout over Manuel Sierra. Vilalba improves with every start, and if properly guided should make good in his division.

Buddy Rose, imported from Virginia to meet Kid Tunero, Cuban middleweight, got sick and was sent home. Too bad, Buddy—but take care of yourself next time.

Jack Goebert, welterweight, writes from Johnstown, Pa., giving some very interesting data on Golden Gloves fighters in his vicinity. Perhaps arrangements can be made to have some of the Johnstown boys come to Havana during the winter season to meet local talent. Some of the boys he mentions are Pete Keiser, Bill Garrett, Harry Green, Joe Labarko, Willie Tapp, Joe Laberico, Lou Yonkers, Eddie White, Burrell Haselrig, Bill Cashaw, Sam Slatko, Joe Cyburt, Harry McGough, John Shutak and others.

Bobby Britton, Miami welter, son of Jack Britton, former world's champion, lost a close decision to Raul Carabantes of Chile at the Cristal Arena. Bobby arrived a day before the fight and was not in fit condition, but he made a big hit with the large crowd.

Jack Britton, who pilots Bobby, was also in Havana, and met hundreds of old friends. They all remember the great exhibition of years ago when Jack defended his title against Jimmy Kelly.

Mario Baeza, lightweight of note, scored in six rounds over Bob Ferrer, and Jose Martinez, middleweight, won by knockout over Enrique Cardenas in two rounds.

Jose Caballero, middleweight from Spain, won by the K.O. route in two rounds from Ignacio Vazquez and looked impressive.

Raul Carabantes, Chilean welter, after winning from Bobby Britton, will be matched against Joe Legon, the Cuban welterweight king. Legon should give Carabantes a great test, though the Chilean is fast in boxing and can hit hard.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

MONTREALERS witnessed something novel in the way of ring entertainment when Eddie Quinn, the Forum's wrestling promoter, presented a ten-round boxing bout between Yvon Robert and Joe Cox, former mat kings, with Jack Dempsey refereeing. Three wrestling bouts preceded this main attraction. Quinn deserves credit for the manner in which the show was put over to the delight of some 9,000 enthusiasts, an attendance that caused considerable eyebrow lifting, though it only goes to prove our oft-repeated contention that smart promotion will draw good gates here.

The Robert-Cox go was good entertainment, with knockdowns plentiful during the two fiery rounds it lasted with Robert being credited with a knockout victory when Cox failed to revive for the third stanza. Cox took the aggressive role and floored Yvon twice near the ropes in the first heat and before the end of the round, Robert had Dempsey counting over Cox.

The battle went along the same lines in the second with Yvon's gloves taking a hammering from Cox, but he came off the floor again to slug Cox to the ropes and smack him out of the ring in truly Frank Merriwell fashion when the bell clanged. They were still working over Joe when the bell rang again, so Dempsey signalized Robert as the victor while his followers howled in glee.

Robert provided what boxing ability was displayed with a pumping left jab that found Cox's face an easy, almost willing, target. His guiding angel, Jimmie McKimmie, was probably the responsible party for Yvon's methodical left jabs and likely as not, Jimmie Orlando, local boy who plays pro hockey for Detroit Red Wings, assisted in the role of sparring mate. However, Joe Louis need have no worries in this direction for some time. At any rate, it was a gay occasion and a merry time was had by all. Louis Thiez and Ernie Dusek performed in the top mat bout and they staged a keen show with lots of fiery action including flying tackles, dropkicks, etc. Yes, boys, hats off to Eddie Quinn and his associates for a real good show.

Dempsey, of course, was the big attraction, and his popularity is astounding. The Mauler looks fitter than he did a few years ago and his personality is more engaging than ever. Still full of horseplay and the perfect host along with his likeable, shrewd manager, Max Waxman, who has had five world champions under his wing at various times. Jack was entertaining sports writers the night before the show and Oliver Shank, heavy-hitting local heavyweight, dropped in to visit him. Dempsey had Shank strip to the waist and shadow-box, then Jack showed him a few pointers and they wound up by squaring off together in pantomime exchanges.

STRAY SHOTS—Harry Hurst, lethal punching local lightweight, is campaigning in Washington, Baltimore and other spots . . . . He scored an impressive three-round kayo victory in his Washington debut and will be welcomed there again . . . . Ralph Walton, young local colored lightweight, did well through dropping a ten-round verdict to Johnny Lifford, former Maritime welter king, in a main bout at Halifax . . . . It was the first ten-rounder Walton had engaged in and he started off too fast though having Lifford in trouble several times in the early rounds . . . . well, cheerio till next month, we're off for a long awaited vacation now.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Harry Chalmers, Baltimore, Maryland.

Q.—How does Chalky Wright rate among the feathers and lightweights? Would he have a chance to whip Jenkins?

A.—He rates tops. He is by far the greatest featherweight in the world. In my opinion he would stop Jeffra, Scalzo and any other feather. He has been forced to fight welterweights to get action. He lost a close decision to Cocoa Kid to whom he gave an eighteen pounds advantage and he beat Turiello who scaled 23 pounds more than him. I would favor him to defeat Jenkins for the lightweight crown. A fight between him and Armstrong would be a great battle but since they are pals, there is no chance for such a match.

Guy A. Murphy, Faverable Lake, Ontario

Q.—Where did Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney fight their first battle? What was the result?

A.—At Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Stadium, 1926. Tunney won on points in 10 rounds.

Peter Beaumann, Montreal, Canada

Q.—Who do you think were the greatest middleweights of all time?

A.—Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb and Bob Fitzsimmons.

Jim Johnson, Vancouver, B. C., Canada

Q.—How many kayoes has Billy Conn scored and who were the most important victims? Could you tell me the addresses of Tommy Farr, Tony Galento, Al Hostak, Len Harvey? Did Farr ever fight Eddie Phillips? If so what was the result?

A.—Eight. Ray Actis and Gus Dorazio. Farr and Harvey are both in the British service. Galento, Orange, N. J. Hostak—619½ Pike St., Seattle, Wash. Phillips holds two decisions and one foul victory over Farr in three contests.

Lawrence Fielding, Washington, D. C.

Q.—Where can I obtain the records of all heavyweight champions of the past? In what year did Pete Scalzo and Lew Jenkins start their pro career? Please give me Lou Ambers record for 1939.

A.—No record books were published this year. The best you can do is to get from "The Ring" a copy of Everlast 1937 record book that contains all the champions' records in all divisions up to that year. There are a few copies left at 50 cents each. My book, Black Dynamite, Vol. 2, Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong, contain the complete record of Joe Louis, financial and ring, up to 1939. Scalzo started pro career in 1936 and Jenkins fought first in the army and then, in 1938, when released, he continued as a pro. Ambers' 1939 record follows: Joey Silva, on 10; Paul Junior, won 10; Baby Arizmendi, T.K.O. 11; Honey Mellody, K.O. 4; Jimmy Vaughn, won 10; Paul Junior, T.K.O., 8; Henry Armstrong, won 15; Jimmy Vaughn, won 10.

William Sledd, Jr., Sacorro, N. M.

Q.—Would appreciate the following information concerning Max Baer—his age, date and place of birth? Date and place of his first professional fight?

A.—Baer was born in Omaha on February 11, 1909. His first fight took place in Oakland, Calif. in 1929 and his opponent was Chief Cariboo whom he knocked out in one round.

Bruce L. Henman, Litchfield, Ill.

Q.—Would you please send me any record you have on Al Beauhuld, brother of Billy?

A.—In 1938 he engaged in four fights, winning two, lost one decision and kayoed but once.

Andrew Lennie, Ottawa, Ill.

Q.—Did Jack Dempsey ever fight Jack Sharkey? If so what was the date and the result? When Tunney retired who became Champion and how? Name the title fights and results from Tunney's retirement to Joe Louis' defeat of Braddock in order?

A.—Dempsey knocked out Jack Sharkey in the seventh round on July 21, 1927. When Tunney retired an elimination tournament was staged. Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling were the finalists. Schmeling gained the title in the fourth round on a foul claim. Sharkey then defeated Schmeling in a return bout of 15 rounds to win the title. He lost it to Primo Carnera in six rounds on June 29, 1932. Carnera was kayoed by Max Baer in 11 rounds on June 14, 1934. Baer lost the decision to Braddock in 15 rounds on June 13, 1935.

Katherine Lloyd, Goodview, Va.

Q.—What year did Jack Johnson win the heavyweight title? Did Jack Johnson and Jack Dempsey ever fight? Does Schmeling have any chance to win back the heavyweight title? Is there any chance of Buddy Baer winning the heavyweight title? Do you have pictures of Max Baer and what price are they!

A.—1908. No. Very little. Baer stands a good chance. $1.25 each for 8 by 10 inch photos on heavy glossy paper.

Paul Loucks and Elvin Duncan

Q.—Did Tony Canzoneri hold three world titles, if so what are they? How many fights did John L. Sullivan have? How many knockouts did he score? Did he lose any and if so by whom? If a fighter fouls another and the other one can't continue, who would win?

A.—Featherweight, Lightweight and Junior-welterweight. Sullivan had forty fights. Scored 11 knockouts and several hundred in exhibitions. Knocked out once by Jim Corbett. Under the no foul rule if the fouled boxer cannot continue, he is counted out by the referee.

Billy Gee, Albany, Ga.

Q.—What is the youngest age that a boxer must be before he can turn pro? What is the charge for a license for a boxer and manager?

A.—18 if you get the consent of your parents. 21 if they refuse to give it. Different prices in every state. Some states do not charge license fees.

J. P. Desbiens, Montreal, Canada

Q.—In what place in Canada did the fight between Jem Mace and Joe Coburn take place in May 1871 for a side bet of $2,000.00? I would like to have some information on Peter Jackson who fought around 1890. Could you tell me about the boxing scandal of a few years when they tried to substitute Joe Jeannette instead of Joe Bonds as an opponent for Jack Dempsey in a charity boxing show?

A.—Mace and Coburn at St. Louis. Peter Jackson was one of the greatest Negro heavyweights that ever lived. He was born in the West Indies on July 3, 1861. There is a book on him called Black Prince Peter on sale at The Ring Book Shop for $1.50. Some of the New York managers were jealous of Jack Kearns and Jack Dempsey when they were coming along in good style so when Dempsey volunteered his services for a Red Cross Drive to box an exhibition with Joe Bonds, those managers engineered a plot to ruin Dempsey by having Joe Jeannette sit in the ring and wait for Dempsey to appear instead of his scheduled opponent, Joe Bonds.

Nelson Clothier, Baton Rouge, La.

Q.—Will you please settle this argument? A says that Farr did not knock Louis down in their battle and B says he did. Who do you think would win the following bouts? Garcia-Hostak? Billy Soose-Allan Matthews? Gunnar Barlund vs. Lee Savold? Gus Lesnevich-Melio Bettina? I am 14 years old and weigh 132 pounds. What will I weigh at 21?

A.—A is right. Hostak, Soose, Barlund and Bettina. 160 pounds.

Arthur Porst, Cudahy, Wise.

Q.—I saw a fighter recently who impressed me very much. His name is Billy Seward and he was listed from Billings, Mont. Can you give me any history on this boy?

A.—Seward is making his home in Chicago and has been improving with each bout. He is managed by Jack Hurley, Lincoln Hotel, Chicago, Ill. and all we can say is that he is in very good hands.

F. Van der Poll, Capetown, South Africa

Q.—When was Lou Ambers born and where? Is he married? Who would have won between Joe Gans and Henry Armstrong, both in their primes? Was Battling Siki a world's champion? I am 17 years of age, weigh 124 pounds and am 5 feet 4½ inches in height. What will my height and weight be when I am 21?

A.—Ambers was born on November 8, 1913, at Herkimer, N. Y. He is married. Matter of opinion. Most experts would have favored Gans. He was world's light-heavyweight champion. 5 feet 7 inches and 140 pounds.

Pete Pettigras, Ithaca, N. Y.

Q.—Who won the heavyweight title after Gene Tunney retired? How long did Jack Sharkey hold the title? Did Jim Braddock ever hold the title before he beat Baer? Did Braddock ever beat Schmeling? Did Schmeling ever beat Baer?

A.—When Tunney retired an elimination tourney was held which was eventually won by Max Schmeling on a foul from Jack Sharkey in the fourth round. Sharkey won the title from Schmeling on a fifteen round decision on June 21, 1932, and lost it to Primo Carnera by a knockout on June 29, 1933. No. Never fought. Baer knocked out Schmeling in the tenth round.

Scrappy Jetton, Clarksville, Ark.

Q.—I am 5 feet 7½ inches tall, weigh 123 pounds and am 17 years, 5 months old. What will my measurements be at 21? Who in your opinion are the five greatest heavyweights of all time in order? What do you consider Max Baer's greatest fight?

A.—5 feet 10½ inches, weight 142 pounds. Jack Johnson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Jim Jeffries. The night he kayoed Max Schmeling.

Ralph P. Bonnard, Orange, N. J.

Q.—What has happened lately to Al Gainer? Is it true that in his prime, few outside of his own race wanted to meet him in the ring? Did he ever fight Melio Bettina, if so what was the result? In his prime do you think he could have beaten Bill Conn, Ken Overlin or Gus Lesnevich? What were the results of his last four fights?

A.—Gone back. Gainer was a very good puncher in his prime and was a dangerous opponent for anyone. Never fought Bettina. He might have beaten Lesnevich but not Conn nor Overlin. He was beaten by Henry Taylor, he stopped Marty Simmons in five, stopped Mario Liani in five, and lost to Teddy Yarosz in his last four starts.

John Diendoyer

Q.—What are the Marquis of Queensberry rules? When and by whom were they written? Was Nonpariel Jack Dempsey and Jack Dempsey the same person? Were Tom Sharkey and Jack Sharkey both sailors? What chances do you give Jack Dempsey of regaining the heavyweight championship? Does he really think he can win the championship or is it just a publicity stunt? Why not have a little picture of each RING correspondent at the top of the column so that the readers can see what they look like?

A.—They were drafted in 1865 by the Marquis of Queensberry because it was thought that the London Prize Rules were considered too rough. Yes. Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson are also challenging Dempsey. That should give you an idea as to what chance Dempsey would have with Louis. Sorry, we can't do that.

George Holbrook, Manila, Philippine Islands

Q.—How good is Glen Lee? What kind of record has Johnny Erjavec? How many Dusek Bros. are there? What nationality is Al Davis, Joey Fontana, Mickey Farber, Davey Day? What is a good method to take weight off the hips?

A.—All finished. Not too good. Five. Hebrew-American, Italian-American and last two Hebrew-American. Road work, handball and mat exercises.

Ralph Irvine, Jr. Palestine, Texas

Q.—Is Lou Nova still boxing? Do you think Pat Comiskey, Red Burman and Lee Savold are of championship calibre? How many fights has Comiskey won and lost? How many rounds did it take Louis to knock out Nathan Mann? Do you have any pictures of Tommy Gibbons and how much would they cost? I am 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weigh 113 pounds and 13 years, 10 months of age. How big will I be at 21?

A.—He is still recuperating from his illness. Comiskey stands out as the best. He has only been beaten once by Steve Dudas. Three rounds. $1.25 each. 8 by 10 inches is size of Gibbons. 5 feet 8 inches and weigh 145 pounds.

Colchester, England Reader

Q.—Can I obtain the photos listed in my letter?

A.—We can get all but that of Peters, Danahar and Walsh. Send money order at the rate of four shillings for each.

Charles Patterson, Dallas, Texas

Q.—Please name the fights that Louis has had since he won the title.

A.—Tommy Farr, won 15; Nathan Mann, KO 3; Harry Thomas, KO 5; Max Schmeling, KO 1; John Henry Lewis, KO 1; Jack Roper, KO 1; Tony Galento, KO 4; Bob Pastor, KO 11; Arturo Godoy, Won 15; Johnny Paychek, KO 2; Arturo Godoy, KO 8.

Jack Guller, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—I would like to know the addresses of Ken Overlin, Lew Jenkins and Tony Canzoneri? Do you think Overlin has a good chance of holding his middleweight laurels? How does Jenkins compare with the lightweights of old? Could Jenkins whip Armstrong?

A.—Overlin—Piccadilly Hotel, New York City. Jenkins—Publicity Bldg., New York City. Canzoneri—25 Central Park West, New York City. Very good chance. Not so good. Unlikely.

Taylor Moore, Jr., Bristol, Ky.

Q.—How many times did Joe Louis fight Tommy Farr and how many rounds did he last?

A.—Farr fought Louis once and went the full distance of 15 rounds.

Thomas Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—I was recently told that there is something that boxers chew on which is similar to gum. Is that right? If so please tell me the price as I would like to purchase some? What is Leo Lomski doing these days? What was his occupation before becoming a boxer? Was Leo ever a champion? How many times did he fight Loughran?

A.—Some one must be kidding you. The only thing they have is their mouthpiece. Johnny Dundee used to chew on a match stick before the days of mouthpieces. He is an officer in San Francisco. Lumberjack. No. Once.

Michael Happy Ciacouics, Berwick, Pa.

Q.—When Gene Tunney retired in 1928 who got his title after they held the heavyweight tournament? Wasn't it Jack Sharkey?

A.—When Tunney retired the title was declared vacant. After a tournament was held Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling were the ones who fought for the title. Schmeling won the title on a foul in the fourth round on June 12, 1930. When they fought two years later Sharkey won the decision in 15 rounds and also gained the title.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE "two title" battle that took place at the Polo Grounds with neither championship being at stake proved little more than that Henry Armstrong is without any question the greatest fighter in the world today. Pound for pound, he stands out over such luminaries as Joe Louis, Billy Conn or any of the reigning title-holders.

In Lew Jenkins, the current lightweight title-holder, it merely confirmed our opinion as to his ability when we declined to list him among the first ten ranking lightweights months ago, despite the fact that he was subsequently matched with Lou Ambers for the lightweight title and succeeded in winning that diadem.

Even though Jenkins did not lose his lightweight title in the fight with Armstrong, we are still inclined to the belief that he is inferior to any of the first ten ranking lightweights—though he is the world lightweight king.

Armstrong was credited with a technical knockout at the end of the sixth round when Jenkins quit in the corner. The Texas boy was floored six times.

As usual, Henry displayed great fighting qualities. He took some solid blows in the first three rounds because he was coached to take his time and let Jenkins fight himself out. There were times when Henry wanted to let out, but he was held back in the corner and he restrained himself admirably, even though the impulse was there.

His damaging work started when he dropped Jenkins in the fourth session. In that period Armstrong suffered an eye injury which bled so freely that Commission Doctor William Walker examined the wound between the fourth and fifth sessions to determine its seriousness. Henry continued his blasting in the fifth with two more knockdowns and three more in the sixth spelled finis for Jenkins.

Referee Arthur Donovan lingered near Jenkins' corner to see if he were in fit condition to continue. Jenkins' seconds tried to force him out, but Donovan stepped in and called a halt. Armstrong weighed 139 and Jenkins, 135½.

The preliminaries proved to be very exciting and gave Jackie Donovan of Buffalo a chance to shine in his debut. He was floored in the first round by Izzy Redman but recovered to give his opponent a neat boxing lesson and the fight was halted in the fifth with Jackie credited with a technical kayo. Leo Rodak won an unpopular decision over Johnny Bellus. Everett Rightmire and Salvatore Bartolo battled to a six-round draw. Holman Williams stopped Vinnie Vines in the fourth, while Paco Villa whipped Sammy Venti in the four-round opener. The gross receipts amounted to $111,486.95.

Solly Krieger disposed of Jarl Johnson in the fourth round of their scheduled eight-rounder at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Krieger seems to be fighting better against heavy men and is liable to shine among the slower members of the light-heavy and heavyweight divisions. Eddie Dempsey, Chicago featherweight, trimmed Davey Crawford in the semi-final six.

A tragedy occurred at the Queensboro Arena when Pete Asero, promising East Side welterweight, after winning all the way from his opponent, Pete Muscanera, suddenly fell to the floor in the fourth. He went over backward without being hit and dropped dead. Dr. Alexander Schiff leaped into the ring and tried to revive him with every trick at his command, but it was too late.

Asero floored his opponent in the first for a nine-count. He looked the easiest winner at the unexpected conclusion of the fray. Muscanera was freed from any responsibility and all the officials who presided were absolved from any blame.

Victor Dellicurti whipped Frankie Cavanna in the eight-round feature event, while Harvey Massey won from Tony Cisco in the other eight-rounder.

Harold Steinman is now located in Miami Beach. He has just taken over the affairs of Bobby Britton—Dr. Edward Kowarsky, who at one time was physical director for Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and engages in wrestling matches occasionally for the sport of it, has settled in Honolulu and proudly announces to the sporting world that he recently became the father of a bouncing eight-pound, eleven-ounce boy, David Edward Kowarsky. Doc claims that Honolulu is Paradise on the Pacific and that it is his future abode—Issy Kline is hot on the trail of Lew Jenkins and Sammy Angott for titular recognition for his charge, Pete Lello. Pete holds a knockout over Jenkins and drew with Angott in their last conflict—Tony Castiglione, young Chicago lightweight, who gave Sammy Angott a stirring battle in the Windy City, is one of the finest looking lightweight prospects in the country today—Chicago is full of live boxing talent and they are waiting for a Milt Aron-Henry Armstrong welterweight title match, which will draw a tremendous gate at the White Sox Ball Park this summer.

The recent loss suffered by Ken Overlin at the hands of Billy Soose in an overweight match at Scranton reacted as a boomerang in favor of Overlin, and as a consequence he received national publicity he wouldn't otherwise have received. The New York boxing writers were invited as special guests of the Chamber of Commerce of Scranton and they saw the fight and also saw the decision as a very poor one. Since the victory that Overlin scored over Garcia, he has become an entirely different fighter. There is an improvement in his work—if that is possible after spending fourteen years in the ring. Overlin is a changed fighter and is going to be an asset to that division. He will fight anyone and isn't afraid to meet the opposition in their back yard.

Gunnar Barlund seems to have taken on a new lease of life, if his present form is a criterion. He disposed of Italo Colonello in the third round of their scheduled ten-rounder at the Fort Hamilton Armory. Colonello was forced to retire because he slipped and suffered a fractured ankle in the third session. Before that session he was taking a two-fisted cuffing and there was no question about who was the superior of the two before the fray ended. Colonello weighed 202 and Barlund, 199. Danny Bartfield, fast rising lightweight, disposed of Tony Vellon in the second round of the six-round semi-final.

Irving Eldridge, scoring a nine-second knockdown in the ninth round, managed to get a draw against Tommy Speigal in their ten-round fracas at the Starlight Park Arena. It was a nip-and-tuck affair with little to choose between them. Eldridge weighed 133¼ against 136 for Speigal. Jimmy Casa and Johnny Flores also battled on even terms in the semi-final of six sessions—Joey Fontana triumphed over Charley Varre in the feature eight-rounder at the Coney Island Velodrome. Fontana scored three knockdowns and had little trouble in winning. Angelo De Sanzo whipped George Zeitz in the semi-final six.

Any fighters without contractual obligations would do well to get in touch with Doc Avery, P. O. Box 101, Medway, Mass. The Doctor is anxious to get started again with a stable of boxers and promises them plenty of action—Jack Britton sends along word that his son, Bobby, was the victim of a poor decision in Miami against Jack Larrimore and sends along clippings to substantiate his claims—Tommy Cello's young heavyweight, Pat Valentino, received a severe test in his ten-round match with Newsboy Millich, which was called a draw—Neville Beech, Southern heavyweight, who turned in two good victories in the East, followed up with a three-round knockout over Arthur Palmer in his first Memphis appearance.

Lou Barbetta, competing in his first feature engagement, came through with flying colors in winning over Pablo Dano in their eight-round fracas at the Queensboro Stadium. Dano made a good fight of it but too much speed and cleverness on the part of Barbetta caused him to run second. Both scaled at 122¾ each. Gomez Naya, Spanish light-heavyweight, whipped Teeko Born in the semi-final of six sessions. Jimmy Casa, undefeated middleweight, kept his record intact by whipping Enzo Iannozzi, while Abie Kauffman won from Artie Di Pietro in other sixes.

Julie Kogan, New Haven lightweight, is going on another rampage. Showing decided improvement within the past few months, he took on Mickey La Marr at the New York Coliseum and won the verdict after a good eight-round scrap. Mickey made it very hot for his opponent but the class of Kogan stood out. Buddy Moore, New York Golden Glove heavyweight champion, started his professional career with a three-round knockout over Ernest Petretti. Buddy scored a knockdown in the opening round with a left hook on the chin and ended the fray with a right to the same spot.

Bobby McIntire, stepping into the ring as a last minute substitute, handed out a thorough boxing lesson to Carmine Fatta at the Coney Island Velodrome. The bout was scheduled for eight rounds and in that length of time Bobby had shown his superiority in decided fashion. Joe Echavarria turned in an upset when he won over Norman Silvers in the eight-round semi-final. Doug Marsh scored over Frank Terry in another eight-round feature.

The "no foul" rule in New York State struck a discordant note when Everett Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, after leading by a clear margin over Sal Bartolo of Boston, was struck directly in the groin—about six inches below the belt line—and crumpled to the canvas just before the fourth round bell rang at the Queensboro Stadium.

Rightmire was so incapacitated by the force of the blow that he almost fainted in the corner. Referee Al Reich, under New York State rules, could not take the round away from Bartolo for committing this violation. But there was no protection for Rightmire, who was winning the fight handily. Deputy Commissioner Tom Farley upheld the referee's action, although he saw the foul blow delivered.

This opens the discussion for what might happen when two gladiators get together in some important fight in the future. A foul blow delivered will cost the offender that particular round, but it may also have an important bearing on the future rounds of that battle.

Rightmire's busy left hand was too much for the Bostonian, who proved an easy target for that weapon and at close quarters Rightmire nullified the work of his opponent by tying him up. It was a humorously peculiar decision. Bartolo lost the fourth round for low hitting but was given credit for a technical knockout because he had maimed his opponent so severely that Rightmire was unable to come up for the fifth session. Bartolo weighed 127½ and Rightmire, 129¼. Johnny Colan trimmed Larry Kellum in the six-round semi-final, while Oliver White outpointed Norman Rahn in another six-round fray.

One of the major upsets of the summer season, at least locally, took place when Pablo Dano, veteran trial horse, stopped Joey Iannotti in the sixth session of their scheduled eight-rounder at Starlight Park Arena. Iannotti, a classy looking prospect with plenty of ability, met the fate that usually follows overwhelming favorites. It was the first setback suffered in 25 starts and it is hoped that this temporary reverse will not hinder his future progress. Tami Mauriello, another of New York's future greats, disposed of Johnny McHale in the fourth round of their scheduled eight. This Mauriello is on a par with Steve Belloise both in boxing and hitting and eventually these youngsters will be pitted against one another in Madison Square Garden. It is a local "natural," with both coming from Harlem.

Joe Louis gave a demonstration of his skill at the Fort Hamilton Armory in the role of referee. Before 6,000 fans he gave a very alert and agile exhibition and succeeded in picking Monty Pignatore as the winner over Paco Villa in their eight-round fray. It was a hotly contested scrap and very little to choose between them, but Louis refused to play safe by calling it an even affair. Each principal scaled 130 pounds. "Texas" Lee Harper scored over Joe Echavarria in the semi-final of eight rounds. Jerry Fiorello disposed of Bobby Masters in the final round of their six-round clash.

Joey Fontana, 134, scored an eight-round victory over Al Roth, 139¼, in the feature eight-rounder at the Coney Island Velodrome. Norman Rubio whipped Doug Marsh in the eight-round semi-final. Danny Bartfield won from Lloyd Laskey in a special sixer—George Zengaras proved too tough

and strong for Victor Troise in their eight-round fray at the Long Beach Stadium. Patsy Giovanelli kayoed Vito Rubino in the second round, while Lulu Constantino scored over Juan Hernandez in other six-rounders.

Pete Scalzo settled the question with Ginger Foran at the Starlight Park Arena in their return eight-round contest. In their first meeting, a great deal of controversy was started when Foran claimed that the referee had helped Scalzo to his feet after a knockdown and was given the benefit of a slow count. In their next, there were no knockdowns but Petey proved beyond all question that he is by far the better man. Scalzo weighed 128¼ and Foran, 128¾. Johnny Flores whipped Frankie Velez in the semi-final carded for six-rounds.

Pat Foley was the victim of a peculiar technical knockout at the hands of Paul De Bello at the Queensboro Stadium in the sixth round. Although behind on points, Foley was giving a good account when he was struck in the Adam's apple and was unable to catch his breath. Referee George Walsh, realizing the predicament he was in, stopped the contest and awarded the bout to De Bello. Foley weighed 135 and De Bello, 135½. Joe Goldstein drew with Norman Hurdman in the six-round semi-final, while Angelo De Sanza trimmed Johnny Rudd, and Leo Mazzilli whipped Pete Muscanera in other sixes. This was the benefit show staged for the parents of the late Pete Asero, who died in the same ring three weeks previous when he clashed with Pete Muscanera.

Dave Castilloux, Canadian lightweight champion, who is seriously being considered as a future lightweight champion, stepped into Fort Hamilton Armory in Brooklyn and won the decision over Ronny Beaudin of Toronto in their eight-round fray. Beaudin subbed for Julio Gonzales but Castilloux proved that he was far superior to him while the fight progressed. Castilloux weighed 136 and Beaudin 139. Doug Marsh and Frank Terry battled to a draw in the semi-final of eight rounds.

Al Reid and Lew Feldman were the victors on Friday night shows at the local arena. Reid scored over Vincenzo Dell Orto in the feature eight-rounder at the Long Beach Stadium, while Feldman whipped Maxie Shapiro at the Coney Island Velodrome. Larry Bolvin, Providence featherweight, making his first appearance in New York, disposed of Georgie Harper in the fifth round on the Feldman-Shapiro program. This Bolvin looks like an excellent program and is headed for big things.

Nat Rogers, who supplanted Johnny Attell as Mike Jacobs' matchmaker, did not lose any time in relinquishing his claim to whatever fighters he was interested in. He turned over Henry Morroz, young local heavyweight, to Jimmy De Angelo for an unmentioned amount of money and also let loose his interest in Dave Castilloux to Castilloux's original manager in Montreal.

Al Davis, hard-hitting Brownsville welterweight, made his return to ring action activity at the Starlight Park Stadium and scored a hard earned victory over Johnny Rinaldi after eight tough rounds of fighting. Davis needs a few more fights under his belt and he will then be ready for the top-notch welterweights. Joey Iannotti turned the tables on Pablo Dano in their return go of eight rounds. Dano stopped Iannotti in their last meeting, in one of the biggest upsets of the season, but on this occasion Joey showed his class and true form all the way—Solly Krieger disposed of Wally Sears in the third round of their scheduled ten-rounder at Dexter Park. Sears took a bad battering before the fight was stopped by the referee.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

FRITZIE ZIVIC, the Lawrenceville Larruper, is without a doubt our busiest performer. He again disposed of Kenny La Salle in their rubber match here at Hickey Park, Millvale. These boys fought on two other occasions, with each winning a bout. Fritzie had to win this affair or lose a shot at Sammy Angott. It was a close battle with Zivic winning the referee's decision after ten rounds. Zivic weighed 147½ pounds, while La Salle tipped the beam at 151 pounds. The only damage was a slight cut under Fritzie's left eye.

Erv Sarlin, Mt. Oliver Bad Boy, disposed of Frank Donofrio of Philadelphia in the fifth round of their scheduled eight-round semi-final. Donofrio was subbing for Wally Sears, who had been hurt in a bout a couple of days previous to this affair. Billy Miller easily beat Ray Serrano in a six-rounder. Serrano hails from Houston, Texas, and is one of the few to hold Lew Jenkins to a draw. Jackie Conn, brother of Billy, our champ, scored a knockout after 1 minute and 29 seconds of the first round over Tom Green of East Liberty. Conn weighed 169½, and Green weighed 165 pounds. Sammy Parotto again disposed of Canada Lee in the four-round opener. The show grossed $4,836.95.

Charley Burley, local left-hook artist, drew with Georgie Abrams of Washington, D. C. As far as actual fighting is concerned, Burley was the master but for the low blows landed. Burley looked better than ever outside of the first couple of rounds, in which he hooked a couple of low blows. Burley weighed 156 pounds and the Jewish boy came in at 161 pounds. The gross receipts were $3,664 and the show was staged at Jake Mintz's Hickey Park Bowl.

Mike Raffa, Ray Foutts' young featherweight prospect, looked very good in the scheduled eight-round semi-final, which only lasted 35 seconds of the second round when he had Sammy Crocetti of Amsterdam, N. Y., stretched out for the count. Raffa weighed 128 and his opponent came in a pound heavier. Lew Pitts of Homewood won an unpopular decision in six rounds over Tampa Kid of Clairton. Pitts weighed 155 pounds and Tampa balanced the scales at 152 pounds. Tommy Yarosz of Monaca looked good in disposing of Joe Pohaskey of McKee's Rocks in the six-round opener.

Emil Josephs, Millvale lightweight, stopped the winning streak of Sammy Adragna of Munhall in the scheduled top eight-rounder, which only lasted four rounds. Josephs' greater experience could be seen as early as the first round and he had things pretty well in hand until the knockout two minutes and twenty-five seconds after the round had elapsed. Johnny Rucker won an unpopular decision in another eight-rounder against Mistos Grispos of Greece. Erv Sarlin stopped Al Gilbert of Washington, D. C., after 45 seconds of the fifth round of another scheduled eight-rounder. It was Sarlin all the way, although both boys were cut at the end. Freddie Lenn was forced to retreat in the second round of the first eight-rounder against Mose Brown of McKeesport when he sprained his ankle, thus giving Brown a T.K.O. win shortly before the end of the second round. The net was $1,288, and was promoted by Jake Mintz at his Hickey Park Bowl.

Fritzie Zivic outpunched Ossie Harris in the top ten-rounder at Hickey Park of a return affair. Zivic had previously stopped Harris in three rounds on the Rooney-McGinley all-star show at Forbes Field. It looked as though Zivic could have done the same in this encounter but he seemed content with the decision. Zivic floored Harris for a four-count in the sixth round and gave the colored clouter lots of time to recover instead of taking advantage after the knockdown.

The Harris-Zivic affair drew the best house Mr. Mintz saw in his bowl in two years, with the gross being $4,983. Carmen Notch, stablemate of Zivic, won an unpopular decision over Frankie Wills of Washington, D. C., who subbed for Woody Boord in the eight-round semi-final, claiming illness. At the end Notch carried a bad cut over his right eye. Irish Chick Rogers voted a draw, Willie Davies and Referee Freddie Mastreen voted for the local boy. Freddie Bey stopped Ernie Pelaia in the fifth of a six-rounder. Sammy Parotto won over Matt Ozeniak in a four-rounder. The opener saw Pat Grimes win by T.K.O. in the third round of the four-rounder over Walter Montine of Jeannette.

JUST A JAB—It is very likely Pittsburgh will be the scene of a Joe Louis-Billy Conn heavyweight championship fight . . . . George Humphries, former fight manager of Charleroi, is matchmaker for the Macs Club boxing shows here in town. He staged a very good show of ten bouts that drew a packed house at our beautiful high school stadium . . . . Attention, Joe Swartz of Yonkers, N. Y.: I would like to hear from you in regard to earlier communication . . . . Jules Beck was forced to set his professional show back a couple of weeks at Uniontown due to his main bout being bummed up when Tommy Speigal injured his hand in a bout in Detroit . . . . This world-wide publication, THE RING Magazine, can be picked up at any of the drug stores in town and also at Might's Book Store.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

YOUNG KID McCOY, Dearborn's fast-rising welterweight, advanced another notch on the road to a welterweight title bout when he defeated the veteran Tommy Speigal in ten rounds at the Arena Gardens Bowl. Speigal proved to be a tough, smart foeman and gave McCoy trouble for seven rounds, but then the youngster came on to win as he pleased.

The bout was the headliner of a show put on by Nick Londes, and topped a very fine card. Stanley Poreda, Port Huron lightweight, won by a kayo over Bobby Neal after both had been on the deck. It was a sensational fight.

Chuck Hirst, young welterweight protege of Billy Shaw, has been turning in an impressive string of knockouts. His last start saw him stop the seasoned colored puncher, Jimmy Harper, after being in plenty of trouble himself. Arnold Pillen stopped Bob Webb and Harvey Dubbs outscored Larry Ray in other bouts on the card.

The Dundee A. C., with Scotty Monteith at the helm, has been putting on some good fights at the new Sportsman's Park. The first show there saw George Burnette, state middleweight champ, punch his way to an eight-round decision over hard-hitting Al Bernard, Brooklyn 160-pounder.

This was another exciting card. Chick Sanchez, scrappy little Mexican from San Antonio, won a close decision over Tommy Morris. Bobby Neal outpointed Smart Eddie Scott for the best victory of his "pro" career.

Bobby McIntire, Detroit's overgrown lightweight, showed up at the Coney Island Velodrome in Brooklyn, N. Y., to turn back an ambitious youngster in the person of Carmine Fatta. Winner over Lew Feldman in his last start, Fatta was a heavy favorite, but McIntire's sharp right uppercuts in close, proved his undoing, and caused him to finish a poor second, at the conclusion of eight rounds.

Benny Goldberg, Detroit Jewish bantamweight, lists as Michigan bantamweight champion, resulting from two wins over the hard swinging colored boy, Charley Parham. Both bouts took place at the Arena Gardens outdoor bowl, the first resulting in a tenth round kayo, and the second a decision over the same distance.

Anton Christoforidis, sensational Greek light heavy, turned in another good win in whipping Joe Sutka in ten. The Greek was figured to score a knockout, but Sutka's gritty brand of fighting, caused him to get off the deck a couple of times, and saw him outgunning Anton in the closing stages.

Young Kid McCoy pounded out a one-sided win in whipping Mansfield Driskell in ten rounds, for the state Welterweight championship. The McCoy was all too fast and shifty for Driskell, and while the latter was dangerous at all times, he was unable to connect solidly.

Johnny Whiters, the jolting janitor from Pontiac, Mich., has been keeping busy of late, his last two bouts resulting in losses to the sensational Ohioan, Jack "Buddy" Walker in Columbus. Speedy Johnson kayoed Chuck Vickers, veteran Indianapolis welter on the latter card. Wee Willie Williams turned in another win also.

Henry Chmielewski, Polish middleweight, made a hit, in winning over Buddy Waterman in a bloody battle. Waterman, going good lately, forced Henry to the utmost, and looked good losing. Bobby Neal whipped U.S. Chocolate, and Floyd Gibbons won over Arnold Pillen in other bouts.

Chick Sanchez kayoed the veteran Herbie Gilmore in an Ann Arbor headliner. Sanchez has done well in these parts.

Jorge Morelia, Mexican lightweight protege of Al DeNapoli, seems to have a feud with Willie Joyce, colored speedster from Gary, Ind. The first time they boxed resulted in a win for Jorge, and the second saw Jorge score a flukey one round kayo. Now latest reports from Chicago show that their third encounter resulted in a draw. Chick Sanchez won over Joe Law on this card.

Johnny McIntyre, popular Detroit fight manager, packed bag and baggage, and headed off to his old stamping grounds of Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. Young Kid McCoy and Lee Oma went along, and they will box in Glace Bay, N. S. At this writing Oma is scheduled to box Tiger Warrington on the seventeenth, and McCoy to box Johnny Lifford.

NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

THIS writer wishes to sincerely thank the many members of the boxing fraternity, who, through their generous courtesies, made our recent visit to the East one of the most pleasant vacations we have ever experienced. We are happy to report that the South does *not* have a monopoly on hospitality and friendliness.

Particularly did we enjoy the Jenkins-Armstrong and Baer-Galento battles, although naturally disappointed at the result of the aforementioned. While we are not trying to offer an alibi for Lew's loss, we feel that he was far from his top form, and knowing the circumstances surrounding the lightweight champion at that time, we can only say that we sincerely hope that there will be less friction among those near him when he faces the formidable Negro again.

Babe Ritchie continues to bowl over all opposition and is recognized as Texas' heavyweight champion. We would like to see a match between the Babe and Jack Marshall or Buddy Scott . . . . Elby Pettaway, classy young Houston middleweight, looked very good in trimming Jack Rodriquez and K.O.'ing Kayo Roberts . . . . Billy Colbert and Joey Parks boxed another one of those "draw" affairs at Dallas . . . . Carl Dalio beat the veteran Babe Kiser . . . . Don Eddy trimmed Pete Sanchez . . . . Jerome Conforto, sensational New Orleans welter, came through in grand style in nosing out Nick Camaratta . . . . Persons thinking of showing in Mexico would do well to do business with Promoter Jimmy Fitten, who has been Mexico's leading impresario for twenty years, and not some other parties who might not be too responsible.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

WAR or no war, boxing still carries on, although the big shows that were staged at Wembley, Harringay, White City and Empress Stadium have had to postpone their activities till the mad dog of Europe has been put under the soil.

The smaller clubs continue to get their places full, and many a good scrap is witnessed by the fans that are here from the far-flung British Empire.

Jimmy Bitmead, the King's Cross lightweight, defeated Corporal Dixon of the R.A.S.C. in the fifth of a ten-round contest at the Stadium Club, London. Dixon was forced to retire after he had received a bad body bombardment from the hustling Bitmead.

Jordan Tarone, the West African welterweight, outpointed Johnny Harris of Luton in an interesting eight-round contest.

Jerry O'Niel, the fast improving featherweight from Dagenham, forced Idris Pickens of Wales to retire at the end of the fourth round of a bout scheduled for eight rounds.

Mick McFarr of Canning Town was too game and forceful for the hard-hitting Irish welterweight, Tom Feeley, and the latter retired at the end of the fourth of an eight-round contest when he was all but sold out.

George Francombe of Abertillery was too strong and experienced for Islwyn Beynon of Merthyr when they met in a ten-round contest at Pontypool. Beynon fought pluckily but was forced to take the count during the seventh round.

Joe Josephs of Cardiff and Stan Bateman of Pontypridd fought a fierce ten-round contest at Crumlin with both taking considerable punishment and at the end there was no other decision possible but a draw. When the referee gave that verdict, a roar of approval came from the crowded house.

Two undefeated middleweights, known to be hard hitters, met at the Oldham Football Ground to settle who was the better man over ten rounds.

Paddy Lyons, known as the York K.O. specialist, who has a record of thirteen consecutive K.O. wins, met his Waterloo when Jim Laverick of Newcastle took all his hard shots, weathering the storm during the earlier part of the contest. Then Jim took a hand in dishing out his own kind of heavy artillery, which soon had Lyons in a subdued state, winning the referee's decision after a great contest.

Jackie Stayton of Hackney took less than 90 seconds to administer the T.K.O. victory over Freddie Thomas of Bethnal Green in the first of a ten-round contest at the Stadium Club, London. Thomas was caught very early in the round by a heavy left hook and never recovered to make any defense, and the referee did a wise thing in stopping the contest in Stayton's favor.

Charlie Mapp of Walthamstow showed some good knowledge of the game when he defeated Frank Peters of Dagenham in the first round by a K.O.—he was then asked to meet a more experienced opponent in Pat Haggerty, also of Dagenham, and Mapp won a good contest on points at the end of six rounds.

Figures just arrived state that the funds of the British Red Cross have benefited to the tune of £7,188 (about $37,000) out of boxing. Good going, boys! Go to it, with the best of luck.

On top of the gallant war deeds by the well-known amateur middleweight boxer from New Zealand, Flight Lieut. Alan Deere, age 24, was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Deere by the way is the R.A.F. middleweight champion. Now the news that Acting Flight Lieut. Caesar Hull of South Africa being awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for shooting down five Nazi planes and only ceased fighting when he himself was wounded.

I remember quite well the memorable night in 1934 at the Empire Pool, Wembley, when Caesar Hull represented South Africa in the Empire Games, and after a great scrap against the Welsh miner, Frank Taylor, lost on points. Two years later Hull returned to England as an airman and won the welterweight championship of the R.A.F. in 1938.

There are many more boxers, amateur and professional, who have won honors in the air, field and sea, and when their names are released, I will mention them in my Roll of Honor, as THE RING Magazine is the world's most widely read book, and I want to let the world know of the many deeds that the boys of the ring are doing.

Two locals in Billy Comerford and Tommy McGlinchey of Glasgow battled through ten rounds at Bellshill with a side stake of £10 besides the bigger end of the purse, and at the end Comerford got his head in front and received the decision.

Joe Curran, the Liverpool flyweight, made little of his six pounds disadvantage when he met Billy Armstrong of Blackfriars in their ten-round contest at the Stadium, Liverpool. He tore into the clever Londoner and belted him around the body and forced him to take three counts. It was only a formality for the referee to raise Curran's hand as the winner, when the last gong sounded.

Peter Johnson of Poplar repeated his previous points win over Johnny O'Malley of Hackney when they met again at the Stadium Club, London, over eight rounds. Charlie Mapp of Walthamstow gained a good victory when he knocked out Jim Harper of Edgware in the second of a six-round contest.

A crowd of 4,000 frenzied fight fans yelled their heads off when Harry Silver of Clapton and Ivor Thomas of Pontypridd battled their way over ten rounds at the Pontypridd Football Ground. Although Silver seemed to have the better of the milling, which was of a ding dong character, the referee raised both boys' hands at the end and called it a draw.

Seven thousand boxing fans weathered the rain and flocked to the Franklin Gardens, Northampton, Rugby Football Ground to witness the show staged by the local promoter, Con Wilson, to whom the honor goes of staging the first championship in the county of Northants.

Con Wilson has always had a soft spot for the likeable bricklayer, Norman Snow, and he felt highly elated when Snow won the Southern Area welterweight title, and it gave him compound pleasure to stage Norman Snow as challenger to Ernie Roderick, the champ, in a title go in his home town.

Referee Moss Deyong called the men together for their last orders. The sun broke through the dark clouds and provided a perfect setting, and then the gong sent them on their way.

Roderick took the lead from the start with a snappy left lead to the challenger's face, and well won the first and second rounds, but a change came over the situation in the third round when Snow caught Roderick with a perfect left hook to the jaw, and the champion's knees buckled. He had the presence of mind to hold on till the referee got between the men. Another left hook did further damage, and it looked all over bar shouting with the champion's crown tottering, then the gong sounded the end of the round, which must have been sweet music to Roderick's ears.

One with any kind of knowledge of fighting would think that when the next round started Snow's seconds would send him out to finish off what he had started in the third round, but lo and behold, here was Snow trying to box his man instead of using his heavy weapon, and so Roderick, through clever defensive work, recovered and took the initiative once again.

There was not much to write home about in the middle rounds, although the Northampton lad tried his hardest to connect with his famous left hook, but the clever Liverpudlian was up to all the tricks to smother Snow's efforts to bring him down.

When the 14th round started, it was seen that Roderick's right jaw had swollen to twice its size, a token of the hard left-hook punching of the challenger, and that only a K.O. could rob the champion of his crown. All of a sudden, like a tiger let loose, Snow connected with another of his pet hooks to Roderick's body, and then to his jaw and eye, and then the blood spurted. Ernie held on like grim death as he saw his welter crown slipping away from him, the gong sounded the end of the round and his manager-brother-in-law, Nel Tarleton, featherweight champion of Great Britain and the Empire, worked like a trojan, assisted by brother George, who acts as trainer.

They pulled their brother-in-law around to come up for the 15th and last round, and gave him orders to "take no chances, Ernie," but they had not the powers to help him once the gong had sounded, and so the Tiger from Northampton met him in the center of the ring to try and win the coveted title of champion of Great Britain of the welterweights.

Snow pummelled Roderick around the ring with left and right swings, but the cleverness of the champion saved him from being knocked out. Moss Deyong, the referee, walked around Snow and raised the hand of Ernie Roderick, with his jaw swollen and right eye cut and bleeding, as still the reigning champion.

The decision was met with a certain amount of booing, but that was to be expected when one sees the challenger fighting like he did in the last two rounds, but it was a just verdict in the opinion of this writer.

"Three Star" Jack Hennessy, who is well known in the United States, brought along a smart bantamweight from Dublin, Joe Foley by name. The youngster is now living in Liverpool and has had five contests, winning them all. He was asked to meet the smart Nottingham bantam, Frank Bonsor, in an eight-round contest, and the little Irish lad sailed into the more experienced opponent with left hooks and right crosses that it was hard to believe that he was only just a newcomer. Bonsor stood his ground well, but was well beaten, and little Joe Foley was declared the winner. Amid the cheers, one could see old man Foley, all the way from Dublin, doing the "Irish Jig" all the way to the dressing room.

Dick Turpin, Leamington Spa's colored middleweight, was in good form and in a hurry to dispose of Albert O'Brien of Hoxton as quickly as possible. This ended in the second round when a right-hand punch caught O'Brien square on the chin and the latter went out like a light.

Another colored lad who made a good impression with the crowd, although he was declared the loser, was Laurie Buxton of Watford. Buxton met the local Jim Wellard over six rounds, and although looking pretty with straight lefts to the colored boy's face, he nevertheless was put down for two long counts in the third round, and was cautioned no less than three times for low deliveries, but the decision went to Wellard.

Basil Magee, the smart Liverpool lad, gained a good win on points after six rounds of hard fighting when he met Billy Charnock of Manchester at the Stadium, Liverpool.

In the open-air show at Edinburgh staged by George Miller, Jackie Paterson, British and Empire flyweight champion, stopped Young Chocolate of Jamaica in the second of a ten-round contest.

Kid Tanner of British Guiana defeated the local pride, Jimmy "Chick" Stewart, in the fifth when the latter was forced to retire after giving the colored maestro a good set-to.

A big surprise was in store for the fans when the two locals met in the ring for a ten-round contest. Bobby Watson had been scoring some very good wins, and was being considered for a title go, but Private Tommy Bruce had other views on the matter, for after they had squared up for the first round Bruce, who is a hard hitter, let one go on the whiskers of Watson, and the latter never recovered from that blow. He was knocked out in the second round.

A return match between these two lads in Edinburgh would be a big attraction, so go to it, George Miller.

Speaking of Jimmy Stewart reminds one of his chances to win the Scottish flyweight title. This is vacant, owing to Jackie Paterson being the British champion, and I have no doubt in my mind that Jimmy will win this title and then make a formidable opponent for Jackie when the latter is called upon to defend his coveted titles.

Richie "Kid" Tanner, the Negro phenom from British Guiana, goes on from victory to victory. In the last 21 days, he has defeated Don Cameron, K.O. two rounds, in Scotland; Douglas Lewis of Wales, K.O. two rounds; Billy Cakewell, K.O. three rounds, and then stopped the promising flyweight from Edinburgh in five rounds.

Tanner meets Jackie Paterson in a return contest at the Stadium, Liverpool, and this will certainly be a big attraction for Merseyside, where both are big favorites. Paterson was given the decision over the "Black Panther" after one of the best flyweight bouts seen for many a day, when they met for the British Empire title.

The Stadium Club, London, is the only boxing show that has continued their unbroken run of fights for the members of the club.

Sam Russell, their matchmaker, got together four eight-round contests and two six-round contests to the satisfaction of the crowd. Charlie Smith, the old Deptford heavyweight, was introduced to the crowd and was given a big hand.

Smith brought along one of his pupils, a young middleweight aged 18, name of Bruce Bishop of Slough, to meet Joe Jenkins of Stratford in an eight-round contest, but after Bishop had put Jenkins down for eight, seven and nine in the first round, the referee stopped the contest in the second round when the game Stratford lad had been put down once again for nine and Bishop was awarded the decision.

Bishop is the lad that I have written about before, and although he has only had six contests as a professional, I predict a bright future for this young middleweight from Slough.

Another lad from Slough, Joe Prince, fought a good contest with Jordan Tarone of West Africa over eight rounds, and it was only the grandstand last round, when he scored a knock down, that gave the West African the decision by a narrow margin.

Charlie Mapp of Walthamstow was unlucky to lose to Sid Davidson of King's Cross, having to retire in the third round with a badly cut eye.

I am more than pleased to record the name of Major Pat McEnroy of the Pioneer Corps as being mentioned in dispatches for his work on the evacuation of Dunkirk.

Older boxing fans in U. S. A. and other boxing centers will remember Pat as one of the most colorful middleweights we have had in the last thirty years—and as Private Pat McEnroy of the Irish Guards his contest with Jack Harrison for the British middleweight title at the Covent Garden premises of the old National Sporting Club is still talked about.

In the last World War of 1914-1918 Private Pat won the M.C., D.S.O., D.C.M., the M.M., and was promoted to captain, and now this lovable Irishman is Major Pat McEnroy.

Readers should not have any difficulty in getting their RING Magazine every month. If they do, then write to John S. Sharpe, 3 Edwin St., London, E. 1, England, and enclose a postal order for 1/8 (one shilling and eight pence), and I will forward THE RING to you.

If you would like to order any of the marvelous books on how to keep fit from THE RING Bookshop, you can do so through the writer, and if you want a catalogue and English price list, send stamped addressed envelope.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

GEORGE LATKA, San Jose boxing professor, added the name of Georgie Hansford to his string of shellacked students in a 10-rounder at the Hollywood Stadium. Latka won the bout by a comfortable margin, but Hansford made it very interesting for the Professor in the early rounds, landing often with left hooks and overhand rights. Georgie's best round was the third, in which he belted Latka plenty. Latka's best round was the ninth, when he staged a speedy attack that left Hansford dizzy and exhausted. Neither boxer was at the peak of his condition, Hansford having trained but a week for the go, while Latka was too light to make his best effort. Latka, who was credited with six of the rounds, came in at 133. Hansford weighed 131.

Charlie Meigel, 130, Kansas City, whipped Genero Rojo, 131, in the six-round semi-windup. Otis Dedmon, 162, Oklahoma, stopped Mickey Barker, 160, Portland, in the second round.

The Stadium was well filled, as is usual when Latka is billed.

By winning over Irwin Kay in a slugfest at the Olympic Auditorium, Al Smith settled the question of who is the "Champion of Boyle Heights" and the "best Jewish welterweight in Los Angeles." Kay had been regarded as best of the local Hebrew boxers, but Irwin has slipped in recent months, while Smith has advanced, so they entered the ring on even terms. It was a battle from the start, with both boys on the canvas in the second round. Kay was dropped for nine, but arose to flatten Smith, who was still on the floor at the count of five when the gong ended the round. However, Al came out in the third still full of fight and with an incessant body attack wore Irwin down to a whisper. With Kay on the ropes in the seventh round, too exhausted to fight back, his seconds requested the referee to stop the bout. Smith weighed 149, Kay 147.

In Ocean Park—Red Nibert, 176, Louisiana, was lucky to receive a draw with Courtland Sheppard, 166, in their six-round main event at the Ocean Park Arena.

Otis Dedmon, 163, Oklahoma, decisioned Jimmy Brott, 162, Riverside, in the semi-windup.

Tommy Martin, colored heavyweight of London, scored his second American victory at the expense of Junior Munsell, Oklahoma Indian. The cockney-speaking Negro won on a T.K.O. in the fifth round at the Hollywood Stadium when Munsell suffered a badly cut eye. Martin was impressive in outboxing the Indian, having Junior bewildered with his speedy, two-fisted attack. The English heavy is fast and a nice boxer. However, Munsell is not showing the form that he displayed a few months ago. Junior was being so badly outboxed that he would probably have had to score a knockout to win, even if he hadn't received the cut eye. Martin weighed 179, Munsell 185.

Harry Winkler (Yeah, Yours Truly) wants to know who the heck has jinxed his stable! During the past month he has had to call off fights for Wesley Sellers, Otis Dedmon and Bob Crittenden because of injuries. Now his two star performers, Red Green and Bobby Bonger, are on the "sick" list.

In Ocean Park: Wesley Sellers, 137, Los Angeles, scored a one-sided victory over Everett Simmington, veteran Missouri lightweight. The classy Sellers won every round.

Louie Carranza, 145, decisioned Hank Wharton in the semi-windup.

The scrap between Richie Lemos and Guy Serean at the Hollywood Stadium lasted less than two rounds, but still the crowd got their money's worth for these hard punching featherweights crowded a lot of action into those two rounds. Both came out with the idea of scoring a knockout and Serean might have accomplished this feat in the very first round had he not lacked experience. Guy slugged Lemos plenty in the opening session, flooring Richie for the count of three and having him in bad shape, but the Idaho kid lost his head and missed with the punches that were meant to finish his opponent.

Lemos weathered the storm and was fighting hard at the bell. In the second round, the curly-headed Mexican got the jump on Serean and was smacking him all over the ring when Referee Abe Roth stopped the bout and awarded it to Richie on a T.K.O. because of a badly cut eye suffered by Serean. Both weighed 128½.

Carlos Chavez, 122, decisioned Nat Corum, 120, in a fast six-round semi. Larry Cisneros, 137, Denver, won over Henry Majcher, 138, Pittsburgh, in a four-round special.

Among the out-of-state fighters invading Southern California in search of action during the past month were K.O. Morgan, veteran Detroit bantam; Buddy Scott, light-heavy of Oklahoma; Little Tiger Wade, colored welter of Peoria; and Johnny Hanschen, Minneapolis heavyweight. Of the four, Hanschen is the only one to be booked at this writing.

Eddie Marcus climbed off the floor twice in the second round to score a decisive win over Chief Crazy Horse (Frankie Martin) in 10 rounds at the Olympic Auditorium. It looked like curtains for Marcus in that hectic second when the Indian parked left hooks on Eddie's fragile chin to spill him for nine-counts. But Eddie's fast footwork kept the Chief missing in most of the other rounds and in the fourth Marcus almost sent the Indian to the "happy hunting grounds" with a two-fisted blitzkrieg. Crazy Horse (what a name!) nailed Marcus again in the final round and had him in bad shape, but Eddie was too far ahead to lose by decision, having garnered at least six of the rounds. Marcus weighed 134, Martin 135.

Charlie Simpson, 164, was given a draw with Chester Parks, 172, in an uninteresting six-round semi.

Red Green was winning handily over Tony Chavez in their rematch at the Hollywood Stadium, only to receive a cut eye which necessitated the bout being stopped and awarded to Chavez. The manner in which Green punched Tony around in the opening round it appeared that the bout wasn't to last long, but Chavez came back to lambast the Signal Kid in the second frame to even up the score. For the next four rounds the Mexican worked on an eye-cut suffered by Green in the second, but in spite of the damage being done to the injured optic the red head was handing Tony a licking.

They battled like enraged tigers every minute of the way. Each was staggered a number of times and both suffered eye injuries. Green's cut eye bled badly in the seventh round and Referee Mushy Callahan halted the bout to have the club physician examine it. The doctor decided against Green continuing and Chavez was awarded the bout on a T.K.O. It was a bad break for the Signal Kid as Tony was tiring fast and his left eye was almost closed. The referee credited Green with four rounds, one even and one to Chavez. Chavez weighed 144, Green 141.

A capacity crowd turned out for this rematch.

Andy Scrivani, Chicago lightweight, received a lucky break in winning by the T.K.O. route over Chief Evening Thunder in the fifth round of the semi-windup to the Green-Chavez bout. The Chief was far out in front when the bout was stopped and awarded to Scrivani because of an eye-cut suffered by the Indian.

The final show of the season (and probably the last one for a long, long time) was staged at the Olympic Auditorium to an almost empty house. It was a glove-tossing program and greatly enjoyed by the handful of fans who attended, but being made up of preliminary boys, none of whom have a following, the poor turnout was to be expected.

In Ocean Park—Georgie Crouch, colored boxer of Los Angeles, knocked out Billy Moyer, Kansas welterweight, in the opening round of their scheduled eight-rounder.

With the Olympic closed down, the Hollywood Stadium is the only club showing in Los Angeles these days, and Ocean Park and San Diego are the only other clubs operating in all of Southern California. It looks like a tough season ahead for local fighters. However, Jimmy Murray is opening the Wilmington Bowl this month and this should relieve the situation somewhat. It has been many years since the Wilmington arena has paid dividends on boxing, but with the shipyard's opening up, the Harbor club may go over. If hustling and "moral suport" will do it, Murray will make the Bowl a successful venture.

LEST I FORGET—Eddie Marcus is the proud papa of a baby boy . . . . Johnny Kexes is talking of opening the East Side Arena again . . . . Joey Greenberg, manager of Glen Lee, has announced Lee's retirement. We hope Glen means it. He is a fine boy and has saved some of the money he made . . . . Jimmy Garrison, flashy Kansas City boxer, was held to a draw by Dencio Cabanela at Stockton . . . . Joe Waterman is still a patient at the Veteran's Hospital. The Doc says the well-known matchmaker will be confined for at least two months more . . . . Babe McCoy is making the matches at Ocean Park during Waterman's illness . . . . Frankie Battaglia, one-time contender for the middleweight title, is now a special officer at a plane factory in Los Angeles . . . . Frankie Garcia has a good looking lightweight in Dandy Davis, a former amateur of the South . . . . Rex Graham and Junior Munsell are two of the finest fellows to be found in the fight game . . . . Graham is one of the youngest managers in the business . . . . Bomber Bob Bonger will be out of the ring for two months because of an injured hand, hurt in the Petry bout . . . . Two amateur boxers of Colorado, Joe Boreiga and Jimmy Quintana, have entered professional ranks in L. A. They are handled by Eddie Stanton . . . . Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion, acts as technical director in all fight pictures produced at the Warner Bros. studio . . . . Ocean Park has a good card in Wesley Sellers. Matchmaker McCoy is seeking such top-notchers as George Latka, Baby Arizmendi and Toby Vigil to meet Sellers in the O. P. ring . . . . Georgie Crouch was held to a draw by Big Boy Hogue at San Diego . . . . Carlos Chavez, Johnny Forbes' Mexican bantam, is still to be defeated, although he has gone to the post over 20 times.

Bobby Bonger plans to take a trip to Seattle while waiting for his injured duke to heal . . . . Morrie Cohan is now promoting at the Olympic Auditorium. Cohan is the well-known "boy promoter" of Pasadena . . . . Augie DiMille has a pretty good middleweight in Cortland Sheppard, formerly of the South . . . . Larry Cisneros, Mexican lightweight of Colorado, has scored six consecutive wins since invading these parts . . . . Freddie Steele, former world's middleweight champion, is making Los Angeles his home. Steele is sponsoring a welterweight named Davey Ward . . . . Carlos Miranda, hard hitting Mexican of L. A., dropped a close decision to Henry Woods at Butte, Mont. . . . . Leo Mahon, former amateur of Nebraska, has entered pro ranks in L. A. . . . . Billy Moyer, Kansas welter, got off to a bad start in his return to California rings by being stopped by Georgie Crouch in one round . . . . Johnny Thomas, best prospect in local amateur ranks, has made his professional debut.

And as a reminder, anyone wishing information on boxing conditions in California must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with their request. Address Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June St., Hollywood, Calif.

Fight managers—If you want to get real publicity for your boys, free, send me good photos of your boxers and a short biographical sketch and I'll forward them to Nat Fleischer, RING Editor, for use in "New Faces" or "Making the Grade," according to the ability of your boys. Anything sweeter or cheaper? Now show your cooperation and we'll do the rest. If you want to send the photo and story direct, mail it to Nat Fleischer, THE RING, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Telluride, Colo.: Victor Cordova, 118-pound Durango, Colo., scrapper, won the Colorado bantamweight title with a lopsided ten-round victory over Chuck Thomas of Telluride. This state title had lain vacant for many months and it was finally decided to have these two boys fight it out for the new championship.

In the six-round semi-windup, Lloyd Ulibarri, Montrose, Colo., lightweight, kayoed Ira Norton of Redvale in the fourth session.

At Mancos, Colo.—Ross Romero, Durango 126-pounder, who holds the Colorado featherweight title, gained sweet revenge for a previous defeat at the hands of Adam Shank of Denver by scoring a seven-round kayo over his opponent. Shank had a wide margin of points in the first half dozen rounds, but Romero ended the fray in the seventh with a series of body blows.

R. M., Albuquerque, N. M.—No, Joe Rivers never held the lightweight championship, but he came about as close to it as anyone not to actually hold it.

P. G. A., Price, Utah—Your contention that Tommy Burns succeeded Jim Jeffries as heavyweight champion is entirely correct.

At San Luis, Colo.—Abie Valdez, San Luis lightweight star, encountered but little opposition in winning a three-round kayo over Al Allard of Denver.

The semi-windup furnished a decided upset when Frankie Valdez, Alamosa welterweight, stopped the highly-touted Sammy Calabrese, another Denver fighter, in the third canto.

At Delta, Colo.—Jackie Burke, veteran Salt Lake City welterweight, defeated young R. J. Lewis of Denver in a thrilling ten-round go. Burke had the Denverite on the floor twice for nine-counts but was unable to put over the finisher.

At Monte Vista, Colo.—Jackie Burke, veteran Ogden, Utah, welterweight, punched out a ten-round decision over Bud McCrea, Colorado's welterweight champion, in a thrill-packed encounter. There were no knockdowns but Burke suffered a slashed eye that bled profusely throughout the battle.

Vince Arrigo, Pueblo welter, stopped Joe Gallegos, Monte Vista, in the third canto of their semi-windup battle.

W. L. Morrissey, secretary of the Colorado Boxing Commission, permitted Jack Burke to fight R. J. Lewis in a ten-rounder at Delta, Colo., on July 25th, and then box another ten-rounder with Bud McCrea at Monte Vista, Colo., on the 31st, though the rules state that no boxer may compete in two bouts unless there is seven days between fights.

J. J., Amarillo, Tex.—Never heard of Cal Farley doing any professional fighting. I think he confined all his athletic endeavors to wrestling.

Remember, I have a list of *active* fight promoters in this neck of the woods that can be had for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt industry out this way. But don't forget to inclose reply postage. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colo.

KANSAS CITY AND VICINITY
By DICK CARTER

BOXING went on a summer vacation last month, but is expected to pick up in August, hit a merry clip in September, and begin booming in October. By the first of the year Kansas City will be the scene of some highly important ring brawls, what with Baby Breese, Jimmy Garrison, Tony Novak and Chester Ellis knocking on throne room doors. In addition to the four men just named, there are at least five other kids of exceptional promise, any one of whom might progress to the Breese-Garrison bracket within another five or six months.

In Breese and Garrison this region has two of the best 140-pounders in the country. Between them they have fought every worthwhile lightweight and junior welter, and neither of them has ever disgraced himself. A return Breese-Garrison match would be a fitting start for the local indoor season.

For the second indoor card we'd like to see Tony Novak, clouting Kansas City, Kans., heavyweight riot, opposed to either Neville Beech or Paul Duke. Beech is a favorite around these parts, having outpointed big Tony over the eight-round distance a few months ago. Duke, a murderous punching collegian from the South, has a world of color, knows what it's all about, and might spring a real surprise against Tony.

Should Novak-Duke or Novak-Beech prove too hard to get, an encore of Novak-Irish Dan Dowling might be a real attraction. Though Tony holds a kayo over Dowling, there is a surprising number of fans who wonder if Danny couldn't do better in a return. These fans can't help remember Dan's fine work in the early rounds of the Novak fight, and also they recall that the St. Louis dynamiter had little trouble with Neville Beech.

Kansas City and vicinity is exceptionally well fixed in the lighter classes. The leader among the little men is Chester Ellis, sensational Seneca Indian featherweight, who is still undefeated as a professional. Five or six bouts against some of the trial horses of the 126-pound class and young Chester will be pressing the Perrins, scaring off the Scalzos and jangling the nerves of the Jeffras.

Jack Haley, long, red-headed featherweight, has yet to have his first pro bout, but this correspondent has no hesitancy in predicting that Haley vs. Ellis will pack the Auditorium by February, and that Haley will some day hit the top in the feather or lightweight class.

Another great amateur is Tony Ortego, Lou Cole's scrappy Mexican 120-pounder, who defeated this year's National A. A. U. champion two weeks after the national tournament.

In the welterweight class Vince McCoy has the spunk and wallop to go far under Steno Gatto's instruction, and Harry Mills, if the spirit moves him, may become a great combination boxer-puncher.

Another splendid welterweight kid is Ferman Burton, Negro.

Lewis "Brother" Jackson, Negro light-heavyweight, could step in there on equal terms with Joey Parks, Solly Krieger or Tommy Tucker. Jackson can box, carries assassination in his right hand, and has almost too much courage. All he requires is an opportunity. He is the best fighter in Kansas City.

Aside to correspondents—We have been in New York for a month and hence unable to attend to your various inquiries and requests. Now that we are back in Kansas City, we will try to catch up. The address remains 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kans. Self-addressed stamped envelopes are appreciated.

Young white heavyweights and featherweights can do well in this region. Especially heavyweights. Drop us a line. 628 Sandusky, Kansas City, Kans.

ARKANSAS FLASHES
By CLYDE SMITH

NOW that we have a column from Arkansas, let's show Nat Fleischer an increase of sales in this state. Yours truly was former RING correspondent for the "Minnesota Flashes" in 1934-35.

Pine Bluff—Bob Sikes showed old form in stopping Bill Comiskey in third. Sikes, Pine Bluff heavyweight, headed up fistiana's comeback trail following a knockout victory over the brother of the man that halted his meteoric rise in pugilistic ranks a few weeks ago. Sikes dropped Comiskey in the third round of their scheduled ten-round event after flooring him for an eight-count and again for the count of nine. Sikes weighed 192 and Comiskey 205.

The six-round semi-final saw Paul Duke, heavyweight, of North Little Rock, win over Mike McCoy, Stillwater, Okla. Johnny Lovell, 137, North Little Rock, and Woodrow Bill of Bauxite produced considerable action in the special six-rounder. Lovell won the decision. Harold Lee, 159, Bauxite, knocked out Marvin Eagleston, 160, Dallas, Tex., in the fourth round of their scheduled six-rounder. Jackie Adams, 165, Little Rock, flattened Killer Kisner, 160, Hope, in the first round of a scheduled Negro preliminary.

Memphis, Tenn—Neville Beech, Picayune, Miss., heavyweight, knocked out Arthur Palmer, Ft. Benning, Ga., in the third round of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Big doings in Columbus, Ohio, where the Boxing Commission has just won a great victory over City Auditor James A. Rhodes, who had held up a $2.50 appropriation for the commission's annual subscription to THE RING Magazine. Rhodes had to pay $9.35 court costs and his lawyer's fees.

Missouri referees are forced to undergo eyesight test. Applicants for licenses as referees of boxing and wrestling matches in this state henceforth must obtain a certificate from a physician as to the fitness of their eyesight, Commissioner John J. Griffin has stated. Let other states follow.

LAST BELL—Peter Maher, a great fighter, passed away last month at the age of 71. Maher and Marvin Hart boxed at Hot Springs, April 1, 1907. Won by Hart in the second round.

Readers wishing to send me boxing news can reach me at 1003 E. Magrill St., Longview, Texas.

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford of Blytheville knocked out Jimmy Manley, Mid-South Golden Gloves heavyweight champion from Memphis, in less than one minute of the first round. In the semi-final, Afton Chenoweth of Blytheville outpunched Junior Stafford, Memphis, 127. Alfred Connich fought a three-round draw with Joe Beard of Memphis. Kid McNeil, 137, decisioned Tiny Volmer, 135, Memphis.

Little Rock C. M. T. C. Tourney—Kenneth Titsworth, 120, T.K.O.'ed Thomas Doughty, 120. Lee Bishop, 131, knocked out Osborn Purdue, 128. Robert Lemons, 160, T.K.O.'ed Bill Moorehead, 165. Paul Morris, 171, decisioned John O'Neil, 173. Rodney Shaw, state A. A. U. heavyweight champ, decisioned Bruce Mills.

Blytheville—Jimmy Lunsford kept his record clean by winning a unanimous decision over James McLemore, Jackson, Tenn. It was Lunsford's ninth consecutive victory. Hugh Harbert, 160, kayoed Leland Hargrove, 162, in the third. J. W. McNeil won over Ernest Vickery in three.

Hot Springs—State A. A. U. Champ O. D. Hightower, 126, dropped a disputed decision to Raymond Griffin, 130. Charley Pranter, 150, knocked out Pete Fedrick, 150, in the third round. Lester Hickerson, 140, won over Pete Hamzy. Ezra Breshears, 145, Mount Ida, decisioned Welden Brawner, 145, Hot Springs High School football star. Clyde Purdy, 133, outpointed Gooch Brown, 133.

WISCONSIN NEWS
By MATT DOUGHERTY

POSTPONEMENTS and substitutions stole the fistic flavor from Milwaukee's July presentation but Promoter Bill Mitchell did a commendable job of patching.

Buddy Waterman tried to fill the shoes of Henry Chemielewski against Tony Bruno. They put up a tough, mauling match with neither scoring effectively. Tony got the decision, but was suspended for 60 days for being five pounds overweight.

To tough Kelly Kohn goes the distinction of being the first to last the route in a local ring with Billy Seward. Kohn took everything Seward dished out and spurted in the last round to gain volleys of applause from the crowd. Kohn was down for a nine-count in the fourth. Seward's aggressive attack kept him far in front at all times, however.

Floyd Hagen, St. Paul, ended Larry Greb's comeback by stopping the dynamiting left-hooker in the first round. Hagen tore into Greb right from the bell, bombarded him with hefty left and right hooks, breaking Larry's jaw in two places, and floored him three times, the last time for the long count with a crushing left swing.

Annunzio Ferraro again found Johnny Balmer too much to handle and dropped the decision in four. Ferraro landed hard punches but failed to solve Balmer's weave. Jimmy Pierce continued his kayo clip by finishing Billy Sal in the first. Hard rights to the head turned the trick.

FROM THE PRESS ROW—Badger boxers kept busy in spite of the lack of action in the state . . . . Annunzio Ferraro beat tough Kelly Kohn in a lively four at White City . . . . Georgie Feltes won over Ralph Guajarda in four just before leaving for a stretch of naval duty . . . . Ray McKnight looked like a million in beating Ralph Guajarda at Marigold. Mickey Hayes kayoed Flash Roulette to keep his Windy City record clean and Don Goldberg beat Speedy Schaffer in four.

Karl Ogren, Stone Lake training resort proprietor, has taken over the promotional reins at Duluth. Cards will be presented again in September . . . . Eddie Metrie is the busiest man in boxing here. Eddie manages, seconds, books and trains both local and out-of-town fighters. He can be contacted at his office in the Cawker Building in downtown Milwaukee . . . . Ray Isaacs, Minneapolis clouter, who holds a draw with Seward, failed to come to terms for a bout with the Chicagoan here . . . . A Milwaukee amateur team swept through north Wisconsin opposition in a card at Minocqua.

Minute Glimpses of Ring Personalities—Ross Miller, Chicago sportsman and fight enthusiast . . . . one of the squarest shooters associated with the game . . . . is a kindly host to straitened fighters . . . . handles Annunzio Ferraro, one of the better-looking young lightweight prospects in the Middle West . . . . collects autographed pictures of top-notch fighters for display at his North Side bar.

OWING to restrictions on the importation of American magazines to Australia, Australians are urged to subscribe to The RING as that is the only way they will be able to obtain this magazine until the ban on American publications is lifted.

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IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

WE in Chicago have another world's champion in the person of Tony Zale, dynamic hitting middleweight out of Gary, Ind., who has done practically all of his fisticuffing here in the Windy City. Tony, by his noteworthy thirteen-round kayo of the N. B. A. title-holder, Al Hostak, in Hostak's home town, Seattle, Wash., gains the distinction of being recognized as world's middleweight title-holder in N. B. A. territory.

At the age of twenty-six, Tony has gained the goal of his ambition, even though he has to share the honors with Ken Overlin. Zale earned his laurels through a methodical body and head attack.

Nick Castiglione, rugged nineteen-year-old Italian lightweight slugger, displayed a good punching attack on Sammy Angott of Louisville, Ky., only to lose the verdict due to Sammy's greater experience in a ten-rounder at Mills Stadium. When Angott, the N. B. A. lightweight king, elected to slug, little Nickie outbelted the Louisville Italian.

Angott's winning attack, according to the officials' viewpoint, was based on his repeated use of solid body punching.

Henry Wacker, bronze-bomber from Chicago's South Side, pounded out a convincing ten-round semi-windup triumph over Jack Marshall, sturdy Riley, Texas, heavy. For the first four rounds, Marshall walloped Wacker with looping right-hand belts to the side of the jaw that held Issy Kline's charge in check, but once Jack began to tire, he was subjected to heavy clouting from Wacker.

Kelly Kohn, Peoria, Ill., battler, won a hectic six-rounder from Billy Sherman, Chuck Wane's 135-pound Texan.

In a four-rounder Edwin Wagner, 6 foot 9 inch Negro heavyweight, making his pro debut against Fred Washington, Hymie Marvish's protege, won the duke. In the opening contest, between welterweights, Joe Johnston of Dallas was the winner over Marty Callura from Milwaukee, Wis.

Nick Castiglione, now Chicago's "talk of the town," will fight exclusively for Alex Veck. Incidentally, yours truly is doing the fight-publicity for Alex at his White City Boxing Club, where boxing programs are presented every Friday night. The capable and hustling Bob Capocy was recently appointed matchmaker and is performing a fine task of his chores.

Milt Aron, ranking welterweight candidate from Chicago, beat Saverio Turiello of Italy in ten rounds of hot milling. Turiello holds two previous decisive victories over the Jewish boy.

Young Kid McCoy, Detroit's "Motor City" representative, pounded out a victory over Billy Marquart of Winnipeg, Canada. The attending physician wouldn't permit Marquart to come out for the fourth canto due to cuts over both of his eyes. The boys are lightweights. They were slated to battle it out for ten heats.

Fritzie Zivic, lashing Slav belter from the "Smokey City" of Pittsburgh, Pa., caught Leonard Bennett of Detroit with a beautiful left hook to the solar plexus, dropped the rugged Bennett in his tracks, and the bout ended in the fourth stanza.

Don Siegal, 1939 All-American tackle from the University of Michigan, may prove what the physician's tonic calls for in a fistic way at a later date. Don belted huge Ben Moroz, gigantic Philadelphian, into oblivion in the second frame of a proposed eight-round conflict.

Willie Joyce, classy Gary, Ind., lightweight, scored an astonishing 12-second one-round knockout over George Morelia of Detroit. As the bell clanged, Joyce stepped out, feinted with his left and slashed a right high on Morelia's cheekbone. Morelia went down in a heap, partially arose at the count of five, grasped the ropes, fell over the lower strand of the ring rope, fell back into the ring through the same strand at the count of nine and remained helpless at the ten toll. The struggle that the Mexican put forth in trying to beat the count in a peg-legged condition was most interesting. This was to have gone eight rounds at the White City Boxing Club.

In the co-attraction at the same distance, sepia punching Nate Bolden took the measure of George Burnett of Detroit, Mich.

In the preliminaries, Kelly Kohn, Peoria lightweight, was throttled by Annunzio Ferraro of Milwaukee, Wis. Ferraro possessed too much accuracy for the ever-willing and aggressive Kohn. Joe Dupont, making his pro debut, sustained a cut eye in the third frame and the bout was stopped with Matt (Ring Scribe) Dougherty, the winner. Billy Ross, lanky 140-pound South Sider, won from "Tiger" Robertson of Detroit.

The following show had Joyce and Morelia do battle all over again. This time, however, Joyce was very fortunate to obtain a draw at the end of eight heats. When both contestants weren't roughing it, they were free-wheeling leather at a locomotive pace. The seventh and eighth rounds found Morelia planting several sharp left hooks to the body with telling effect.

Billy Seward of Ingamoor, Mont., beat Sammy Scully for a three-round kayo in the semi-final. They are 135-pounders.

In the four-round events Matt Dougherty of Milwaukee, Wis., beat Kelly Kohn of Peoria, Ill., and Booker Beckwith scored a kayo over the veteran Bobby Millsap in two rounds. George Feltes, middleweight from Milwaukee, Wis., beat Ralph Guajardo, who spotted Feltes some ten pounds. Feltes, following his victory, announced his retirement from the ring to join Uncle Sam's army.

Tony Musto, pudgy Blue Island "Baby Tank," was the victim of a deep gash over his left optic in the seventh round of a ten-rounder, and Eddie Blunt, colored, of Corona, Long Island, received credit for a technical knockout in the seventh round.

Gene Ward, elusive and swift punching colored West Side 135-pounder, took the measure of Mike Gamiere of Cleveland, Ohio, in eight fast rounds, only to have it called a draw.

Paul Frazier, South Side light-heavy, colored, lost again to Jimmy Bivins of Cleveland at the end of eight heats. Frazier didn't last a round in their previous hookup.

Ramey McKnight, a recent graduate of Lincoln High School in Milwaukee, and scaling 140 pounds, triumphed twice during the month—his victims being Ralph Guajardo, West Side Mexican, and Bobby Ryan, ever-catching West Sider—four rounds each.

Irish Bobby Ruffin won a clean-cut victory over the fiery whirlwind from Brooklyn, N. Y., Frankie Covelli, who was much shorter in stature as well as in reach, in a White City headliner of ten rounds. Ruffin's swats to the kidneys at long range slowed up Covelli to a walk.

In the semi-windup, Chick Sanchez of Detroit repeated his win over the sharpshooting Joe Law of the South Side, this time in six rounds instead of four. This Sanchez is a pulverizer with his right hand, tricky afoot and has stamina to burn.

Star Harvey, seconded by Chappie Blackburn, Champion Joe Louis' conditioner, won over Bill Duncan, light-heavyweight from Batavia, Ill., in a four-rounder. In the other fours, Joe Du Pont, Mexican lightweight protege of Jack Biggerstaff, won handily over Eddie Carson of New Orleans, La., while Bill Miller, colored, of the South Side, stowed away young Richard Rigali, who was having his first pro fight, in the second round.

Don Van Treest is the new matchmaker at the Madison Athletic Club, 4811 W. Madison St., supplanting Jack Biggerstaff.

Buddy Knox of Dayton, Ohio, long a favorite in and around Chicago, chalked up another Chicago victory, this time thoroughly whipping Chuck Crowell of Los Angeles, Cal., in a ten-round set-to. This was Knox's third consecutive victory over the lanky Californian.

Chico Romo, Mexican 142-pounder, won a sizzling contest from Tito Taylor, aggressive colored battler, in a six-round semi-feature.

In a five-round special event, Harold Brown, availing himself in a comeback attempt and looking none too good, won over an old loser, Johnny Rock, now O'Hara. A few days later, Brown looked pitiful compared to his former self in gaining the nod over Patrick Henry, a battle-scarred veteran, who also made a comeback attempt, in a five-rounder.

Don Goldberg and Mickey Hayes, middleweight and light-heavy, respectively, beat Speedy Schaffer and knocked out Flash Roulette, in order.

Settimio Terracino, Emil Nanny's Italian-Jewish light-heavyweight importation, settled down quite a bit in securing a hard-earned draw with the rugged Al Tibbits of Danville, Ill., at the end of five rounds.

Carl Vinciquerra of Omaha, Neb., fought an eight-round draw with Chuck Crowell of Los Angeles, Cal.

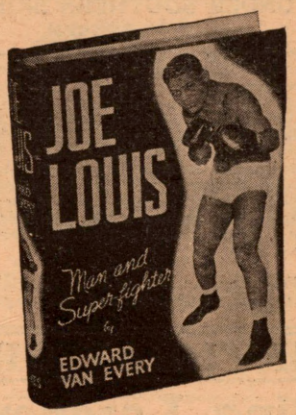
The Ring Correspondent Replies from Chicago:

Jimmy Hearns: For information on Pete Lello, I advise you to write to Izzy Kline, and to Jack Hurley regarding Billy Marquart's record. Both can be reached at Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Nick De Marco: You can find the answer to your request in my account of the Covelli-Ruffin shindig at the White City Boxing Club, 63rd St. and So. Park.

ATTENTION: Fighters who have or have not managerial connections would do well to get in touch with Gene Engel for bouts here and in the Middle West. White boys only, as there are plenty of good colored boys here. Send me your complete boxing record and a clear snapshot of yourself. Send all information to me in care of Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Illinois.

Fight managers, why not take advantage of Nat Fleischer's kind offer to get the pictures of your boys with a short story about them in "New Faces"? It costs you nothing. Send him the pictures and the stories. If you are a deadhead, you won't do this, but if you are a live wire you will prove it to your fighters by acting immediately.



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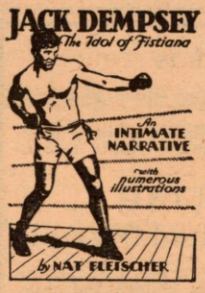

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UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

AN exceedingly wise move was made when responsible parties planted Bill Gore in the matchmaker's seat at Miami Beach, Florida. In fact, the Resort City can look for a big boxing boom when the annual winter season rolls around. There's no doubt that the famous Floridian's fistic prominence through long association with the toppers, his ability as well as thorough knowledge has gained him the position for the Beach Arena and I know that many of his friends scattered over the country will be glad to hear of Bill's good luck.

Jack Dempsey packed 'em in at Charlotte, N. C., sixty-five hundred strong, and the large aggregation was treated to the usual Dempsey exhibition, a savage and murderous assault which saw Ellis Bashara, Syrian ex-footballer, plenty out in the second round of a scheduled tenner. Jack tipped the beams at 205 while Ellis came in at 209. This was the former champion's second appearance in the South, having previously annihilated Cowboy Luttrell in the same number of rounds in Atlanta.

The performance that Tom Sharkey, Jacksonville boxer, presented to the ten thousand fans on the Ben Brown-Ken Overlin card (in Richmond) was enough to earn him the night's chief fistic honors, stealing the show from them completely, according to newspaper clippings.

Ed Corley, a close pal of Jack Dempsey and who did some ace-high scrapping himself some years ago, tells us of our chief, Nat Fleischer, as referee for the Dempsey-Luttrell go in Atlanta. Says Ed: "The little feller sure surprised me with his agility and the way he kept on his toes. I've never witnessed a man so busy in the ring in all my days." Corley, now a policeman on the Jacksonville squad, calls Nat the most natural person he has ever met, which speaks highly of the chief's personality and popularity.

In his second appearance as a full-fledged pro scrapper, Tom Sharkey of Jacksonville secured the decision over Joe Giordano of Philadelphia, heading Tony Barbaria's initial professional fistic offering. Sharkey, dubbed the "Tiger" due to his most savage attacks, deposited his Philly foe for a nine-counter in the second heat with the bell sounding the rescue call. Tom was never headed till the last bell although Giordano put up a stubborn battle. An effective left jab was also brought into play by the Jacksonville boxer at the right moments. He weighed 152 while Joe hit 151.

Glad to see Clyde Smith back in THE RING fold. Clyde should keep RING readers interested by his capable experiences as a writer . . . . Bouquets and orchids to Mark Fannon's best effort in the last RING issue, which is topped off in a very breezy manner. May we tell on Mark? He is camp instructor on the Cape up Massachusetts way, and is helping the kiddies with their boxing. And what usually happens when one RING Magazine is brought amongst them all? You guessed it, pardner, a free-for-all results.

Renovating . . . . Florida fight clubs doing house cleaning and getting ready for the fight season which should be the state's best to date. Some of the clubs have made changes in structure and enlarging the seating capacity. Fighters, with and without managers, who have fair ability, and who wish to show in Florida clubs, are asked to contact this writer. Please enclose record, results, pictures, mats and clippings, also stamp for return reply. All queries will be gladly answered in quickest possible time. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

Red Burman, heavyweight prospect of Jack Dempsey, gave Charlotte fight fans a small but very effective sample of his punching prowess. Burman flattened Billy Michaels of Atlanta in the first round with an exploding right which was all needed. For one, we'd like to see Red get his deserving chance at Joe Louis' crown . . . . Red Hutchins, Tampa featherweight, lost by a T.K.O. to Pancho Villa after failing to answer the bell for the seventh round. Hutchins was cut around both eyes . . . . Bob Riley, Miami welter, lost to Mike Piskin in an eight-round tussle . . . . Buster Carroll, Lowell welter, who is a popular favorite in Florida, and one of the best defensive boxers, defeated the latest Mexican importation, Cecil Lozado, in ten heats.

A big "hurrah" for Jack Larrimore of Miami, who broke into Eddie Borden's big ten. It's the first time a Floridian had that honor in a long while. Jack and stablemate Quentin Breese left for California with Manager George Ade . . . . There is a Tampa boxer who reads like the noted fiction boxer, Kid Galahad. He is Tommy Gomez, young and handsome heavyweight, who serves as a bell-hop in a Tampa hotel. Yessir, and the young fellow has 11 knockouts in 11 tries . . . . Everett Clay, Sports Editor for the Miami *Herald*, is one of the most boxing-minded sports-penners we know of. Everett delights in writing on old-timers, of which the latter are in abundance in Miami, and we find Clay's column supplying us with valuable data. He is also a great RING fan.

Met some interesting personalities of the fight game while in Miami Beach with the Jacksonville boxers. One was Mrs. W. C. "Bill" Gore, the charming wife of the Beach Arena matchmaker, whose boxing knowledge is as well known as her prominent husband; Bobby Britton, son of the ex-welter champ, Jack Britton; Harry Bartell of New York and Miami Beach, whose assistance is a main factor in the boxing industry in Miami; Dale Gardner, a nifty old-timer; Harry Davis, another of the latter boys; Bucky Burton, ace Southern featherweight several years ago; Harold Steinman, former manager of Johnny Paychek, and others. Each paid a grand tribute to THE RING Editor and magazine.

Harold Steinman is now the manager of Bobby Britton and is a full-time resident of Miami Beach. Steinman did pilot Johnny Paychek to a match with Joe Louis and believes young Bobby can attain a high peak . . . . Tommy Beck, Jacksonville middleweight, who holds a win over Ben Brown at the time the Atlantan was steppin' up, is on the comeback trail and should interest the fans in Jacksonville with his coping . . . . Ken Overlin and Ben Brown will tangle for the sixth time as soon as this leaves the press and the place of meet will be Atlanta. It's a benefiter for the Atlanta Boys' Club, an annual affair. Ben hopes to garner a win over the champion, who is the only man to defeat the Belter in a return match . . . . Baby Manuel of Tampa lays claim in defeating Henry Armstrong. He did the trick in a six-rounder in 1933 and lost to Hank later in '34 at Sacramento, California.

Bill Gore is presenting some of the best club fights seen in Florida and it's the lightweights that are dominating the field with bang-up performances. In one of the best, Carl Sivers, Jacksonville boxer, took an unearned win over Steve Padon of Chicago. Sivers closed fast but not enough to even secure a draw. Padon swarmed all over the Jacksonville boy without a letup for ten rounds. Of course, Carl brought his own artillery into play, but this was one time he didn't see it properly function. This Padon lad should be packing them in to the rafters with his busy style which is very popular and action-cramming from the first to the last.

In the semi, Buck Buckalew, Pensacola lightie, who is a pretty nice puncher, last-round rallied to escape with the decision over Al Manriquez in another good bout. Al forced the fight but met stiff opposition from Buckalew's countering left hooks to the head and body. In a six-rounder, Bogieman Coleman, Jacksonville, proved a neat showman in copping over Baby De Grasse, a bout that had the fans in constant uproar from Bogieman's most wild swings that almost found him sliding to the deck. The way this little roughie missed his shots was worth the price of admission.

Jack Baggett, Chattanooga light-heavy, and one of the busiest boys in the South, won a T.K.O. in the eighth over Ralph Gross then bested Charlie Jerome in ten at Memphis. Not satisfied, Baggett slapped a kayo at the expense of Harold Glymph, Atlanta glover . . . . Floyd Shiflett, with the Stiffie Williams banner, added two impressive wins when he defeated Marty Fields in both instances in lightweight affairs.

Joey Raymond, Tampa lightweight, impressed Miami Beach fans with an artistic left hand that kept Carl Sivers on the wrong side of the street and until Sivers' late start, was heading for a win. The Jacksonville Jewish lad made his bid for a victory in the concluding cantos but was not enough. The bout was declared a good draw after ten hot heats. This Joey Raymond can give a good account of himself any day and a good trial for the best Southern lightweights.

In the semi-windup, Young Allen subbed for Bobby Sylvester and did swell in holding Buck Buckalew to an even eighter. Both are lighties. In prelim bouts, Bogieman Coleman couldn't fathom out Henry Raymond's defense and was at the losing end after six rounds. Both are bantams. Johnny Higgins, who promotes and boxes, was too much for Frankie Garcia of Tampa and scored a T.K.O. in the fourth canto. Bill Gore presented.

Big boys put up a sweet scrap for the Beach Arena customers and in the top event, Al Delaney and Eddie Mader fought a busy fight for seven rounds, only to have the latter call it quits for the night as one eye was shut tight while the other was none too well off. Delaney proved the heavier puncher, and seemed to be getting better as the bout progressed. Mader was doing good work with nice left jabs and occasional rights that stunned Delaney. In all, it was a honey. The winner weighed 189 and Mader 181. In the semi-final, Steve Padon rocked Dick Hernandez to sleep in the fifth of an eight-rounder. Steve was well ahead before the end came. Frankie Garcia stopped Bobby Pickens in the second round of a welterweight tilt. Al Manriquez put the finishing touches on Bill Scolar in a lightweight battle.

Jack Larrimore of Miami Beach and Bobby Britton put on the best fight recorded in the Resort City in many a moon. Jack took a most unpopular verdict and the fans didn't hesitate to voice their disapproval. Bobby, who usually waits and counters, offset whatever plans Jack had for an easy win. It was Larrimore's stiffest effort and what a task on his hands. Britton made many friends and followers, not only from source of this decision but his surprising change of milling. He went on the offensive from start to finish and there wasn't but one person who actually believed Larruper Larrimore the winner.

Please send all notes to me before the first of each month. Write Tom Ephrem, 605 W. Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida . . . . Get your RINGS while in Jacksonville at Jake's Newsstand, the city's best. Jake accommodates THE RING by receiving more copies for customers and fighters alike. He welcomes out-of-town requests for RINGS. His address is: Corner West Forsyth and Hogan Streets, Jacksonville, Florida.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER
By I. Q. GROSS

ADVICE to promoters: Don't neglect to place some local boys on your card or your receipts will suffer. In Newark, a show headlined by a bout between Eddie Blunt of New York and Tony Musto of Chicago drew a small gate of $1611, while the week before the program included almost all local boys and attracted twice as many fans and a gross of $3200. Blunt was declared the winner by a technical K.O. in the seventh after a fairly even battle when the Chicagoan suffered a cut eye. In the semi-final eight, Norman Rubio, New York, decisioned Clarence Enos, Philly; Tommy Hogan, New York, stopped Mickey Whalen, Philly, in the fourth, and Jim Byrnes, New York, decisioned Pat Mangini, Philly, in the sixes.

Freddy Archer, who was being rushed too fast, lost a ten-rounder to Morris Parker in Newark before a $3,227 house. Although it was only his 13th fight in the pro ranks, Archer was fighting a main event. Archer, who weighed 132, will rest until the indoor season. He was handled by Dick O'Connor, Tommy Ross and Mickey Donley. Parker scaled in at 126 and was seconded by Battling Red and Jimmy Wilde.

In the semi-final eight, Ralph Griffin defeated his fellow Newarker, Phil Sharkey, reversing a previous defeat. Griffin scored three knockdowns. Charley Ketchuk, with Jersey Jones in his corner, outpointed Joe O'Gatty of Toms River in a six. The bout was scheduled for eight but was cut short because of the rain so that the Griffin-Sharkey bout could go on.

To Jack Cartwright, San Francisco: Harry Rapaport, former Newark promoter and manager, is now day manager of the Club Bali in Miami . . . . To George (Horse) Henderson, Warsaw, N. C.: Six-round fighters here start from $25, except where the bout is a semi-final. Heavyweights do well here.

Petey Scalzo had a tough time earning a ten-round decision over Maxie Fisher at Newark. Fisher was the master at long range, but Scalzo scored at in-fighting. The attendance was 5,600 and the gross receipts $4,842.90. Scalzo weighed 128, Fisher, 134½.

Freddy Archer, the promising lightweight from the Weequahic section of Newark, looked good in trouncing Joe Stack of Philly in the semi-final eight. Tommie Adams, Newark, stopped Al Teddy at the start of the fourth. Al Costa, Rhode Island lightweight, outpointed Fred Bodassi, Trenton, in a six. Oscar Poindexter, Newark, drew with Buddy Newby of the same city in a four. In the opening bout, John Cibellis, Newark, knocked out Joe Tassi, Elizabeth, in the first.

Ken Overlin, the middleweight champ, was rooting for Fisher against Scalzo . . . . Pete Reilly, Scalzo's manager, got into an argument with Referee Paul Cavalier when Paul warned Scalzo for foul tactics . . . . Johnny Morschini, former Elizabeth boxer, lost a leg in an accident on a highway and exactly three months later he was again hit by a car at the same spot. Morschini was a sparring partner for Jersey Jim Braddock at one time.

Billy Beauhuld of Jersey City was trouncing Norman Quarles of Florence, N. C., for the first three rounds of their fight at Bayonne but Beauhuld sustained a severe cut at the end of the round. The State Commission doctor refused to allow the Jersey City boxer to continue and Quarles was declared the winner.

Mike Piskin, Freehold welterweight, scored a close eight-round decision over Norman Hurdman of Toronto on the Beauhuld-Quarles card. Dave Chacon of Elizabeth drew in eight with Joe Boscarino of Carbondale, Pa.

In the fours, Joey Tagg, Jersey City featherweight, fought on close terms with Don Litt of Newark's well-known Litt battlers, and Jimmy Gallagher, New York, stopped Joe Di Vinova, Hoboken, in the first.

Paul Cortlyn, Newark Polish welterweight, earned a ten-round decision over Dave Chacon before 2,900 fans at Newark. Chacon now lives in Elizabeth but formerly hailed from Miami and Mexico. Jim Brady, who once managed Cortlyn, now handles Chacon. Brady and Cortlyn almost had it out themselves after the decision was announced. The show drew $2,704.80, and part of the profits was generously donated to the New Jersey branch of the Jewish War Veterans of the United States.

In another 10-rounder on the same show, Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Michigan, defeated Nunzio Bisogno of Newark. Harold Schwartz, New York featherweight, technically kayoed Hugh Civette, Philly, in the first of a six. Eddie Dempsey, also of the Big City, outpointed Vince Di Lia, Trenton, in six. In the fours, Frankie Van of Bayonne, was declared the winner in the third over Jimmy Snediker of Dunellen when Jimmy sustained a cut eye, and Tony Corsi of Silver Lake flattened Tony Ferrara of Garfield in round three.

Jimmy Wilde of Newark has become chief trainer for Ken Overlin. Wilde has done a good job in bringing back to form Maxie Fisher and Red Cochrane . . . . George Gunther, one of the great heavyweights of yesteryear, is often seen at the Newark Athletic Club giving a massage to Izzy Rapaport, the Newark barrister . . . . Jim Savage, another fistic luminary of the past, tore up his scrap books when he retired so that his children would never take up the game.

Notes to you from Jack Larkin: Johnny Yelavich of Garfield will fight as a welterweight. He was born on the day that Dempsey kayoed Carpentier and has Jack as his inspiration . . . . Paulie Wilson of the same city has won four out of five and looks promising . . . . Larkin is handling Tommy Ferraro . . . . Alex Doyle, who was out with a fractured jaw, is planning a comeback . . . . Midget Doyle has retired and is working in a paper mill . . . . Bill Daly, manager of Maurice Strickland and Pat Comiskey and who toured England with Roy Lazer, is in on the boxing promotion at Belmont Gardens, Garfield.

Newarkers are still talking of Red Cochrane's one punch knockout over the deposed state welterweight champion, Mickey Makar of Bayonne . . . . Gus Lesnevich, contender for the light-heavyweight throne, is biding his time working as a life-guard at Palisades Amusement Park, which is press agented by our friend, Bert Nevins.

Jimmy Reilly of Cranford is the promoter at Mount Freedom, a resort near Morristown. At that place, Ike Williams, Trenton feather, technically stopped Joe Romero of New York in the second of a scheduled eight. In one of the fours Harry Ferio, Newark, scored a three-round technical K.O. over Joe Snedecker of Dunnellen.

Jack Barr, Newark's leading boxing fan and letter writer, is with a C.C.C. gang in Utah. Barr misses his friends in New Jersey.

Gus Lesnevich made his debut in the heavyweight ranks when he easily whipped Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., at Garfield in a 10-round bout. Gus had the miner on the floor in the first, second and sixth sessions. Referee Paul Cavalier gave Gus nine rounds and Sears one.

Dave Chacon was given a $25 fine by Commissioner Abe Greene for foul tactics and vile language used in his fight with Paul Cortlyn. Dave's manager, Jim Brady, was given a suspension along with his fighter for unbecoming conduct when the decision was announced and later in the dressing room . . . . The columnists are linking Jimmy Pelecchia of the Boxing Commission staff with Gloria Cook, the lovely lass we saw dancing in the La Playa troupe at the Rumba Casino in Miami Beach last winter . . . . Women wrestlers recently made their debut at Columbia Park in North Bergen and Newark and drew the largest crowds in the history of wrestling in this state.

To Margaret Alsobrook, Miami: Thank you for your kind letter . . . . To Jo Terrell, Bloomington, Indiana: We shall be glad to assist you when you arrive in New York . . . . Ken Fiester of the Newark *Sunday Call* recently wrote a long feature story on Fred Archer . . . . To C. Luippold, St. Louis: Decisions in this state are rendered by the referee only. No judges are seated outside the ring. Decisions are limited to the final and semi-final bouts except where special permission is obtained.

Buck Streator of Collingswood continues to be a winner in Philly . . . . Bobby Masters of the latter city outpointed Mike Piskin of Freehold in the main event at Long Branch . . . . Gus Dorazio whipped Bobby Jones in ten at Atlantic City . . . . While Billy Beauhuld is recovering from cut eyes he is teaching Tommy Gallagher, 19-year-old prospect from Jersey City's Horseshoe neighborhood . . . . Paul Cortlyn, going strong here, was once an usher at the Newark Bears ball park . . . . Wallace Cross, national A.A.U. heavyweight champion from East Orange, recently trounced Cornelius Young, New York-Chicago Golden Gloves king . . . . Maxie Fisher was introduced at the ringside when Ken Overlin fought Billy Soose in Scranton. Maxie was given a good hand.

Beans Palmer, Plainfield heavyweight, decisioned Steve Colucci of Phillipsburg in an eight at Mt. Freedom. In the semi-final six, Frankie Van, Bayonne featherweight, scored over Vince De Lia of Trenton. In the fours Bobby Mercer, Dover, flattened Kid McCoy of Paterson in the second; Charley Elmo, Garfield, kayoed Tony King, Hackensack, in the third; Pat Martin, Paterson, drew with Oscar Lewis, Newark, and Jack Kennings, Orange, outfought Kid Blanchard of Morristown.

Paul Cortlyn continued his winning streak by flattening Buddy Brewster of Hartford in the third at Atlantic City . . . . Charley Ketchuk of Binghamton won a close 10-round decision over Wally Sears of Philly at Long Branch. Referee Paul Cavalier awarded Ketchuk five rounds, Sears four and one even. In the six-round semi, Leroy Greenwood stopped Billy Mims in the second . . . . Joe Miller of Atlantic City is trying to match Pat Comiskey with Freddy Fiducia. Joe figures the match will draw 15 grand and is willing to pay a purse of $7,500, to be split between the main eventers.

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COVERING NEW ENGLAND
By MARK FANNON

DURING the month boxing shows have been scarce in the eastern section of New England with New Bedford, Boston and Worcester being idle. However, several New England favorites are forging ahead, making serious bids for world championships. Mike Kaplan, the Dorchester dandy, is being groomed for a shot at Armstrong for the crown. Both Boston and Philadelphia are bidding for this lucrative match. Kaplan, it may be pointed out, would be to our minds a far better opponent for Homicide Hank than either Junior or Zanelli, who are of the aggressive type that play Henry's game. Fresh from a string of victories, Mike has youth on his side plus plenty of boxing skill, which would make him a hard target to hit squarely.

On a par with Kaplan by his consistent winning streak goes the name of Louis Kid Cocoa of New Haven, another worthy battler deserving of a title chance. To further emphasize his claim for a shot at Armstrong, he broke Jimmy Leto's undefeated record this year by giving him a licking in 10 rounds. Phil Furr also was defeated during the month by the clever Cocoa Kid.

Bobby "Poison" Ivy made a game attempt to capture for New England the N.B.A.'s portion of the feather title from tough Pete Scalzo. The ever-punching Poison Kid kept Scalzo much concerned during the first part of the fight but the New Yorker's greater experience and harder punching told later on. A badly cut lip caused the referee to halt proceedings in the 15th.

In the interstate amateur bouts held at Dilboy Field, Somerville, the winners of the five two-minute rounds were: Al Sforza over Archie Goodbee, Albany, 126-pound class; Steve Bomal over Gene Johnson, Albany, 135 class; Dave Andrews over Joe Triola, Albany, 147; Harry Benoit, Albany, over Billy Connolly, 160; Bill Dupee won over Al Reed, Albany, heavyweights.

Portland, Me.—Danny Needham, Bath, picked himself off the canvas to go on to win the 10-round decision over Ted Lowry.

The Armstrong-Jenkins fight pictures show the Texan as being nerveless and a terrific hitter, but not so good at absorbing punishment. A left hook that staggered Jenkins in the third had him noticeably weak for the rest of that session . . . . "Doc" Almy is the only writer that conducts a daily column devoted solely to boxing around Boston. This boxing news in the Boston *Post* is read in a large section of New England . . . . Poison Ivy is called by that moniker, no doubt, because he clings to his opponent.

Although we are pleased to receive so many requests for pictures of New England fighters, we are sorry to state that we are not in a position to furnish them. We recommend that you get the pictures of top-ranking New England boxers from THE RING. We will attempt to answer, however, all questions of general interest about boxing in these parts. The address once more is 28 Front St., Ashland, Mass., and please enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

With the weather permitting amateur shows are held every week at the Dilboy Field, Somerville. These shows have proved very popular with the fans and on the night of the Golden Gloves finals about 5,000 fans attended, a sizeable crowd for any show whether it be pro or amateur. The Golden Gloves winners were: 126: Al Sforza, Boston; 135, Steve Bomal, Lowell; 147, Dave Andrews, Lowell; 160, Billy Connolly, Roxbury; heavy, Bill Dupee, Cambridge.

These amateur shows together with occasional shows held in Medford, Onset, New Bedford and other places is about the only way Boston has of developing its fistic talent.

Here are word pictures of two more New England boys. Both are New England champions and both are of Jewish descent:—

Mike Kaplan—Well proportioned welter from Dorchester, now bidding for world honors. Has a pair of marvelous legs, used continually during a battle. Whenever he is in danger those sturdy legs, like two coil springs, dart him in and out of harm's way. Is a nice jabber and accurate with both hands; always ready to counter. When he was an amateur he was beaten several times because he was too cautious and did too much holding. Since turning pro, through proper training and willingness to keep active, he has surpassed all those who had beaten him to become a fast rising star.

Abe Denner—Perhaps the most deceptive feather in the game today. Exceptionally tall, with an extra long reach and spindly legs. In fact, looking at him before a fight he seems easy pickings for his solidly built foe. His fast departing hair and almost frail appearance make him look much older and weaker than he really is. Once the bell rings Abe takes punishment very well, using his height and reach to every advantage. Being usually five or six inches taller than his opponent he has found a short uppercut of good use. This added with a stinging jab and long solid hooks, plus his cagy and tricky work in close, spells a busy evening for any aspiring featherweight.

BOXING IN MAINE
By DAVE SILVERMAN

PORTLAND—Coley Welch, Maine's middleweight contender, added the name of Ted Lowry of New Bedford to his list of victims by winning the decision in a ten-round bout at the Exposition Building. The battle was a sensational one, and voted the best to be seen in Portland in many years.

In the semi-final, Lou Cooper, the Bath heavyweight, won the decision over Henry Burak of Boston in six rounds. Other results saw George Blasdell of Portland defeat Jackie Collins of Boston; Jackie Shine of Boston win from Ernie Burke of Portland; and Herb Tracy of South Portland stop Bill Durfee of Portland in three rounds.

Brunswick—Lefty Lachance of Lisbon Falls defeated Billy Atlas of Bath in a hard-fought six-round bout. In the semi-final, K. O. Tardiff of Brunswick knocked out Al Morgan of Boston in two rounds. In the prelims, Maurice Beauchance of Brunswick won from Al Cloutier of Lewiston, and Billy Hudson of Bath defeated Charlie Chellis of Lewiston.

South Berwick—Jimmy Cook of Rumford won the decision over Young Olin of Boston in six fast rounds. Hungry Moore of Fort Williams knocked out Young Williams of Boston in two rounds. Bob Gingress of Exeter fought a draw with Dick Peters of Portsmouth, and Eddie Berry of Portland won the decision over Young Tony of Portsmouth.

Portland—Billy Lancaster of Portland scored a technical knockout over Al Buck of Lisbon Falls when the latter failed to answer the bell for the fifth round. In a hard fought semi-final, Tiger Lambert of Biddeford won the decision from K. O. Bonnevie of Livermore Falls in eight rounds. Paul Herrick of Portland won the decision from Slasher Porter of Rockland; Mike Green won the decision over Hungry Moore; Billie Wilson defeated Henry Perry of Portland, and Eddie Barry of Portland scored over Morris Beauchane of Brunswick.

South Berwick—Jimmy Duvall of Portland won by technical knockout from Eddie Latourneau of Sanford in two rounds. Ernie Burke of Portland won the decision from the Blond Tiger of Lowell; Bill Jordon of Portland defeated Young Wilkins of Farmington, and Johnny Welch of Lowell and Larry Watts of Sanford fought four rounds to a draw.

Portland—Danny Needham of Bath surprised boxing fans by earning the decision over Ted Lowry of New Bedford in a hard-fought ten-rounder. Lowry's hard punching had Needham on the floor three times in the fourth round, but Needham's superior boxing enabled him to outpoint the hard-hitting New Bedford youngster.

In the semi-final, Ernie Burke defeated Jackie Shine of Boston in a hard-fought six-rounder. In another six, Jimmy Cook of Rumford defeated Eddie Morency of Waterville. In the prelims, George Blaisdell of Portland and Mike Green of Lewiston went to a draw. Billie Wilson of Portland and Ray McGinnis of Boston also ended evenly. Paul Herrick of Portland knocked out Slasher Porter of Rockland in three rounds.

South Berwick—Young Cote of Dover won by technical knockout over Hungry Moore of Fort Williams in one round, a badly cut eye forcing the referee to halt the battle. Billie Wilson defeated Jake Desautel, Young Peters defeated Bob Gingrass, and Eddie Barry of Portland defeated Lee Martin of Farmington.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

NEW ENGLAND, like other sections of the country, is finding tough going in the fight game. Lack of new talent and apparently the World War has taken much of the interest out of the sport and it will require considerable efforts on the part of promoters to make a go of the game this fall and winter. Unless new talent is developed, and this talent is of the pleasing type, promoters will have a tough time to keep their doors open. James Clark and Marcus Pitts, two boys who are well liked in this section, should aid in keeping the sport in the spotlight in Holyoke. Clark is a heavyweight from Alabama, who trained with Nathan Mann in New Haven recently for Nathan's fight with George Fitch, which Mann won, and Marcus Pitts is a sterling young featherweight, who was born in Manila and now lives in Springfield.

The Valley Arena will get going again this month. It has been closed down all summer for repairs.

Leroy Evans arrived in Springfield and will make his home there. He will fight for Leo Bradley.

North Adams, Mass.—The Meadowbrook Arena ran a show after a bad start of weather disappointments. Danny Buckley of Holyoke beat Johnny Jones of Pittsfield; Fiore Marucco of North Adams beat Joe Paista of Worcester in the semi, and Frankie Allen of Holyoke won a decision over Tommy King.

Larry O'Dell of Auburn beat Hud Dockum of Bennington, Vt.; Sonny Carr of Holyoke K.O.'ed George Weill of Saratoga in the first round; Bud Lipton of Poughkeepsie stopped Dave Duval of Springfield in the second round, and Johnny Parker of Worcester and Eddie Lee of Poughkeepsie went three rounds to a draw. Jimmy Quinton makes the matches for North Adams, Meadowbrook Arena.

Monson, Mass., is going in for boxing. Bill Lolas and Herman Winters, directors of the WPA recreation of that town, intend to put on wrestling and boxing programs, using as much local talent as possible.

Thompsonville, Conn., put on some good amateur shows this summer. Billy Duffy of Hartford made fine headway with these amateur shows and is expected to go far in the pro ranks during the winter.

Johnny Compo, the New Haven featherweight, is taking a layoff for a few months. Al Gainer, New Haven light-heavy, is still active. He trained George Fitch for his fight with Nathan Mann. Julie Kogan, the New Haven lightweight, is well liked in New York, where he has had considerable success. He also beat his home town rival, Willie Andrews, at White City Stadium. The promoter was Dick Gray, who has been in the boxing game thirty years as manager, boxer and promoter.

Micky Canty is the most promising boy in the welterweight class in this district. He is going to New York.

There is a young Italian heavyweight here by the name of Frank Lombardo who is coming along well.

Westover Airbase in Chicopee is now going in full blast. The boys are in training there and it looks good for the Valley Arena this fall.

HARTFORD NEWS
By DON HAMILL

MARTY SERVO, Schenectady, N. Y., lightweight, who is almost as popular here as Hartford's own Bobby Ivy, stopped the veteran Eddie Zivic of Pittsburgh. Zivic was unable to come out for the sixth round.

In the bout that stole the show, Ernest (Cat) Robinson, New York Negro, scored a close ten-round decision over Carl Dell. Larry Kid Lovett won a six-round decision over Danny Roberts of New York but only after each had been on the floor. Both are Negro heavyweights. In another six, Mickey Williams, former amateur star from New Haven, won the nod over Leo Dulmaine, Worcester lightweight. This was an uninteresting affair despite the fact that both boys tried hard throughout. The four-round opener marked the pro debut of both Willie Pep of Hartford and Joey Marcus of East Hartford. Pep displayed remarkable boxing skill and a punch to win rather handily.

Cat Robinson repeated in a rematch by outscoring Carl Dell, Al Weill's rugged welterweight. This bout was also a thriller. This was a ten-round affair. Robinson has proven to Hartford fans why he is called "Cat." He is a real wildcat in action. In the six-round semi-final, Larry Kid Lovett, transplanted Florida heavyweight now making Hartford his home, won in decisive fashion over Eldredge Eatman, Negro heavyweight from Norwalk. George Pepe, Meriden southpaw, and Al Castonguay, Holyoke welterweight, put on a thriller with Pepe walking off with the duke. Mickey Williams, New Haven lightweight, scored another win here, this time over Jimmy Salvino, Norwalk veteran, who is making a comeback. This was a sixer. Willie Pep, Hartford featherweight, making his second pro fight, knocked out Joey Wasnick, New Haven, in the third.

Billy Duffy, former Villanova athlete, who went to the intercollegiate finals, has turned pro. In his debut, he decisioned Tom Collins, Waterbury Negro, in the latter's home town. This was a four-rounder. Since then he has won over Billy Cooper of Phoenix, Ariz., at Thompsonville, Conn., in six and Billy Brown in Waterbury in a four spot. Duffy appears to be headed places. He is handled by that youthful manager, Mushky Salow. Salow is also guiding Eddie Mays, veteran Hartford Negro lightweight, who is a good card.

Freddy Foran, Burnside lightweight, is training for a comeback. He is being handled by Walter Johnson of Manchester, Conn. Foran has met Dave Castilloux, Eddie Cool, Pat Foley, Charley Gomer, Paul DeBello and many others. He has always given a good account of himself, win, lose or draw.

Those wishing to contact the writer may reach me at 102 Park Terrace, Hartford, Conn. For queries please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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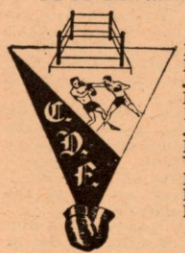

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE champions of the United A. A. U. to fight it out for national fistic supremacy of the simon-pures against the champions of the Golden Gloves! Wow! What a card! What a natural! Proceeds to go for a worthy cause.

This was once just a dream of a Sports Editor. That person was a genial, mild mannered and all round square fellow, Elliot Cushing of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* Athletic Associations. The latter, an organization made up of some of this town's most notable business men, city officials and sportsmen, dedicating their time and efforts to conduct sporting events of all kinds for the encouragement of athletics, and the furtherance of good sportsmanship.

Without hesitation, "Cush" proceeded to make his dream become a reality. It was a big task and he knew he had his work cut out for him, but Elliot Cushing was bent on putting on the greatest amateur spectacle anyone outside of New York or Chicago had ever dared to. With a goal to achieve, he waded into his job, entailing many details, big and little, with a bang and didn't rest quietly until the last act, handing Jim Richie the beautiful trophy emblematic of the evening's outstanding performance, was over.

This "Carnival of Champions" was from the outset meant to be put on in big-time style as the 10,604 paid admissions may well attest.

Promotorial ventures in the future will use this promotional extravaganza as their yard stick.

Following is a brief resume of what was probably the greatest organization of national amateur champions.

There were five preliminary bouts.

In the first bout of the evening, Koby Paul, local promising lightweight, handled by Jackie Polvino, won in 50 seconds of the second round of a very bloody battle over game Russell Sopka, Cleveland. Koby seemed very much in form and improved.

Johnny Como, Erie, Pa., won an easy three-round decision over Jerry Spalma, Rochester. Spalma seemed to have trained too fine. Como's victory has now made it one apiece and it seems he can do it again should they meet in a rubber.

In what was probably the best bout of the night, Jimmy Mandell, Buffalo, was given the judges' decision over Tommy Blue, Cleveland middleweight. These boys pitched leather from bell to bell.

Beauford Glover, Cleveland, had some difficulty in the early rounds trying to evade Bobby Claus' swivel-like "bolo" punches, but got hip to it soon and outpointed the Niagara district welterweight champion in five rounds.

After a long layoff, Johnny Walker, the transplanted Pennsylvania Pole, evened matters with his gym rival, Lloyd Williams, to gain the heavyweight championship of Rochester by a fourth-round kayo.

In the first of the "Tournament of Champions" contest, Angelo Ambrosano, 118-pound A. A. U. title-holder from Philadelphia, lost the decision to clever and speedy Willie Joyce, brother of Jimmy Joyce, now a ranking pro and one-time national amateur title-holder from Gary, Ind.

In the second bout, long-limbed and fast Leon Haire, 126-pound Golden Glover from St. Louis, eked out a decision over aggressive and fast punching Smokey Robinson of Erie, Pa.

Ray Robinson, New York's highly-touted lightweight Golden Gloves kingpin, was a slim-margined victor over the classy, soft-spoken gentleman, Tommy Moyer, from away out West—Portland, Oregon. Arthur Donovan, world-famed arbiter, was the third man in the ring.

Savior Cavadeo, welterweight kingpin from the Middle West's Windy City, Chicago, had some of the lustre taken away from his brilliant performance by the A. A. U. representative from New York State's Windy City—Buffalo, Henry Brimm.

Joe Maxin of Cleveland, Johnny Papke's pride and joy, won a hard fought decision from lean Louis Angelucci of Chicago. Maxin was the only performer who holds both the A. A. U. and the Golden Gloves diadems. He won the former in the finals from this same Angelucci, former U. S. soldier boy champion, at Boston last April, middleweight.

For his sensational kayo over rock-ribbed Vic Hutton of Terre Haute, Jim Richie, St. Louis colored boy, was awarded a two-foot cup upon vote of ring officials, newspaper men and radio men at the ringside. The game ex-collegiate footballer from the Hoosier State was knocked down three times by solid smashes to the jaw and was saved by the bell on the third trip to the canvas at the end of the second round, but his seconds refused to let him go out for the third, although the hairy-chested youngster was anxious to continue. Richie is in a class all by himself. Watch him. He's a great prospect.

In the last bout of the evening, Wallace Cross, East Orange, N. J., won the decision over Cornelius Young, Chicago, in a very dull bout.

The proceeds of this great sporting spectacle are to be used in sending four deserving youngsters, picked from this county (Monroe), to a college of their choice. This is the only purpose of putting on this show.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Wilkes-Barre—Before the largest paid attendance to witness a professional prize fight here in the past ten years, Billy Speary, former National Amateur A. A. U. champion and thus far unbeaten in 17 pro battles, added the name of Eddie O'Leary, Wilkes-Barre featherweight, to his list of victims. The show attracted a net gate of three thousand dollars, which was very good considering the fifty-cent general admission fee.

The Speary-O'Leary encounter held much interest in Coal Region fistic circles. Speary had the better of it in the first two rounds, while O'Leary won the third and fourth stanzas, and Speary, winning the remaining four heats of their scheduled eight-round bout, thus was acclaimed the unanimous winner by all three officials.

Johnny Snyder, veteran Wilkes-Barre light-heavyweight, surprised the entire fistic gentry of the Coal Fields by scoring a quick one-round kayo over Ralph Cosolosky of Pringle Hill, who was a two to one favorite prior to the battle. Snyder administered the sleeping potion to Cosolosky in one minute and ten seconds of the first heat of the scheduled six-round semi-final. This places Snyder in line for a shot at Jackie Munley.

Lew Murphy, Scranton lightweight, lost a close six-round verdict to Patsy Gall of Hazleton in a hotly-contested scrap, which was full of action, and probably a return meeting will be seen in a Wilkes-Barre arena.

Mal Lewis, Nanticoke Welshman, opened the show, winning a six-round verdict in a return match over Johnny Gall of Freeland. Lewis shows much promise and looms as a future attraction for Wilkes-Barre.

At Scranton—Scranton continued being the "jinx town" for champions. First it was Mickey Walker, losing his welterweight crown to Scranton's Pete Latzo. Then it was Teddy Yarosz, appearing here in a non-title scrap with Babe Risko, only to get kayoed in the seventh round. Then John Henry Lewis showed here in a non-title battle against Chester Palutis, only to get up off the floor in the fifth round, but Lewis survived the "rough" round to come back and score a clean-cut sixth round kayo over Palutis.

Now the partly-recognized world's middleweight ruler, Ken Overlin, stopped off at Scranton to pick up some "easy change" in a non-title ten-rounder with Billy Soose of Farrell, Pa., who at one time was intercollegiate middleweight king while a scholar at Penn State.

Overlin started off with peppering Soose all over the ring in the first two rounds, and it looked like the referee, Jack Walton, would have to stop the fray to save Soose from further punishment.

Starting the third round, Soose stood off the elusive Overlin and gave a fair account of himself, but the round was recorded in favor of Overlin, who landed the most blows during the three-minute period. In the fourth round, Soose crossed often with his right hand and stood off Overlin with his rangy left and was the winner. The next four sessions were all Overlin's, though he was tiring and finding it very hard to keep dancing about the ring due to the heavy downpour of rain which started about the seventh round. Soose scored heavily in the ninth and tenth rounds and was given the last two heats by this writer.

Announcer Doc Stenson, upon picking up the slips of the officials, raised Soose's hand, which acclaimed him the official winner. Both judges cast their ballot in favor of Soose, while Jack Walton, a veteran referee of twenty-five years' experience, voted in favor of Champ Overlin. The writer scored seven rounds for Overlin and three for Soose. The decision was met with approval of the fans, who paid a gross gate of $7,900.

Billy Speary, Nanticoke's gift to the featherweight division, traveled to Allentown to win an eight-round decision from Billy Davis of Minersville. Speary weighed in at 125 while his opponent, Davis, scaled the Fairbanks at 128½.

A BIT FOR ALL—Chic Feldman deserves much credit for doing a wonderful job for his Scranton *Tribune* on the Soose-Overlin show . . . . Chic is the dean of Coal Region sports scribes and sure is a big help to the boxing game, which he always gives a spot in his sports page . . . . Dan Parker of the *Daily Mirror*, Hype Igoe of the *Journal-American*, Murray Lewin of the *Mirror*, Lester Bromberg of the New York *Telegram* and Effie Welsh of the Wilkes-Barre *Times-Leader* took in the show, as did Nat Rogers, matchmaker for New York's Garden . . . . Majority of the writers, including Jack Cuddy of the Associated Press, saw Overlin the winner, giving the kingpin of the middleweights as many as eight out of the ten rounds and scoring two for Soose . . . . Commissioner George J. Jones, Jr., and Leon Rains of the Philadelphia District witnessed the show from a ringside seat . . . . Al Dewey plans some big shows for his Wilkes-Barre club . . . . Fighters from featherweight to heavyweight wanting to show their wares in the Coal Country can secure work by contacting the writer at 220 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton.

Howard Burton, Wilkes-Barre's colored welterweight, who is being guided by Johnny McDade, scored an easy eight-round victory over Johnny Nossi at Allentown. Burton sure appears a menace for leading welterweight aspirants . . . . Ernie Genell, Scranton fight pilot, is keeping his charges, Joe Nealon, Jimmy Young and Gene McColligan, busy . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Regions. When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's bookshop, corner Wyoming Avenue and Linden Street . . . . Joe Lane is branching out with his restaurant business, having opened another spot, which makes it two "hash" houses for the former boxing manager . . . . Emil Kozel and Rego Dell are training these days and for once in their brief careers appear as if they are heading somewhere . . . . Bill McDade, Armory A. C. promoter of W. B., has halted his operations, due to a decrease in bankroll.

Billy Dockens writes from Harrisburg that I erred when I stated that Mickey Gradenetti clinched the decision over Billy by dropping him in the third round. Says Billy: "I was not floored at all but did floor Mickey in the first and second rounds for nine counts each time. I was embarrassed when I read your account." Sorry, Billy, here's the correction.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

THE future of boxing in Syracuse, upstate New York's finest fistic center, depends entirely on the City Fathers, and their announced desire of erecting a Civic Auditorium, or else! At the present time boxing here is without a home. The Arena, site of pro and amateur ring contests for three decades, has been sold to a grocery combine and henceforth will be used as a warehouse for foodstuffs.

Municipal Stadium, home of the Syracuse Chiefs of the International Baseball League, scene of the biggest outdoor boxing promotions, has become so high-priced promoters find it impossible to stage a show there. Clarence Schindler, president of the Syracuse Baseball Club, is asking $1,060 per night for boxing or wrestling in the ball orchard!

The Coliseum, replica of Madison Square Garden, located on the New York State Fair Grounds, is six miles outside the center of the city, too far for the fans who do not have cars. Bouts between Popeye Woods and Ralph De John and Ken Overlin and De John drew little more than $3,000 each in the exposition building.

Every card presented at Municipal Stadium did better than $5,000, and one, Bert Courage vs. Ralph De John, lured $11,100 worth of paying customers through the turnstiles. This would indicate Syracuse is outstanding as a boxing center with clubs in other cities reaching capacity business with $3,000 gates. At it's best, the Arena was anything but desirable as a sports location, but it was the best Syracuse has had for years.

Recently a group of local businessmen held a huge banquet at a downtown hotel and went over plans calling for the erection of a downtown Civic Auditorium seating between 6,000 and 7,500. It was intended to have boxing, wrestling, hockey, basketball and other sports conducted in the proposed building, which would also be ideal for conventions and large gatherings. After considerable publicity, which created far reaching interest, the idea was dropped as suddenly as it was started. We understand the backers tried to sell stock to raise the necessary funds to erect the building but could not find buyers with enough far seeing vision to realize what a handsome profit their investment would have realized.

In the meantime, boxing threatens to die a natural death here with no activity in the sport whatsoever. It is hard to conceive such a situation in these modern times, with boxing being one of the greatest business getting magnets in the sporting line. Big fights drawing big crowds means money spent in the city. And Syracuse, located in the heart of central New York, has nearly 100 outside cities, towns, villages and hamlets to draw from, besides the city proper, which has a population of more than 200,000.

LEFT HOOKS—Ralph De John, Syracuse's ace box office attraction, and one of the most promising young light-heavyweights in the country, has announced his retirement from the ring at the age of 22 . . . . However, we are not taking Ralph too seriously as his bout with Ken Overlin here did more to "make" Ralph than any joust he has engaged in since he kayoed Babe Risko and Bert Courage . . . . Gabe Genovese, De John's manager, now working out of New York City, is located in the office of Dewey Fragetta, 1585 Broadway, and is reported to be handling a large stable of metropolitan boxers in partnership with Mike Genovese . . . . The untimely death of young Petey Asero in a Gotham ring astounded local fans who saw Petey defeat shifty Sammy Secret of Pittsburgh on the Overlin-De John card here . . . . The two Joeys, Joey Brown and Joey Kushner, rival local featherweights, have both landed jobs and temporarily at least, have forgotten all about the ring . . . . Irv Robbins is still Syracuse's busiest boxing manager, traveling around the state with a capable team of amateur scrappers.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By NAT FRANK

YOUNGSTERS are becoming more interested in the manly art. It would not be surprising to see quite a number of them decide on professional fistic careers. They realize that now is the ripe time for them to step into the picture and prove themselves worthy of the name pugilist. Never before has there been such a lack of talent and it's up to the youth of today to rebuild a sport that has always enjoyed top rating.

Your correspondent doffs his cap to Commission Chairman Leon Rains for keeping alive the fistic spark in this section. It has been through his tireless efforts for whatever success was attained by the fistic promoters. Chairman Rains, a one-time promoter, knows the right answers at the right times. If there were more Commissioners like Rains, then it is a certainty that the manly art will again cater to packed clubs.

Tommy Loughran, retired undefeated light-heavyweight champion of the world, is now a city employee. He is connected with the Bureau of Recreation and it is his duty to see to it that the youth of the city is in perfect physical trim at all times.

Another former light-heavyweight champion, Battling Levinsky, is on the payroll of the Register of Wills. Levinsky, who won his diadem from Jack Dillon way back when, and lost it to Georges Carpentier, looks as fit as a fiddle.

By the time this goes to press, Lew Jenkins, lightweight king, will have made his Philadelphia debut against "Bobcat Bob" Montgomery, crack contender for the crown. We may be wrong in guessing, but we are willing to predict that Jenkins will suffer his second consecutive trip to the Land of Nod. This will have been Jenkins' first start since he was "slugkreiged" by the welterweight king, Henry Armstrong. That Montgomery is to be considered seriously as a menace for the 135-pound laurels is proved by his recent conquests over some of the best fistmen in the business.

Another local lightweight simply willing to prove that Lew Jenkins is made to order for him is Jimmy Tygh. Heretofore, Tygh was considered a fighter who lacked ambition. He stepped into the ring, won his bouts and just waited until he got his next date. Now Jimmy realizes that he can't keep on kidding himself any longer. He has been instilled with the thought that he is the supreme 135-pounder in the universe. And with that thought in mind, there is surely numbers of fans who are willing to lay it on the line that Tygh will be the new king of the lightweights, once Jenkins agrees to place his crown on the line against the Philadelphia puncher.

Time marches on—Lew Tendler's son, Philip, was married the other day. Tendler, considered by critics and fans as the mightiest southpaw of them all, is in the restaurant business here, Atlantic City and Miami.

Tony Cisco, Chris Dundee's light-heavyweight, hailing out of Norristown, is one of the busiest fistmen in the game. Cisco not only is a class A-1 club fighter, but he also rates up there among the first half dozen contenders for the diadem now in the possession of Billy Conn of western Pennsylvania.

Probably the hardest puncher around these parts is Billy Mims, a colored lightweight. Mims, if managed carefully, should rise rapidly to the top. He is handled by Jimmy Toppi, Sr., who is wise enough to know how to maneuver his protege.

Jimmy Toppi, Jr., is already making plans for the reopening of his Olympia Club. The promoter feels confident that he will do a land office business and help develop a number of local youngsters of all weights, which this city lacks.

In the meantime, Phil Glassman will hold sway at the Convention Hall, where he hopes to present his patrons with all-star boxing cards every two weeks. Herman Taylor will stage his fisticuffing events at the Arena every other week. There is keen rivalry between this pair of ex-partners and they will spare no expense in their efforts to outdo the other in pugilistic extravaganzas.

Danny Falco, kid brother of Tony, has turned professional. As a simon-pure, he has won about every laurel that could be won. If he attains near the success he won as an amateur, then it is a sure thing that a new star is in the making. Falco is managed by Georgie Katz, a newcomer in the managerial field.

Philadelphia's number one fistic trainer is Jack Stanley, who has been prepping fistmen for three decades. Included among the topliners he conditioned at one time or other are three former world title-holders, namely, Battling Levinsky and Tommy Loughran of the light-heavyweights, and Benny Bass, one time featherweight and junior lightweight boss.

MARYLAND AND WASHINGTON
By NATE PHILLIPS

IN his first defense of his newly won featherweight crown, Harry Jeffra successfully defended it against Spider Armstrong in a fifteen-round bout that was fast and furious and in which our Editor, Nat Fleischer, did a wonderful job as the third man in the ring.

Jeffra fought an uphill battle and the strong finish that he made in the closing rounds gained for him the fight. It was very close. Armstrong went to the canvas in the eleventh from a punch and slip and again in the twelfth for no counts, and these two knockdowns were instrumental in the scoring in favor of Jeffra.

In a special six-rounder, Johnny Shkor stopped Johnny Kapovich in the fourth. Johnny looked great. He's rapidly coming to the front.

In an eight, Jimmy Collins held his win streak intact when he was declared the winner over Lou Transperenti. In another scheduled eight, which was the best fight of the prelims, Billy Carrigan showed he had plenty of class when he easily outpointed Pete Galiano for three rounds, stood toe-to-toe and slugged it out in the fourth to cut Pete's eye so badly that the doctor ordered it stopped at the end of the round.

At the Century Club's offering, Louis Kid Cocoa avenged a former defeat when he was declared the winner over Jimmy Leto at the end of ten rounds. Jimmy put the Kid to a crucial test, as he made Cocoa fight every bit of the ten rounds, and lose an unpopular decision. Many of the fans present thought that Jimmy had won, and a return match between these two should turn them away. In the six-round semi-final, Lambertine Williams fought to a draw with Mike DeStephano, although he won the last five rounds hands down, but to have two of them taken away on account of fouls. In the other six, Richard Myri won the duke over Tommy Julius.

Chalky Wright hooked up with Mexican Joey Silva in a scheduled ten-round main go, and Chalky went right to work on Joey to carry off the first round with Silva on the floor for the count of eight. From then on he just toyed with Joey, who was always rushing in and forcing the fight, but taking a terrible beating while doing so. At the end of the seventh, Silva was a sorry looking individual. He was bleeding from his mouth, eyes and nose, and the fight was stopped. In the six-round semi, Vic Finnazzo was declared the winner over Lou Raymond in a fight that saw them both maul, cuff and butt.

At Washington's Griffith Stadium, one of the largest fight crowds in years paid over seven thousand dollars to see Louis Kid Cocoa win the unanimous decision over Washington's Phil Furr before 6500 fans. Phil never had a chance to use his famed right hand as Cocoa kept him off balance with the nicest left hand in the game today. In the ninth, Cocoa had Furr reeling all over the ring, but couldn't put on the finishing touch.

Before a crowd of four thousand fans, Holman Williams had an easy time in winning over Wild Bill McDowell in a main go of ten rounds. Bill showed that he could take it, as he absorbed more punishment than he had seen in a long time. In the eighth, he was sent sprawling through the ropes with a right hand, but managed to climb back in at the count of nine to take an unmerciful beating.

In a scheduled six, Oscar Wright stopped Jackie Carter in the third. In another set for six rounds, Maxie Long of Dallas cooled off Eddie Campi of New York in the second. In another also scheduled for six, which was refereed by Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis, Gilbert Mayo of Washington couldn't come out for the fifth round against Vince Tuminello of Baltimore and Vince was awarded the fight on a T.K.O. This Tuminello, only a youngster with three professional fights under his belt, has the makings of a sweet fighter.

At the Coliseum, the National A. C. showed Holman Williams with Milo Theodorescu in a main go of ten rounds to a near capacity house. Williams won the unanimous decision of a fight that saw his opponent bound out of his corner at every round and in one leap land in Williams' corner.

Milo fought right-handed, fought left-handed, fought like Godoy, but to no avail as Williams jabbed him with his left and connected with hard rights, no matter what style Milo used. At the end, Milo kissed Williams, his trainer, Jack Blackburn, and topped it off by kissing the referee, which is supposed to be an old Rumanian custom.

In the six-round semi, the referee was none other than the world's heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, who received a tremendous ovation when he was introduced. At the end of this fight between Wally Booker and Bob Reilly, which was very closely contested, the champ cast the deciding vote in favor of Reilly. In a scheduled sixer, Johnny Shkor made it two in a row when he stopped Joe Fezwik in the first heat. In another six, Charley Gilley was declared the winner over Tony Novello.

The writer will answer all inquiries if they will have self-addressed envelope. The address is Nate Phillips, 3 Fallsway, Baltimore, Md.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

HEINRICH FRIEDRICH WILHELM AUGUST LEOPOLD VON STUMME (Baron to us), is in town with Chuck Crowell and other boys. Stumme was born in Hanover, Germany . . . . Floyd Hagen has a brother, Mike, boxing amateur welter . . . . Negotiations are being made between the State Boxing Commission and Jack Malevich, former Eveleth boxer, and Paul Bonicatto, sports promoter, for a boxing club in Virginia. They haven't had boxing in Virginia for 10 years! . . . . Johnny Shock, Nashwauk middle, who recently graduated from Hibbing Junior College, says the only one to ever kayo him in his amateur career was the coming Terry Orchard of Salt Lake City, now a successful pro, who nailed him in the first heat . . . . Red Engman, former Pacific Coast naval welterweight champion, a veteran of 12 years in the navy, is now working in St. Paul for the Navy. As a pro, Engman once fought Dick Demaray in St. Paul about 1932, but was T.K.O.'d in three by the wily Demaray, who still is an ace at stopping 'em, even after 12 years in the ring behind him . . . . Jack Cecil is Pug Barron's brother-in-law, and is employed in Minneapolis now as a caretaker . . . . Clyde Wason, who died the night brother Marv fought Frank Rowsey, is still being missed by local fight fans . . . . Buzz Wason is really putting on weight!! . . . . Works at Cudahy Packing plant and tips about 210.

BOXING'S MIRROR—It'll be two years in November that George "Jerk" Doran passed away due to heart trouble. Doran, well liked, was born in Minneapolis but moved to St. Paul at an early age, and later promoted the largest gate in the state's history—the $41,000 King Tut-Billy Petrolle classic in St. Paul.

Pat Carr is a busy man. Besides being chairman of the State Athletic Commission, he runs his Carr's Clothes for Men, and is a member of the Minneapolis Aquatennial committee . . . . The National A.A.U. boxing tournament may be brought to the Twin Cities soon . . . . Ritchie Wason, youngest of the fighting Wason family, wants to be a boxer, too, in about five years . . . . "Old Jack" Hughes, 81, former circus performer, professional prize-fighter and camp cook, who has been a familiar figure in the Gateway for 50 years, was honor guest at a party given by Detective Ralph Russell celebrating "Old Jack's" 81st birthday.

Chatfield, Minn., is running amateur shows . . . . Harvey Woods is now a bartender in the Zephyr nite spot in downtown St. Paul . . . . Louis Bell is pining for action . . . . Arne Anderson broke his thumb in losing to Chuck Crowell and will be out for at least three months . . . . St. Cloud, Minn., has organized a boxing club and gym. Bob Lyons, former director of the St. Paul Y.M.C.A. boxing classes, will be in charge of the new club. The club will be located in the St. Cloud Institute building, and is sponsored by the Cathedral Parish Young Men's Club . . . . If given the chance, Louis Bell, popular St. Paul Negro, could beat Floyd Hagen . . . . Booker Ellis, Red Wing district Golden Gloves lightweight champ, is a cousin to Louis Bell, St. Paul Negro pro lightie . . . . There are four fighting brothers in the Weller family: Warren, Emmett, Bill and Johnny . . . . Also four Schour brothers from Adrian, Minn.—all pros, too: Henry, Ralph, Benny and Willard.

Sioux City, Ia.—Punching hard to the body, pleasing, popular and promising Wayne Armstrong, 158, fast-stepping Newcastle, Nebr., comer, knocked out Don Chuckburn, 158, Fort Crook, in two of four . . . . Now that Jack Dempsey is staging a "comeback," Fred Fulton says he'd like to get a rematch with Jack and believes he can reverse that 18 second kayo Dempsey scored back in 1918!

Sioux City, Ia.—In a sixer, Young Kingfish, 165, Omaha, carried too much weight, and punched out a one-round T.K.O. over Wayne Armstrong, 155, once promising Newcastle, Neb., lad, due to a badly cut eye. This was Armstrong's first pro loss by T.K.O. and he was going to quit the game, as he has skin which cuts easily. Until the unlucky break, Armstrong was holding his own with the Omaha puncher.

Minneapolis' Johnny Walsh, Golden Gloves lightweight champ in '32 and '33, a really great amateur, now Wisconsin U.'s great boxing coach, is now writing a guest column for the *Wisconsin State Journal* in Madison. Walsh has done wonders for Wisconsin U. boxing . . . . Virginia, Minn., had an amateur card the Fourth of July . . . . "Spike" McCarthy is working part time at Schmidt's Brewing Co. . . . . Don Swenson, former state welterweight champ, a veteran of 55 pro fights in which he never was stopped even though boxing "toughies" like Pat Kissinger, Dick Demaray, Chico Romo, Billy Gardner and others, says he has quit the game and now works part time at Booth's Cold Storage . . . . Johnny Erjavec, Duluth heavy, has headquartered for the last two years in Los Angeles, Harry Winkler says, and may box Louis Logan in Honolulu where Erjavec is now.

Eddie Van Dusart, known in the ring years ago as Eddie McGoorty, yes, the great McGoorty who fought Mike Gibbons and many others, is working as a carpenter on the new Coca-Cola plant in St. Paul . . . . Billy Emkie, a great middleweight prospect years ago, is a salesman for Grunman Motors in St. Paul . . . . Firpo McDonald, former middleweight trial horse, is on WPA . . . . Benny Leonard, the former lightweight champ, stopped in the Twin Cities for a visit, en route to Seattle by plane, where he refereed the Hostak-Zale fight . . . . Johnny Kehoe, former Northwest Golden Gloves 160-pound champ, has been appointed boxing coach at St. Mary's High School, Catholic boys' boarding school at Salem, S. D., beginning in September. Kehoe will also teach school.

Sioux City, Ia.—Paul Hartnek, 197, Kenosha, Wis., Minnesota state champ, kayoed George (Tiger Kid) Miller, 200, St. Cloud, Minn., in three rounds. Miller was no match for Hartnek!

St. Paul, Lexington Park—Staging his first outdoor show, and his first card since April, Promoter Lennon ran that show off with a bang. Not only did he discover a headliner to work with, but the turnstiles clicked to a merry $3,000 gate. Making his first appearance here in over a year, Lee Savold, 185, St. Paul's pride and joy, displayed a terrific left hook, plenty of speed and workmanship form, to prove indeed that he really is a new Savold. He lived up to all the publicity he's received. Now the fans "go for him" in a big way. Lee dropped Billy Miske, Jr., 181 St. Paul, for a nine-count after 10 seconds of the first round with a sizzling left hook, but Miske got up and lasted three rounds. It was the first pro kayo loss Miske has suffered and he may retire as a result . . . . Floyd Hagen, 137, St. Paul, outslugged game Al Shapiro, 140, New York City, in six rounds of a thrilling semi-windup. Making a ring return after 10 months inactivity, Billy Gillespie, 191, handsome Stone Lake, Wis., heavy, kayoed Chuck Blaine, 167, Oklahoma City, with one punch in the first round of a sixer. Kelly Ward, 168, lanky, clever, fast moving Minneapolitan, whipped colored Jerry Hayes, 162, Milwaukee veteran, in six. Marvin Peek, 135, Cedar Rapids, Ia., lightweight, pulled the surprise of the night in actually beating light hitting Bob McQuillan, 139, St. Paul, in the opening six, but it was declared a draw.

Thanks for the information, Gene Engel . . . . J. R. Aldrich of Port Arthur, Ont., was here, says he's planning a Red Cross Relief Fund show for Port Arthur and will use some Minnesota boys . . . . Two of Minneapolis' best known welterweights "brawled" it out next to the Y.M.C.A. parking lot, bare fists. Onlookers say it would have been the best fight in Minneapolis ring history . . . . Earl Ainsworth, one-time manager of Britt Gorman, Johnny Stanton, Ide Parker and Red Haggerty, is a salesman for Bartusch Packing Co. in St. Paul now . . . . No Duluth cards till last of September, Karl Ogren says . . . . Johnny Hanschen is out in Hollywood for some fights . . . . N.B.A. Champ Tony Zale stopped in Minneapolis en route to Chicago.

At Milwaukee, Wis., Floyd Hagen, 137, St. Paul, scored a surprise one-round kayo over Larry Greb, 134, Milwaukee, in a six-round bout.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

HENRY ARMSTRONG may be slipping, as so many of his critics assert, but the Hammer will have to toboggan a goodly ways further before he'll be gathered in by the likes of Lew Jenkins, the Texas Thin Man. The well built(up) champion of the lightweights looked fine for three rounds, or until Henry began to really whop him around his reedlike middle. Jenkins seemed to be just another fair boy until he made new connections, at which time he came up with what appeared to be an enormous punch.

In the days he was being stopped by Pete Lello and defeated by Wee Willie Joyce this "sleeper" was not in much evidence. So, after his session with the hurricane-man we'll remain from Missouri on that gentleman until he mingles with Angott, Jackie Wilson or George Latka.

As was predicted in the early summer, the shamateurs have completely held sway locally. Ollie Russo has been going in one of the soft ball parks weekly and the Slaughter A. C. every other. George Smith seems now about to enter the picture with his Brown Bombers, led by "Cyclone" Charley Williams and the Tiger, Art Foster. George has challenged the Slaughterhouse and Jim Richie and Leon Haire, just returned from Rochester, N. Y., where they defeated respective A. A. U. champions, seem ready to hold the citadel. This correspondent intends to give Richie a trophy as the outstanding "Fighter of '40," in so far as the amateurs are concerned. After annexing the St. Louis, Mid-West, National and International Golden Gloves titles, Richie flattened the A. A. U. champion in two.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

TED ZANFES, Sioux City boxing promoter, has staged several dandy cards during the past month, featuring some of the best talent available in this section. The Zanfes shows have not been sellouts, but his willingness to keep going and doing his best have started to bear fruit in this section.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Arena. Andy "Kid" Miller, Sioux City heavyweight, tossed enough punches to gain the nod over Webster Epperson of St. Paul in eight rounds. Miller scaled 185 pounds, Epperson 195. In the other bouts, Levi DeCora, 142, Winnebago Indian, poked several solid rights into the face of Billy McFarland, 145, Minneapolis, took all the fight out of the visitor and won a six-round decision. DeCora's brother, Wilbur, 170, was less fortunate and lost a six-round decision to Billy's brother, John McFarland, 170. In the preliminaries, George Hayes, 152, Lenox, Ia., knocked out Earl Clarborne, 153, Des Moines, in the fifth round; Wayne Armstrong, 158, Newcastle, Neb., decisioned George Richardson, 160, Kansas City.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Arena. Paul Hartnek, Omaha, Nebr., heavyweight, won an eight-round decision over Charley Neaves of Kansas City. The Omaha entry injured his left hand in the early rounds of the bout, which will put him on the shelf temporarily. In the other bouts, Levi DeCora, Winnebago, Neb., Indian, continued his winning ways as he scored a six-round decision over Al Shapiro of Kansas City with an unceasing attack in the last two rounds after he had been grabbed around the neck and spun by the Missourian. George Hayes of Des Moines outpointed Young Kingfish, Omaha Negro, in another six-rounder; Roscoe Smith of Omaha decisioned Jess Ackerman in six rounds and Stanley Novak of Omaha had an easy time with Tommy Pierce of Seattle in the four-round opener.

MAIL BAG—Al Delaney, Salt Lake City: Suggest you write promoter here . . . . H. J. F., Sioux Falls, So. Dak.: You are too old for the fistic sport. You should not rate yourself in the Dempsey class even if you are good in street battles . . . . H. S., Omaha, Nebr.: My personal affairs have prevented me from managing fighters for several months . . . . A. D. D., Mitchell, So. Dak.: Thanks for your letter and glad you like THE RING. Tell your friends about it . . . . H. P. L., Yankton, S. D.: No. I am not in favor of a promoter managing fighters. Pinkie George is an exception in the matter . . . . P. L. Denver, Colo.: Write the correspondent in your state for information.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Arena. Andy Miller scored an eight-round decision over Frank Jones of Des Moines. Jess Ackerman of Des Moines defeated Roscoe Smith of Omaha in six. George Hayes of Des Moines scored over Jack Harding of Sioux City in six. Levi DeCora, Winnebago, and Speedy Clayton of Sioux City fought six to a draw. Young Kingfish of Omaha won by a T.K.O. over Wayne Armstrong of Newcastle. A cut over Armstrong's left eye forced the house doctor to halt the contest in the second round.

Sioux City, Ia.—Riverview Arena. Paul Hartnek, Omaha heavyweight, stopped Tiger Miller of St. Cloud, Minn., in the third round of a billed ten-rounder. Levi DeCora, Winnebago, stopped Jack Mullie of Des Moines in the first round. Jess Ackerman of Des Moines scored over Gordon Drake of Los Angeles in six. In the first six-rounder of the evening, George Hayes of Des Moines was too much for Frank Thompson of Winnebago and had the Winnebago lad out on his feet to such an extent that the bout was stopped in the fourth. Jackie Malloy of Sioux City and Tommy Pierce of Seattle, Wash., fought a four-round draw in which both scored freely on the other's head and mid-section but neither had the power to make the blows count for much. In the opening four-rounder Lewis Taylor of Des Moines got the nod over Williard Coonan of Sioux City.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS—Clifford Cochrane, Jr., Sault Ste Marie, Canada: I suggest you get in touch with THE RING . . . . Lee Savold, Des Moines heavyweight, stopped Young Billy Miske of St. Paul in three rounds at St. Paul . . . . Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, and Chuck Crowell fought to an eight-round draw in Chicago . . . . Lee Savold stopped Domingo Valin of Oakland, Calif., in two rounds at St. Paul . . . . On the same card Buzz Lanning of Ottumwa, Ia., was knocked out by Floyd Hagen of St. Paul in the first round . . . . Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia.

Managers and promoters of amateur boxing teams would do well to get in touch with George Truckenbrott, c/o Elks Club, Fort Dodge, Ia. Mr. Truckenbrott is manager and trainer of the Elks amateur boxing team, and has an open challenge to any team in the state of Iowa.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

GEORGIE TOY and Jimmy Bivins are now the most-talked-of boxers in Cleveland. Bivins flattened Johnny Barbara at Chicago in the second round while Toy put the snore on Frankie Gilmore of Cincinnati in 1:13 of the first round at Geauga Lake Park, Ohio. These two lads should help make Cleveland the fistic center it was in the days of Carl Tremaine, Jack Wolf, Bryan Downey, Johnny Kilbane Matt Brock and a host of other great drawing cards that used to pack the arenas here.

Jimmy Bivins, who jumped from number nine to number eight in THE RING rating, scored a sensational kayo over Chicago's rugged Johnny Barbara at the Marigold at Chicago. Bivins never looked better.

Charley Shane and Wilfred Carter are yelling for a match with the leading middleweights.

Georgie Toy proved he is ready for some fast company when he knocked out Frankie Gilmore in one round with a smashing right cross to the chin. Gilmore was out for about three minutes.

Mike Gamiere made a challenge to the winner of the bout. It was Toy's first ten-round main event. A Gamiere-Toy match is a natural here.

The Geauga Lake show was promoted by Mike Sottosanti and Frankie Neal. They intend to run at least two more shows before the outdoor season is over. A crowd of 3000 fans turned out for this show. In the ten-round semi-final, Lloyd Pine, Akron veteran, defeated Tommy Hudson of Cleveland in a fine bout that had the crowd in an uproar. The decision was close.

Harry Teany and Charley Barnes put on a whirlwind fight with Teany getting the nod. This bout was a real thriller. Barnes was the boss at the start, but tired badly in the closing rounds. This was a six-rounder. Billy Burke of Cleveland spotted Bob Fertig of Kent twenty pounds and won all the way. Ruel Shockley of Cleveland defeated Tommy Scott, a rough, tough kid from Akron.

Byron Phillips of Massillon, Ohio, is promoting shows at Canton, Massillon and Stuebenville. On his first card at Stuebenville, Patsy Perroni stopped Jack Owens in four, and in Massillon he stopped Jess Lauer in three. Johnny Kilbane refereed the bouts.

Jimmy Vaughn is back home from New York, where he has been a real busy fighter.

Dr. A. F. Hagedorn of the Cleveland Boxing Commission is also the official doctor for the Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association Medical Fund.

Columbus, O.—Freddie Pope, returning to the ring after a three-month layoff because of a broken right hand, flashed a lot of his class when he knocked out George Stone of Chicago after 1:39 of the first round. Ray Bartlett, who manages Pope, is figuring on sending him to Los Angeles soon. Pope should make a hit out there as he is a good puncher with plenty of class. He has boxed twenty pro bouts, winning all, thirteen via the kayo and eleven by decisions.

Jack (Buddy) Walker defeated Johnny Whiters in twelve rounds before 6,123 fans. This was the second time these two met, with the first one a little close, but Walker won a well-deserved decision this time over Whiters.

Eddie Sims is back in town, where he is in the pin ball machine game. He also intends to start his band again this fall.

Dick Deutsch is working hard to get the new Coliseum ready for the fall. It will be used for boxing, wrestling, skating, basketball and dances. He expects to have it all ready by September 15.

Billy Fredricks is the owner of a used car lot and is doing well. Incidentally, Johnny Sheppard is working for him when he is not boxing.

Jimmy Reeves intends to invade California soon, where he will run into his former tutor, Joe Kelly . . . . Jimmy Bloom is back from a vacation in Tennessee . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 415 Western Reserve Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

WITH the forthcoming Joe Marinelli-Joey Archibald fight signed for Dayton, Ohio, the real man behind the Gem City's boxing scene comes to the fore in the person of Jack M. Werst. For several years, Werst, "the silent man" in such sports extravaganzas as the financier of the first National Open Soap Box Derby in Dayton in 1934, drawing 150,000 spectators in two days; the backer of Dayton's professional football teams and basketball teams; the 1936 promotion of the gigantic air show at the Municipal Airport, which drew 25,000, Werst comes into his own with Marinelli and Archibald.

Joe Marinelli had little difficulty in whipping Armando Sicilia, the Springfield, Ill., veteran, in ten rounds. Jackie Taylor was given a close decision over Lloyd Pine in the other ten-round wind-up. The Taylor win brought again to the fore the two decisions he lost to Marinelli. Taylor's rooters all over the state and more so in Marinelli's backyard still are demanding a return match in a "neutral" ring. Why not put it in the Arena at Cleveland? Willie Cutsinger won a decision over Pepper Lawrence in the six-round semi-final.

Johnny Stevens and Herschel Joiner are to meet again. The two rival Cincinnatians, however, since their last meeting appeared in separate main events. Stevens won a close decision over Lloyd Pine (which many thought should have gone to Pine), and Joiner lost on a foul in three rounds to Norment Quarles. In the supporting matches, both of which were staged in Cincinnati, Slaka Vavrich won an easy verdict over Gibb Jones in six, Carl Turner won in six from Bobby McKibbons, Curley Denton defeated Kid Brock in six sessions, and Charlie Banks outpunched Frankie Williams over the same number of sessions.

A total of 4167 paid admissions were checked through Columbus turnstiles to witness Buddy Walker's ten-round heavyweight decision over Johnny Whiters, colored star from Pontiac, Mich. Whiters took the match after Patsy Perroni withdrew from the scheduled return meeting with Walker. Incidentally, Walker scored his twenty-second professional victory. A draw with Perroni is the only mar on Walker's wonderful record. Two weeks previous Perroni had scored a decision over Unknown Winston of Boston in ten rounds.

Joey Palmo, Cincinnati, knocked out Patsy Patterson, Cincinnati, in three rounds on the Walker-Whiters show.

Freddie Pope, the sensational Columbus bantamweight, under management to Ray Bartlett, scored victories on each program. Pope slapped George Stone of Chicago to sleep in one heat on July 1st show and on the July 17th program, Freddie walloped Joe Griffith of Newport, Ky., into submission in less than one round. This Pope is a bright prospect, and Bartlett bulletins me he is sending Freddie to the West Coast in August. On the Coast, Pope should walk away with every bantamweight.

THE RING Magazine, the bible of boxing, can be purchased at all of the leading newsstands and hotels in southern Ohio and Cincinnati, Ohio, as well as northern Kentucky . . . . Nat Fleischer's appearance in the ring as third man in the Dempsey-Luttrell Atlanta match saved the day in plenty of spots . . . . Elza Thompson and Jack Trammell, two of the best Middle West colored heavyweights, may soon come to blows, with the winner fighting Whiters then Buddy Walker . . . . this would help considerably in deciding who, among these four and Buddy Knox, is the best heavyweight in Ohio . . . . in behalf of several requests from boxing fans in New York, we have been asked to announce that all willing donations for the grief-stricken family of Pater Asero (Asero was killed in a New York ring bout in July) should be addressed to Mrs. Bessie Asero, 315 East 25th St., New York City, the late Asero's mother.

R. E. Heffner's lightweight, Harry Weekly, scored his fourth straight win down in New Orleans . . . . Heffner's other aces are Billy Miller, a 126-pounder, who has twenty straight winners, including four straight kayoes, and Johnny Pipus, an eight straight heavyweight winner . . . . every manager in the country should advertise his boys and himself in THE RING . . . . results 200% for an ad . . . . with dividends.

Eugene Cambron and Pat Wright have taken over the club in Louisville and on the opening show at Swiss Park, Pete De Ruzza, 148 pounds, knocked out Irish Jimmy Grimm, 143 pounds, of Louisville, in the fifth round. Cambron has an experienced matchmaker in Pat Wright, who represented the late Harry Greb and managed Cecil Payne's heyday fights.

Youngstown, Ohio—Jack Trammell, Youngstown, 188 pounds, won decision from Eddie Blunt, New York, 218 pounds, in ten rounds.

Wilbur Morgan, kingpin of southern Ohio's promoters, staged another good card at Manchester, Ohio. Paul Bunta of Portsmouth defeated the highly-touted Manchester favorite, Elmer Yates, in the wind-up six-rounder. In the semi-final, George Hughes won a four-round verdict from Tony Kasselman.

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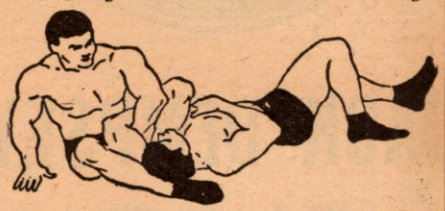

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NEW ZEALAND NEWS

By PERCY ROBINSON

AUCKLAND—A professional lightweight boxing contest staged at the Town Hall between Young Gildo of Honolulu and Clarrie Rayner of Blenheim ended in a knockout win for Gildo in the seventh round. The pace was fast from the outset and the first three or four rounds looked like producing one of the best matches seen in Auckland for some time. In the fifth round, however, Rayner sank on his knees to the canvas after being hit by a light left hook. He stayed down for the count of eight and he took a similar count shortly afterward following a right cross to the side of the head. Rayner was down again in the sixth round for counts of nine on two occasions after the Filipino had hit him with a left hook and right cross, respectively. He had no sooner regained his feet from the last blow than he was floored once more with a right hook, the gong sounding almost immediately and saving him. The opening of the seventh round showed Rayner in aggressive mood, and he rallied his supporters with what proved to be but temporary recuperative powers.

He attacked Gildo with lefts and rights to both head and body, but he was then put off his balance by swift flicks from either flank. Suddenly Gildo placed another right cross to his opponent's head, and Rayner had not regained his feet by the time the referee had counted ten. Gildo weighed 9 st. 6½ lbs. and Rayner, 9 st. 7 lbs.

Auckland—There was a fairly large attendance and the program all round proved popular. In the first professional bout, Wise, Australia, weighed 9 st. 1½ lbs. and Hansen, Wellington, 9 st. 5½ lbs. The latter had a slight advantage in height and reach. The Australian early demonstrated that he possessed a powerful right-hand punch and he hit very hard to the body at close quarters. Wise carried the attack to his opponent nearly all the time, but he was unable to find an opening for his right, which, had it connected properly to a vital spot, would no doubt have ended proceedings.

Hansen, however, measured his punches much better. A stinging left hook frequently unbalanced the Australian and it was followed very often with a hard right cross. With both men seeking an opportunity for ending the bout by the knockout route, the onlookers were kept in a state of expectancy and excitement. Wise went to his corner looking the worse for wear at the end of the sixth round, and thereafter Hansen kept jabbing him off with a straight left, varied by solid left and right hooks. Wise's only chance in the final of the eight rounds was by means of a knockout, but he was invariably beaten to the punch and the decision was not in doubt.

Auckland—Gunner Stock, Papakura Military Camp, formerly of Hastings, weighed 10 st. 4 lbs. and Bert McKay, Auckland, 10 st. 5 lbs. The former looked physically fit, but not exactly boxing fit, although he lasted out the ten three-minute rounds surprisingly well. After attacking his man strongly with body punches in the first couple of rounds, Stock was later driven on the defensive and he avoided punishment against the ropes with clever weaving.

The fourth round favored Stock by a wide margin. He drew his opponent's lead and then hit him several times with right crosses, which, had they carried sufficient weight, would have ended the contest at that early stage. McKay's mouth was bleeding, although he was far from being distressed. The remainder of the contest was characterized by too much infighting and clinching to be spectacular. McKay made a great rally in the final round and the decision of a draw was popular with the crowd.

Auckland—The largest crowd to attend a boxing match in Auckland for some time assembled at the Town Hall when the main attraction was a professional catch-weight contest of twelve three-minute rounds between Young Gildo, the Filipino lightweight, and Vic Caltaux, New Zealand welterweight champion. The result was a win on points for Gildo. The latter was much too clever for his opponent, to whom he conceded almost a stone in weight. From the fourth round onward, however, Gildo was master of the situation, and, except for occasional bursts by his opponent, he scored points consistently whenever he elected to attack Caltaux with both hands to body or head. More than once he sent the Aucklander reeling against the ropes and it was only Caltaux's strength and pluckiness that carried him through to the finish. Gildo weighed 9 st. 5½ lbs. and Caltaux 10 st. 4 lbs.

Hamilton—At the Hamilton Y. M. C. A. on Saturday, Clarrie Rayner of Blenheim, 9.6, beat Young Gildo of Honolulu, 9.4, on points in a ten-round boxing contest. The gong saved Gildo more than once.

Wellington—In a clever display of boxing, Cliff Hanham of Waimate won the professional light-heavyweight boxing championship by outpointing George Allen of Hastings. Hanham owed the victory to the use of a good left hand, which he not only used straight to good effect, but also hooked.

Auckland—After leading on points practically throughout, Johnny Hutchinson, the American Negro lightweight boxer, was unlucky not to be favored with a decision over Young Gildo of Honolulu at the Town Hall, the verdict being a draw. This was Hutchinson's first appearance in a New Zealand ring, and he proved himself a fast, clever and aggressive fighter. Hutchinson weighed 9 st. 10 lbs. and Gildo 9 st. 5½ lbs. This does not appear on paper to be a big difference in weights, but it is a decided handicap in the lighter weight classes, as was fully demonstrated. In addition to conceding weight, Gildo was smaller of stature and did not have the reach of his opponent.

Although lacking the spectacular movements of a more open contest, it was certainly a very interesting bout for those who like to see clever infighting, and, using his weight by persistently crowding on top of the Filipino with his head and shoulders, Hutchinson proved himself a past master in this respect and made the fight to suit himself. He hit harder than Gildo, both to the body and the side of the head. Very rarely did his punches travel far, but they jolted Gildo's head back and knocked him off his balance every time they connected—and the Negro did not miss too often. Gildo gave a very plucky exhibition, and he frequently raised the hopes of his supporters by driving off his opponent with his two gloves raining in blows to both the body and head. It was on a great number of these occasions, however, that the Negro demonstrated his cleverness at avoiding punishment by weaving his head from side to side and thereby making Gildo's blows miss their objective.

After the first two or three rounds Hutchinson fought confidently, and, although he probably lost points through hitting low—he was cautioned once for this offense in the third round—and again for throwing his opponent over in the final round, that could scarcely have brought the pair on level terms. The decision was fairly popular on account of the sympathies of a large section of the crowd being with the smaller and lighter man, whose unflinching methods were generally admired.

SOUTH AFRICA REPORTS

By KEN DUNCAN

THE boys of the boxing brigade in this country are still answering the call. But it's not the call of the bell. It's the bugle call. Yes, South Africa's at war with the totalitarian tyrants of Italy and Germany; and handsome Laurie Stevens, proud possessor of two children; Big Ben Foord, father of one; Alf James, Tiger Burns, and a host of other professional pugilists have flocked to the colors.

In fact, in response to the country's request for volunteers for active service anywhere in Africa, every boxer worthy of the name, amateur or professional, has gone into the army.

Even the incomparable Tiny Dean, impresario who has already fought in two wars—the World War of 1914/18 and the Boer War of 1900 to 1902—is doing his bit, which means that boxing has virtually closed down in the Union.

So it's so long, until Hitler's hordes are driven into defeat and democracy has restored law and order in a world where the only fights ought to be with gloved hands.

THE RING IN MEXICO

By CARLOS VERA

ARNULFO LOPEZ, a featherweight, has been the sensation of the season and many fans rate him as the possible successor to Rodolfo Casanova.

All his fights have been won by the young man via knockout. Fred Taylor gave us a big surprise defeating Carlos Malacara T.K.O. in five rounds, and Pancho Villa, the bantamweight champion, had no trouble sending Speedy Dado to the canvas for the count of ten.

Max Tarley, another fighter from Philippine Islands, was beaten easily by Arnulfo Lopez, and Joe Conde, the veteran fighter from Mazatlan, sprang a big surprise by trimming Tony Mar. Some time before, Conde had surprised everybody by giving the lightweight champion, Rodolfo Ramirez, a stiff battle.

In some of the outstanding events of the season, the veteran Chato Laredo lost his flyweight crown to Luis Castillo. Saul Torres was beaten by Carlos Malacara in ten rounds. Kid Azteca, Mexican king of the welterweights, defended his throne, knocking out Pedro Ortega in five rounds.

Wrestling has become a popular sport down here and both rings, Arena Nacional and Arena Mexico, are holding forth twice a week each, regular programs with very good attendance.

Especially at the Arena Nacional, Chucho Lomelin, the promoter, has been presenting wrestlers like Babe Kazabozki, Soldier Thomas, Jack Gorman, Sargent Rich, Douglas Henderson, Joe Williams and several others well known.

Any information you may desire in connection with boxing or wrestling you will obtain by writing Carlos Vera, Sports Section of *Novedades* Newspaper, Bucareli 23, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

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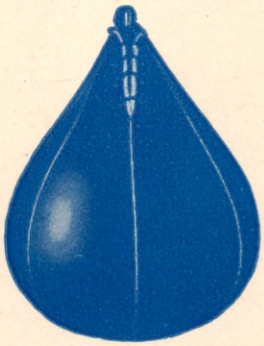

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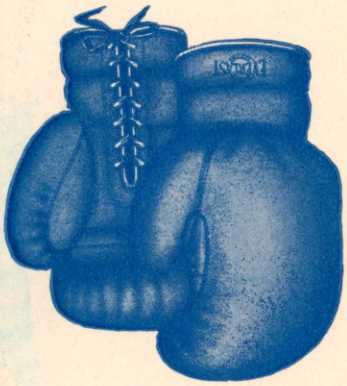

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